

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXIX.—MAY, 1892.—NO. CCCCXV.

THE EMERSON-THOREAU CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DIAL PERIOD.

IN reading the invaluable Memoirs of Emerson by Mr. Cabot, those who knew how intimate were the relations between the Concord poet-philosopher and his younger neighbor, the poet-naturalist, must have been surprised to see how little Thoreau is mentioned there. Only two pages out of eight hundred treat distinctly of Henry Thoreau and are specified in the index; and though Dr. Emerson's pleasing volume concerning his father and his Concord friends deals more liberally with Thoreau and his brother John, yet no hint is given that a copious and important correspondence went on between Emerson and Thoreau at two different periods,—in the year 1843, when Thoreau assisted in editing the Dial, and in 1847–48, when Emerson was in England, and Thoreau, dwelling in the Emerson family at Concord, entertained the traveler with domestic news very dear to the affectionate husband and father. These letters have been in my hands for ten years past, and there seems to be no reason now why they should not be given to the

public. They will, I think, open a new view of Thoreau's character to those readers—perhaps the majority—who fancy him a reserved, stoical, and unsympathetic person. In editing the small collection of Thoreau's letters which he made in 1865, three years after the writer's death, Emerson included only one of the epistles to himself in the year 1843, though several of those addressed to Mrs. Emerson from Staten Island were published. I shall omit this printed letter, while giving Emerson's letter to which it is a reply.¹

In the early part of 1843 Thoreau was still living in Emerson's family, of which he became an inmate in April, 1841, and to which he returned in the autumn of 1847, after closing the chapter of his Walden hermit-life. In the first of the following letters he returns his thanks to Emerson for the hospitality thus afforded; and I have no doubt that a beautiful poem called *The Departure*, which I first printed in the Boston Commonwealth in the year following Thoreau's death, was written twenty years before—in 1843—to commemorate his first separation from that friendly

¹ The earliest note which I find from Emerson to Thoreau bears no date, but was doubtless written in 1840 or 1841, for at no later time could the persons named in it have visited Concord together. Thoreau must have been living with his father and mother in the Parkman house, where the Library now stands.

MY DEAR HENRY,—We have here G. P. Bradford, R. Bartlett, G. W. Lippitt, C. S.

Wheeler, and Mr. Alcott. Will you not come down and spend an hour?

Yours, R. W. E.
Thursday, p. m.

There is also a brief note asking Thoreau to join the Emersons in a party to the Cliffs (Fairhaven hill), and to bring his flute. Living near each other, the two friends did not often write until 1843.

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household when he went, in the spring of 1843, to reside as tutor in the family of Mr. William Emerson, at Staten Island, N. Y. The letter numbered I, however, was written by Thoreau in the Emerson household at Concord to Emerson at Staten Island, or perhaps in New York, where he was that winter giving a course of lectures.

In explanation of the passages concerning Bronson Alcott, in this letter, it should be said that he was then living at the Hosmer Cottage, in Concord, with his English friends, Charles Lane and Henry Wright, and that he had refused to pay a tax to support what he considered an unjust government, and was arrested by the deputy sheriff, Sam Staples, in consequence.

I. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CONCORD, January 24, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND,—The best way to correct a mistake is to make it right. I had not spoken of writing to you, but as you say you are about to write to me when you get my letter, I make haste on my part in order to get yours the sooner. I don't well know what to say to earn the forthcoming epistle, unless that Edith takes rapid strides in the arts and sciences—or music and natural history—as well as over the carpet; that she says “papa” less and less abstractedly every day, looking in *my* face,—which may sound like a *Ranz des Vaches* to yourself. And Ellen declares every morning that “papa *may* come home to-night;” and by and by it will have changed to such positive statement as that “papa came home *larks* night.”

Elizabeth Hoar still flits about these clearings, and I meet her here and there, and in all houses but her own, but as if I were not the less of her family for all that. I have made slight acquaintance also with one Mrs. Lidian Emerson, who almost persuades me to be a Christian, but I fear I as often lapse into heathenism. Mr. O'Sullivan

was here three days. I met him at the Atheneum [Concord], and went to Hawthorne's [at the Old Manse] to tea with him. He expressed a great deal of interest in your poems, and wished me to give him a list of them, which I did; he saying he did not know but he should notice them. He is a rather puny-looking man, and did not strike me. We had nothing to say to one another, and therefore we said a great deal! He, however, made a point of asking me to write for his Review, which I shall be glad to do. He is, at any rate, one of the not-bad, but does not by any means take you by storm,—no, nor by calm, which is the best way. He expects to see you in New York. After tea I carried him and Hawthorne to the Lyceum.

Mr. Alcott has not altered much since you left. I think you will find him much the same sort of person. With Mr. Lane I have had one regular chat à la George Minott, which of course was greatly to our mutual grati- and edification; and, as two or three as regular conversations have taken place since, I fear there may have been a precession of the equinoxes. Mr. Wright, according to the last accounts, is in Lynn, with uncertain aims and prospects,—maturing slowly, perhaps, as indeed are all of us. I suppose they have told you how near Mr. Alcott went to the jail, but I can add a good anecdote to the rest. When Staples came to collect Mrs. Ward's taxes, my sister Helen asked him what he thought Mr. Alcott meant,—what his idea was,—and he answered, “I vum, I believe it was nothing but principle, for I never heard a man talk honeste.”

There was a lecture on Peace by a Mr. Spear (ought he not to be beaten into a ploughshare?), the same evening, and, as the gentlemen, Lane and Alcott, dined at our house while the matter was in suspense,—that is, while the constable was waiting for his receipt from the

jailer,— we there settled it that we, that is, Lane and myself, perhaps, should agitate the State while Winkelried lay in durance. But when, over the audience, I saw our hero's head moving in the free air of the Universalist church, my fire all went out, and the State was safe as far as I was concerned. But Lane, it seems, had cogitated and even written on the matter, in the afternoon, and so, out of courtesy, taking his point of departure from the Spear-man's lecture, he drove gracefully *in medias res*, and gave the affair a very good setting out; but, to spoil all, our martyr very characteristically, but, as artists would say, in bad taste, brought up the rear with a "My Prisons," which made us forget Silvio Pellico himself.

Mr. Lane wishes me to ask you to see if there is anything for him in the New York office, and pay the charges. Will you tell me what to do with Mr. [Theodore] Parker, who was to lecture February 15th? Mrs. Emerson says my letter is written instead of one from her.

At the end of this strange letter I will not write — what alone I had to say — to thank you and Mrs. Emerson for your long kindness to me. It would be more ungrateful than my constant thought. I have been your pensioner for nearly two years, and still left free as under the sky. It has been as free a gift as the sun or the summer, though I have sometimes molested you with my mean acceptance of it, — I who have failed to render even those slight services of the *hand* which would have been for a sign, at least; and, by the fault of my nature, have failed of many better and higher services. But I will not trouble you with this, but for once thank you as well as Heaven.

Your friend, H. D. T.

Mrs. Lidian Emerson, the wife of R. W. Emerson, and her two daughters, Ellen and Edith, are named in this first letter, and will be frequently mentioned

in the correspondence. At this date, Edith, now Mrs. W. H. Forbes, was fourteen months old. Mr. Emerson's mother, Madam Ruth Emerson, was also one of the household, which had for a little more than seven years occupied the well-known house under the trees, east of the village. No reply to this letter is in my hands.

II. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CONCORD, February 10, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND, — I have stolen one of your own sheets to write you a letter upon, and I hope, with two layers of ink, to turn it into a comforter. If you like to receive a letter from me, too, I am glad, for it gives me pleasure to write. But don't let it come amiss; it must fall as harmlessly as leaves settle on the landscape. I will tell you what we are doing this now. Supper is done, and Edith — the dessert, perhaps, more than the desert — is brought in, or even comes in *per se*; and round she goes, now to this altar, and then to that, with her monosyllabic invocation of "oe," "oc." It makes me think of "Langue d'oe." She must belong to that province. And like the gipsies she talks a language of her own while she understands ours. While she jabbers Sanscrit, Parsee, Pehlyvi, say "Edith go bah!" and "bah" it is. No intelligence passes between us. She knows. It is a capital joke, — that is the reason she smiles so. How well the secret is kept! she never descends to explanation. It is not buried like a common secret, bolstered up on two sides, but by an eternal silence on the one side, at least. It has been long kept, and comes in from the unexplored horizon, like a blue mountain range, to end abruptly at our door one day. (Don't stumble at this steep simile.) And now she studies the heights and depths of nature

On shoulders whirled in some eccentric orbit
Just by old Pestum's temples and the perch
Where Time doth plume his wings.

And how she runs the race over the carpet, while all Olympia applauds,—mamma, grandma, and uncle, good Grecians all,—and that dark-hued barbarian, Partheanna Parker, whose shafts go through and through, not backward! Grandmamma smiles over all, and mamma is wondering what papa would say, should she descend on Carlton House some day. “Larks night”’s abed, dreaming of “pleased faces” far away. But now the trumpet sounds, the games are over; some Hebe comes, and Edith is translated. I don’t know where; it must be to some cloud, for I never was there.

Query: what becomes of the answers Edith thinks, but cannot express? She really gives you glances which are before this world was. You can’t feel any difference of age, except that you have longer legs and arms.

Mrs. Emerson said I must tell you about domestic affairs, when I mentioned that I was going to write. Perhaps it will inform you of the state of all if I only say that I am well and happy in your house here in Concord.

Your friend, HENRY.

Don’t forget to tell us what to do with Mr. Parker, when you write next. I lectured this week. It was as bright a night as you could wish. I hope there were no stars thrown away on the occasion.

[A part of the same letter, though bearing a date two days later, and written in a wholly different style, as of one sage to another, is the following postscript.]

February 12, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND,—As the packet still tarries, I will send you some thoughts, which I have lately relearned, as the latest public and private news.

How mean are our relations to one another! Let us pause till they are nobler. A little silence, a little rest, is

good. It would be sufficient employment only to cultivate true ones.

The richest gifts we can bestow are the least marketable. We hate the kindness which we understand. A noble person confers no such gift as his whole confidence: none so exalts the giver and the receiver; it produces the truest gratitude. Perhaps it is only essential to friendship that some vital trust should have been reposed by the one in the other. I feel addressed and probed even to the remote parts of my being when one nobly shows, even in trivial things, an implicit faith in me. When such divine commodities are so near and cheap, how strange that it should have to be each day’s discovery! A threat or a curse may be forgotten, but this mild trust translates me. I am no more of this earth; it acts dynamically; it changes my very substance. I cannot do what before I did. I cannot be what before I was. Other chains may be broken, but in the darkest night, in the remotest place, I trail this thread. Then things cannot *happen*. What if God were to confide in us for a moment! Should we not then be gods?

How subtle a thing is this confidence! Nothing sensible passes between; never any consequences are to be apprehended should it be misplaced. Yet something has transpired. A new behavior springs; the ship carries new ballast in her hold. A sufficiently great and generous trust could never be abused. It should be cause to lay down one’s life,—which would not be to lose it. Can there be any mistake up there? Don’t the gods know where to invest their wealth? Such confidence, too, would be reciprocal. When one confides greatly in you, he will feel the roots of an equal trust fastening themselves in him. When such trust has been received or reposed, we dare not speak, hardly to see each other; our voices sound harsh and untrustworthy. We are as instruments which the Powers have dealt with. Through

what straits would we not carry this little burden of a magnanimous trust! Yet no harm could possibly come, but simply faithlessness. Not a feather, not a straw, is entrusted; that packet is empty. It is only *committed* to us, and, as it were, all things are committed to us.

The kindness I have longest remembered has been of this sort, — the sort unsaid; so far behind the speaker's lips that almost it already lay in my heart. It did not have far to go to be communicated. The gods cannot misunderstand, man cannot explain. We communicate like the burrows of foxes, in silence and darkness, under ground. We are undermined by faith and love. How much more full is Nature where we think the empty space is than where we place the solids! — full of fluid influences. Should we ever communicate but by these? The spirit abhors a vacuum more than Nature. There is a tide which pierces the pores of the air. These aerial rivers, let us not pollute their currents. What meadows do they course through? How many fine mails there are which traverse their routes! He is privileged who gets his letter franked by them.

I believe these things.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

And now comes the first Emersonian reply, — hardly a reply to either of these letters, of which only one had been received February 4–11, when Emerson wrote from the Carlton House, a New York hotel.

III. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

NEW YORK, February, 1843.

MY DEAR HENRY, — I have yet seen no new men in New York (excepting young Tappan), but only seen again some of my old friends of last year. Mr. [Albert] Brisbane has just given me a faithful hour and a half of what he calls his principles; and he shames truer men by his fidelity and zeal. Already he

begins to hear the reverberation of his single voice from most of the States of the Union. He thinks himself sure of W. H. Channing¹ as a good Fourierist. I laugh incredulous while he recites (for it seems always as if he was repeating paragraphs out of his master's book) descriptions of the self-augmenting potency of the solar system, which is destined to contain one hundred and thirty-two bodies, I believe, and his urgent inculcation of our *stellar duties*. But it has its kernel of sound truth; and its insanity is so wide of New York insanities that it is virtue and honor.

February 10.

I beg you, my dear friend, to say to those faithful lovers of me who have just sent me letters which any man should be happy and proud to receive — I mean my mother and my wife — that I am grieved they should have found my silence so vexatious. I think that some letter must have failed, for I cannot have let ten days go by without writing home. I have kept no account, but am confident that that cannot be. Mr. Mackay has just brought me his good package, and I will not at this hour commence a new letter, but you shall tell Mrs. Emerson that my first steps in New York on this visit seem not to have been prudent, and so I lose several precious days.

February 11.

A society invited me to read my course before them in the Bowery, on certain terms, one of which was that they guaranteed me a thousand auditors. I referred them to my brother William, who covenanted with them. It turned out that their church was in a dark, inaccessible place, a terror to the honest and fair citizens of New York; and our first lecture had a handful of persons, and they all personal friends of mine, from a distant part of the city. But

¹ Nephew and biographer of Dr. Channing, and cousin of Ellery Channing, the poet, soon to be named.

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the Bereans felt so sadly about the disappointment that it seemed at last, on much colloquy, not quite good-natured and affectionate to abandon them at once, but to read also a second lecture, and then part. The second was read with faint success, and then we parted. I begin this evening anew in the Society Library, where I was last year. This takes more time than I could wish, a great deal, and I grieve that I cannot come home. I see W. H. Channing and Mr. [Henry] James at leisure, and have had what the Quakers call "a solid season" once or twice; with Tappan a very happy pair of hours, and him I must see again.

I am enriched greatly by your letter, and now by the dear letters which Mr. Mackay has brought me from Lidian Emerson and Elizabeth Hoar; and for speed in part, and partly because I like to write so, I make you the organ of communication to the whole household, and must still owe you a special letter. I dare not say when I will come home, as the time so fast approaches when I should speak to the Mercantile Library. Yesterday eve I was at Staten Island, where William had promised me as a lecturer, and made a speech at Tompkinsville. Dear love to my mother. I shall try within twenty-four hours to write to my wife. Thanks, thanks for your love to Edie! Farewell.

R. WALDO E.

The "special letter," if written, has failed to appear, and instead of it I find one devoted chiefly to the next number of the Dial, of which Emerson was then the editor, with Thoreau's aid. For the January number of 1843 Thoreau had given his unmetrical translation of the

¹ This was the review of Etzler's book which Mr. O'Sullivan, mentioned in Thoreau's first letter, soon printed in his Democratic Review, for which Hawthorne was a frequent writer. The Dial was a quarterly magazine, published for four years from July, 1840.

Prometheus Bound of Æschylus; for the April number he gave translations from the pseudo-Anacreon, and those beautiful Grecian poems of his own on Smoke and Haze.

IV. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

NEW YORK, 12 February, 1843.

MY DEAR HENRY,—I am sorry I have no paper but this unsightly sheet, this Sunday eve, to write you a message which I see must not wait. The Dial for April, what elements shall compose it? What have you for me? What has Mr. Lane? Have you any Greek translations in your mind? Have you given shape to the comment on Etzler?¹ (It was about some sentences on this matter that I made, some day, a most rude and snappish speech. I remember, but you will not, and must give the sentences as you first wrote them.) You must go to Mr. [Charles] Lane, with my affectionate respects, and tell him that I depend on his important aid for the new number, and wish him to give us the most recent and stirring matter that he has. If (as he is a ready man) he offers us anything at once, I beg you to read it; and if you see and say decidedly that it is good for us, you need not send it to me; but if it is of such quality that you can less surely pronounce, you must send it to me by Harnden. Have we no more news from Wheeler? Has Bartlett none?²

I find Edward Palmer here, studying medicine and attending medical lectures. He is acquainted with Mr. Porter, whom Lane and Wright know, and values him highly. I am to see Porter. Perhaps I shall have no more time to fill this sheet; if so, farewell.

Yours, R. WALDO E.

² Charles Stearns Wheeler, a college classmate of Thoreau, was then in Germany (where he died the next summer), and was contributing to the Dial. Robert Bartlett, of Plymouth, was Wheeler's most intimate friend.

This Edward Palmer appears again in a letter of Thoreau's, and I think he afterwards made one of Alcott's little community at Fruitlands, in Harvard, where Charles Lane owned the property, and resided for a time, with his son William and his friend Wright. To this editorial letter of Emerson, Thoreau, who was punctuality itself, replied at once.

V. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CONCORD, February 15, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I got your letters, one yesterday and the other to-day, and they have made me quite happy. As a packet is to go in the morning, I will give you a hasty account of the Dial. I called on Mr. Lane this afternoon, and brought away, together with an abundance of good will, first, a bulky catalogue of books without commentary,—some eight hundred, I think he told me, with an introduction filling one sheet,—ten or a dozen pages, say, though I have only glanced at them; second, a review—twenty-five or thirty printed pages—of Conversations on the Gospels, Record of a School, and Spiritual Culture, with rather copious extracts. However, it is a good subject, and Lane says it gives him satisfaction. I will give it a faithful reading directly. [These were Alcott's publications, reviewed by Lane.] And now I come to the little end of the horn; for myself, I have brought along the Minor Greek Poets, and will mine there for a scrap or two, at least. As for Etzler, I don't remember any "rude and snappish speech" that you made, and if you did it must have been longer than anything I had written; however, here is the book still, and I will try. Perhaps I have some few scraps in my Journal which you may choose to print. The translation of the Æschylus I should like very well to continue anon, if it should be worth the while. As for poetry, I have not remembered to write any for some

time; it has quite slipped my mind; but sometimes I think I hear the mutterings of the thunder. Don't you remember that last summer we heard a low, tremulous sound in the woods and over the hills, and thought it was partridges or rocks, and it proved to be thunder gone down the river? But sometimes it was over Wayland way, and at last burst over our heads. So we'll not despair by reason of the drought. You see, it takes a good many words to supply the place of one deed; a hundred lines to a cobweb, and but one cable to a man-of-war. The Dial case needs to be reformed in many particulars. There is no news from Wheeler, none from Bartlett.

They all look well and happy in this house, where it gives me much pleasure to dwell.

Yours in haste,

HENRY.

P. S.

Wednesday Evening, February 16.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have time to write a few words about the Dial. I have just received the three first signatures, which do not yet complete Lane's piece. He will place five hundred copies for sale at Munroe's bookstore. Wheeler has sent you two full sheets—more about the German Universities—and proper names, which will have to be printed in alphabetical order for convenience; what this one has done, that one is doing, and the other intends to do. Hammer-Purgstall (Von Hammer) may be one, for aught I know. However, there are two or three *things* in it, as well as names. One of the books of Herodotus is discovered to be out of place. He says something about having sent to Lowell, by the last steamer, a budget of literary news, which he will have communicated to you ere this. Mr. Alcott has a letter from Heraud, and a book written by him,—the Life of Savonarola,—which he wishes to have republished here. Mr. Lane will write a notice of it. (The latter says that what

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is in the New York post office *may* be directed to Mr. Alcott.) Miss [Elizabeth] Peabody has sent a "Notice to the readers of the Dial," which is not good.

Mr. Chapin lectured this evening, and so rhetorically that I forgot my duty and heard very little. I find myself better than I have been, and am meditating some other method of paying debts than by lectures and writing,—which will only do to talk about. If anything of that "other" sort should come to your ears in New York, will you remember it for me?

Excuse this scrawl, which I have written over the embers in the dining-room. I hope that you live on good terms with yourself and the gods.

Yours in haste, HENRY.

Mr. Lane and his lucubrations proved to be tough subjects, and the next letter has more to say about them and the Dial. He had undertaken to do justice to Mr. Alcott and his books, as may still be read in the pages of that April number of the Transcendentalist quarterly.

VI. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CONCORD, February 20, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have read Mr. Lane's review, and *can* say, speaking for this world and for fallen man, that "it is good for us." As they say in geology, time never fails, there is always enough of it, so I may say, criticism never fails; but if I go and read elsewhere, I say it is good,—far better than any notice Mr. Alcott has received, or is likely to receive from another quarter. It is at any rate "the other side," which Boston needs to hear. I do not send it to you, because time is precious, and because I think you would accept it, after all. After speaking briefly of the fate of Goethe and Carlyle in their own countries, he says, "To Emerson in his own circle is but slowly accorded a worthy response; and Alcott, almost utterly

neglected," etc. I will strike out what relates to yourself, and, correcting some verbal faults, send the rest to the printer with Lane's initials.

The catalogue needs amendment, I think. It wants completeness now. It should consist of such books only as they would tell Mr. [F. H.] Hedge and [Theodore] Parker they had got; omitting the Bible, the classics, and much besides,—for there the incompleteness begins. But you will be here in season for this.

It is frequently easy to make Mr. Lane more universal and attractive; to write, for instance, "universal ends" instead of "the universal end," just as we pull open the petals of a flower with our fingers where they are confined by its own sweets. Also he had better not say "books designed for the nucleus of a *Home University*," until he makes that word "home" ring solid and universal too. This is that abominable dialect. He has just given me a notice of George Bradford's Fénelon for the Record of the Months, and speaks of extras of the Review and Catalogue, if they are printed,—even a hundred, or thereabouts. How shall this be arranged? Also he wishes to use some manuscripts of his which are in your possession, if you do not. Can I get them?

I think of no news to tell you. It is a serene summer day here, all above the snow. The hens steal their nests, and I steal their eggs still, as formerly. This is what I do with the hands. Ah, labor,—it is a divine institution, and conversation with many men and hens.

Do not think that my letters require as many special answers. I get one as often as you write to Concord. Concord inquires for you daily, as do all the members of this house. You must make haste home before we have settled all the great questions, for they are fast being disposed of. But I must leave room for Mrs. Emerson.

Yours, HENRY.

P. S. BY MRS. EMERSON.

MY DEAR HUSBAND,—Thinking that Henry had decided to send Mr. Lane's manuscript to you by Harnden to-morrow, I wrote you a sheet of gossip which you will not ultimately escape. Now I will use up Henry's vacant spaces with a story or two. G. P. Bradford has sent you a copy of his Fénelon, with a freezing note to me, which made me declare I would never speak to him again; but Mother says, "Never till next time!" William B. Greene has sent me a volume of tales translated by his father. Ought there to be any note of acknowledgment? I wish you may find time to fill all your paper when you write; you must have millions of things to say that we would all be glad to read.

Last evening we had the "Conversation," though, owing to the bad weather, but few attended. The subjects were: What is Prophecy? Who is a Prophet? and The Love of Nature. Mr. Lane decided, as for all time and the race, that this same love of nature — of which Henry [Thoreau] was the champion, and Elizabeth Hoar and Lidian (though L. disclaimed possessing it herself) his faithful squires — that this love was the most subtle and dangerous of sins; a refined idolatry, much more to be dreaded than gross wickednesses, because the gross sinner would be alarmed by the depth of his degradation, and come up from it in terror, but the unhappy idolaters of Nature were deceived by the refined quality of their sin, and would be the last to enter the kingdom. Henry frankly affirmed to both the wise men that they were wholly deficient in the faculty in question, and therefore could not judge of it. And Mr. Alcott as frankly answered that it was because they went beyond the mere material objects, and were filled with spiritual love and perception (as Mr. T. was not),

that they seemed to Mr. Thoreau not to appreciate outward nature. I am very heavy, and have spoiled a most excellent story. I have given you no idea of the scene, which was ineffably comic, though it made no laugh at the time; I scarcely laughed at it myself, — too deeply amused to give the usual sign. Henry was brave and noble; well as I have always liked him, he still grows upon me. Elizabeth sends her love, and says she shall not go to Boston till your return, and you must make the 8th of March come quickly.

And now the localities of the two friends are reversed in the letters which follow. Mr. Emerson had returned to Concord in March, and in May Mr. Thoreau had gone to Staten Island, into the family of Emerson's elder brother, William, where he was teaching the eldest son, William, and studying New York, at long range or at close quarters. The first letter in the series comes from Emerson.

VII. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

CONCORD, Sunday Eve, 21 May, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Our Dial is already printing, and you must, if you can, send me something good by the 10th of June, certainly, if not before. If William E. can send by a private opportunity, you shall address it to "Care of Miss Peabody, 13 West Street," or, to be left at Concord Stage Office.¹ Otherwise send by Harnden, — W. E. paying to Boston and charging to me. Let the pacquet bring letters also from you, and from [Giles] Waldo and Tappan, I entreat.

You will not doubt that you are well remembered here, by young, older, and old people; and your letter to your mother was borrowed and read with great interest, pending the arrival of direct stagecoach ran once a day, seldom carrying a dozen passengers. Now fifty or a hundred make the journey daily.

¹ There was yet no railroad from Boston to Concord, but the Fitchburg road was building, as will be seen in another of these letters. The

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accounts and of later experiences, especially in the city. I am sure that you are under sacred protection, if I should not hear from you for years. Yet I shall wish to know what befalls you on your way.

Ellery Channing is well settled in his house, and works very steadily thus far, and our intercourse is very agreeable to me. Young [B. W.] Ball has been to see me, and is a prodigious reader and a youth of great promise, — born, too, in the good town. Mr. Hawthorne is well, and Mr. Alcott and Mr. Lane are revolving a purchase in Harvard of ninety acres.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON.

My wife will reopen my sealed letter, but a remembrance from her shall be inserted.

This letter is addressed to "Henry D. Thoreau, care of Mr. Emerson, Esq., 64 Wall Street, New York;" but Thoreau himself was living on Staten Island, at a town called Castleton, whence he made excursions across the bay to the city, and up and down the two islands, Staten and Manhattan. The sea greatly attracted him, for he had seen little, till then, of the great ocean; but the city was an affliction to him.

VIII. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

CASTLETON, STATEN ISLAND, May 23.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I was just going to write to you when I received your letter. I was waiting till I had got away from Concord. I should have sent you something for the Dial before, but I have been sick ever since I came here, rather unaccountably, — what with a cold, bronchitis, acclimation, etc., still unaccountably. I send you some verses from my journal which will help make a packet. I have not time to correct them, if this goes by Rockwood Hoar. If I can finish an account of a winter's walk in Concord, in the midst of a

Staten Island summer, — not so wise as true, I trust, — I will send it to you soon.

I have had no later experiences yet. You must not count much upon what I can do or learn in New York. I feel a good way off here; and it is not to be visited, but seen and dwelt in. I have been there but once, and have been confined to the house since. Everything there disappoints me but the crowd; rather, I was disappointed with the rest before I came. I have no eyes for their churches, and what else they find to brag of. Though I know but little about Boston, yet what attracts me, in a quiet way, seems much meaner and more pretending than there, — libraries, pictures, and faces in the street. You don't know where any respectability inhabits. It is in the crowd in Chatham Street. The crowd is something new, and to be attended to. It is worth a thousand Trinity Churches and Exchanges while it is looking at them, and will run over them and trample them under foot one day. There are two things I hear and am aware I live in the neighborhood of, — the roar of the sea and the hum of the city. I have just come from the beach (to find your letter), and I like it much. Everything there is on a grand and generous scale, — seaweed, water, and sand; and even the dead fishes, horses, and hogs have a rank, luxuriant odor; great shad-nets spread to dry; crabs and horseshoes crawling over the sand; clumsy boats, only for service, dancing like sea-fowl over the surf, and ships afar off going about their business.

Waldo and Tappan carried me to their English alehouse the first Saturday, and Waldo spent two hours here the next day. But Tappan I have only seen. I like his looks and the sound of his silence. They are confined every day but Sunday, and then Tappan is obliged to observe the demeanor of a church-goer to prevent open war with his father.

I am glad that Channing has got settled, and that, too, before the inroad of the Irish. I have read his poems two or three times over, and partially through and under, with new and increased interest and appreciation. Tell him I saw a man buy a copy at Little & Brown's. He may have been a virtuoso, but we will give him the credit. What with Alcott and Lane and Hawthorne, too, you look strong enough to take New York by storm. Will you tell L., if he asks, that I have been able to do nothing about the books yet?

Believe that I have something better to write you than this. It would be unkind to thank you for particular deeds.

Your friend,
HENRY D. THOREAU.

IX. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

STATEN ISLAND, June 8, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have been to see Henry James, and like him very much. It was a great pleasure to meet him. It makes humanity seem more erect and respectable. I never was more kindly and faithfully catechised. It made me respect myself more to be thought worthy of such wise questions. He is a man, and takes his own way, or stands still in his own place. I know of no one so patient and determined to have the good of you. It is almost friendship, such plain and human dealing. I think that he will not write or speak inspiringly; but he is a refreshing forward-looking and forward-moving man, and he has naturalized and humanized New York for me. He actually reproaches you by his respect for your poor words. I had three hours' solid talk with him, and he asks me to make free use of his house. He wants an expression of your faith, or to be sure that it is faith, and confesses that his own treads fast upon the neck of his understanding. He exclaimed, at some careless answer of mine, "Well, you Transcendentalists are wonderfully consistent. I must get hold of this some-

how!" He likes Carlyle's book,¹ but says that it leaves him in an excited and unprofitable state, and that Carlyle is so ready to obey his humor that he makes the least vestige of truth the foundation of any superstructure, not keeping faith with his better genius nor truest readers.

I met Wright on the stairs of the Society Library, and W. H. Channing and Brisbane on the steps. The former (Channing) is a concave man, and you see by his attitude and the lines of his face that he is retreating from himself and from yourself, with sad doubts. It is like a fair mask swaying from the drooping boughs of some tree whose stem is not seen. He would break with a conchoidal fracture. You feel as if you would like to see him when he has made up his mind to run all the risks. To be sure, he doubts because he has a great hope to be disappointed, but he makes the possible disappointment of too much consequence. Brisbane, with whom I did not converse, did not impress me favorably. He looks like a man who has lived in a cellar, far gone in consumption. I barely saw him, but he did not look as if he could let Fourier go, in any case, and throw up his hat. But I need not have come to New York to write this.

I have seen Tappan for two or three hours, and like both him and Waldo; but I always see those of whom I have heard well with a slight disappointment. They are so much better than the great herd, and yet the heavens are not shivered into diamonds over their heads. Persons and things flit so rapidly through my brain, nowadays, that I can hardly remember them. They seem to be lying in the stream, stemming the tide, ready to go to sea, as steamboats when they leave the dock go off in the opposite direction first, until they are headed right, and then begins the steady revolution of the paddle-wheels; and *they* are not quite cheerily headed anywhither

¹ *Past and Present.*

[May,

yet, nor singing amid the shrouds as they bound over the billows. There is a certain youthfulness and generosity about them, very attractive; and Tappan's more reserved and solitary thought commands respect.

After some ado, I discovered the residence of Mrs. Black, but there was palmed off on me, in her stead, a Mrs. Grey (quite an inferior color), who told me at last that she was not Mrs. Black, but her mother, and was just as glad to see me as Mrs. Black would have been, and so, forsooth, would answer just as well. Mrs. Black had gone with Edward Palmer to New Jersey, and would return on the morrow.

I don't like the city better, the more I see it, but worse. I am ashamed of my eyes that behold it. It is a thousand times meaner than I could have imagined. It will be something to hate,—that's the advantage it will be to me; and even the best people in it are a part of it, and talk coolly about it. The pigs in the street are the most respectable part of the population. When will the world learn that a million men are of no importance compared with *one* man? But I must wait for a shower of shillings, or at least a slight dew or mizzling of sixpences, before I explore New York very far.

The sea-beach is the best thing I have seen. It is very solitary and remote, and you only remember New York occasionally. The distances, too, along the shore, and inland in sight of it, are unaccountably great and startling. The sea seems very near from the hills, but it proves a long way over the plain, and yet you may be wet with the spray before you can believe that you are there. The far seems near, and the near far. Many rods from the beach, I step aside for the Atlantic, and I see men drag up their boats on to the sand, with oxen, stepping about amid the surf, as if it were possible they might draw up Sandy Hook.

I do not feel myself especially serviceable to the good people with whom I live, except as inflictions are sanctified to the righteous. And so, too, must I serve the boy. I can look to the Latin and mathematics sharply, and for the rest behave myself. But I cannot be in his neighborhood hereafter as his Educator, of course, but as the hawks fly over my own head. I am not attracted toward him but as to youth generally. He shall frequent me, however, as much as he can, and I'll be I.

Bradbury told me, when I passed through Boston, that he was coming to New York the following Saturday, and would then settle with me, but he has not made his appearance yet. Will you, the next time you go to Boston, present that order for me which I left with you?

If I say less about Waldo and Tappan now, it is, perhaps, because I may have more to say by and by. Remember me to your mother and Mrs. Emerson, who, I hope, is quite well. I shall be very glad to hear from her, as well as from you. I have very hastily written out something for the Dial, and send it only because you are expecting something,—though something better. It seems idle and Howittish, but it may be of more worth in Concord, where it belongs. In great haste. Farewell.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

The Bradbury mentioned was of the publishing house of Bradbury & Soden, in Boston, which had taken Nathan Hale's Boston Miscellany off his hands, and had published in it, with promise of payment, Thoreau's Walk to Wachusetts. But much time had passed, and the debt was not paid; hence the lack of a "shower of shillings" which the letter laments. Emerson's reply gives the first news of the actual beginning of Alcott's short-lived paradise at Fruitlands, and dwells with interest on the affairs of the rural and lettered circle at Concord, from which Alcott and his

English friends were just departing, only to return sadder and wiser the next year.

X. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

CONCORD, June 10, 1843.

DEAR HENRY,—It is high time that you had some token from us in acknowledgment of the parcel of kind and helpful things you sent us, as well as of your permanent right in us all. The cold weather saddened our landscape and our gardens here almost until now; but today's sunshine is obliterating the memory of such things. I have just been visiting my petty plantations, and find that all your grafts live except a single scion; and all my new trees, including twenty pines to fill up interstices in my "curtain,"¹ are well alive. The town is full of Irish, and the woods of engineers with theodolite and red flag, singing out their feet and inches to each other from station to station. Near Mr. Alcott's [the Hosmer Cottage] the road is already begun. [This was the Fitchburg railroad, which crosses the highway not far from where the Alcotts had been living.]

From Mr. Alcott and Mr. Lane, at Harvard, we have yet heard nothing. They went away in good spirits, having sent "Wood Abram" and Larned and William Lane before them, with horse and plough, a few days in advance, to begin the spring work. Mr. Lane paid me a long visit, in which he was more than I had ever known him gentle and open; and it was impossible not to sympathize with and honor projects that so often seem without feet or hands. They have near a hundred acres of land which they do not want, and no house, which they want first of all. But they count this an advantage, as it gives them the occasion they so much desire, of building after

their own idea. In the event of their attracting to their company a carpenter or two, which is not impossible, it would be a great pleasure to see their building, which could hardly fail to be new and beautiful. They have fifteen acres of woodland, with good timber.

Ellery Channing is excellent company, and we walk in all directions. He remembers you with great faith and hope; thinks you ought not to see Concord again these ten years—that you ought to grind up fifty Concords in your mill—and much other opinion and counsel he holds in store on this topic. Hawthorne walked with me yesterday afternoon, and not until after our return did I read his *Celestial Railroad*, which has a serene strength which we cannot afford not to praise, in this low life.

Our Dial thrives well enough in these weeks. I print W. E. Channing's Letters, or the first ones,² but he does not care to have them named as his for a while. They are very agreeable reading, and their wisdom lightened by a vivacity very rare in the Dial. [S. G.] Ward, too, has sent me some sheets on architecture, whose good sense is eminent. I have a valuable manuscript—a sea voyage—from a new hand, which is all clear good sense, and I may make some of Mr. Lane's graver sheets give way for this honest story; otherwise I shall print it in October. I have transferred the publishing of the Dial to James Munroe & Co.

Do not, I entreat you, let me be in ignorance of anything good which you know of my fine friends, Waldo and Tappan. T. writes me never a word. I had a letter from H. James, promising to see you, and you must not fail to visit him. I must soon write to him, though my debts of this nature are, perhaps, too

¹ This was a shelter of pine-trees planted in the angle of the roads east of Emerson's house, to break the east wind and screen the inmates.

² In that charming but unfinished *Youth of the Poet and Painter*, which described so well

the scenery of the Merrimac and the Artichoke rivers, near Newbury, and gently satirized Cambridge and Boston. Mr. Ward was at that time a Boston banker.

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many. To him I much prefer to talk than to write. Let me know well how you prosper and what you meditate. And all good abide with you.

R. W. E.

June 15.

Whilst my letter has lain on the table waiting for a traveler, your letter and parcel have safely arrived. I may not have place now for the Winter's Walk in the July Dial, which is just making up its last sheets, and somehow I must end it to-morrow, when I go to Boston. I shall then keep it for October, subject, however, to your order, if you find a better disposition for it. I will carry the order to the faithless booksellers.¹ Thanks for all these tidings of my friends at New York and at the Island, and love to the last. I have letters from Lane at Fruitlands, and from Miss Fuller at Niagara; she found it sadly cold and rainy at the Falls.

XI. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

STATEN ISLAND, July 8, 1843.

DEAR FRIENDS,— I was very glad to hear your voices from so far. I do not believe there are eight hundred human beings on the globe. It is all a fable, and I cannot but think that you speak with a slight outrage and disrespect of Concord when you talk of fifty of them. There are not so many. Yet think not that I have left all behind, for already I begin to track my way over the earth, and find the cope of heaven extending beyond its horizon, — forsooth, like the roofs of these Dutch houses. My thoughts revert to those dear hills and that river which so fills up the world to its brim, — worthy to be named with Mincius and Alpheus, — still drinking its meadows while I am far away. How can it run heedless to the sea, as if I were there to countenance it? George Minott, too, looms up considerably, — and many another old familiar face. These things

¹ Bradbury & Soden.

all look sober and respectable. They are better than the environs of New York, I assure you.

I am pleased to think of Channing as an inhabitant of the grey town. Seven cities contended for Homer dead. Tell him to remain at least long enough to establish Concord's right and interest in him. I was beginning to know the man. In imagination I see you pilgrims taking your way by the red lodge and the cabin of the brave farmer man, so youthful and hale, to the still cheerful woods. And Hawthorne, too, I remember as one with whom I sauntered, in old heroic times, along the banks of the Scamander, amid the ruins of chariots and heroes. Tell him not to desert, even after the tenth year. Others may say, "Are there not the cities of Asia?" But what are they? Staying at home is the heavenly way.

And Elizabeth Hoar, my brave townswoman, to be sung of poets, — if I may speak of her whom I do not know. Tell Mrs. Brown¹ that I do not forget her, going her way under the stars through this chilly world, — I did *not* think of the wind, — and that I went a little way with her. Tell her not to despair. Concord's little arch does not span all our fate, nor is what transpires under it law for the universe.

And least of all are forgotten those walks in the woods in ancient days, — too sacred to be idly remembered, — when their aisles were pervaded as by a fragrant atmosphere. They still seem youthful and cheery to my imagination as Sherwood and Barnsdale, — and of far purer fame. Those afternoons when we wandered o'er Olympus, — and those hills, from which the sun was seen to set, while still our day held on its way.

"At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

I remember these things at midnight, at rare intervals. But know, my friends, that I a good deal hate you all in my

¹ A sister of Mrs. Emerson.

most private thoughts, as the substratum of the little love I bear you. Though you are a rare band, and do not make half use enough of one another.

I think this is a noble number of the Dial. It perspires thought and feeling. I can speak of it now a little like a foreigner. Be assured that it is not written in vain,—it is not for me. I hear its prose and its verse. They provoke and inspire me, and they have my sympathy. I hear the sober and the earnest, the sad and the cheery voices of my friends, and to me it is a long letter of encouragement and reproof; and no doubt so it is to many another in the land. So don't give up the ship. Methinks the verse is hardly enough better than the prose. I give my vote for the Notes from the Journal of a Scholar, and wonder you don't print them faster. I want, too, to read the rest of the Poet and the Painter. Miss Fuller's is a noble piece,—rich, extempore writing, talking with pen in hand. It is too good not to be better, even. In writing, conversation should be folded many times thick. It is the height of art that, on the first perusal, plain common sense should appear; on the second, severe truth; and on a third, beauty; and, having these warrants for its depth and reality, we may then enjoy the beauty for evermore. The sea-piece is of the best that is going, if not of the best that is staying. You have spoken a good word for Carlyle. As for the Winter's Walk, I should be glad to have it printed in the Dial if you think it good enough, and will criticise it; otherwise send it to me, and I will dispose of it.

I have not been to New York for a month, and so have not seen Waldo and Tappan. James has been at Albany meanwhile. You will know that I only describe my personal adventures with people; but I hope to see more of them, and *judge* them too. I am sorry to learn that Mrs. E. is no better. But let her know that the Fates pay a compliment

to those whom they make sick, and they have not to ask, "What have I done?"

Remember me to your mother, and remember me yourself as you are remembered by H. D. T.

I had a friendly and cheery letter from Lane a month ago.

XII. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

CONCORD, July 20, 1843.

DEAR HENRY.—Giles Waldo shall not go back without a line to you, if only to pay a part of my debt in that kind long due. I am sorry to say that when I called on Bradbury & Soden, nearly a month ago, their partner, in their absence, informed me that they could not pay you, at present, any part of their debt on account of the Boston Miscellany. After much talking, all the promise he could offer was "that within a year it would probably be paid,"—a probability which certainly looks very slender. The very worst thing he said was the proposition that you should take your payment in the form of Boston Miscellanies! I shall not fail to refresh their memory at intervals.

We were all very glad to have such cordial greetings from you as in your last letter, on the Dial's and on all personal accounts. Hawthorne and Channing are both in good health and spirits, and the last always a good companion for me, who am hard to suit, I suppose. Giles Waldo has established himself with me by his good sense. I fancy from your notices that he is more than you have seen. I think that neither he nor W. A. Tappan will be exhausted in one interview. My wife is at Plymouth to recruit her wasted strength, but left word with me to acknowledge and heartily thank you for your last letter to her. Edith and Ellen are in high health; and, as pussy has this afternoon nearly killed a young oriole, Edie tells all comers, with great energy, her one story, "Birdy—*sick*." Mrs. Brown, who just left the house, desires kindest remem-

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brances to you, whom "she misses" and whom "she thinks of."

In this fine weather we look very bright and green in yard and garden, though this sun, without showers, will perchance spoil our potatoes. Our clover grew well on your patch between the dikes; and Reuben Brown adjudged that Cyrus Warren should pay fourteen dollars this year for my grass. Last year he paid eight dollars. All your grafts of this year have lived and done well. The apple-trees and plums speak of you in every wind.

You will have read and heard the sad news to the little village of Lincoln of Stearns Wheeler's death. Such an overthrow to the hopes of his parents made me think more of them than of the loss the community will suffer in his kindness, diligence, and ingenuous mind. The papers have contained ample notices of his life and death. I saw Charles Newcomb the other day at Brook Farm, and he expressed his great gratification in your translations, and said that he had been minded to write you and ask of you to translate in like manner — Pindar. I advised him by all means to do so. But he seemed to think he had discharged his conscience. But it was a very good request. It would be a fine thing to be done, since Pindar has no adequate translation, — no English equal to his fame. Do look at the book with that in your mind, while Charles is mending his pen. I will soon send you word respecting the Winter Walk.

Farewell. R. W. EMERSON.

The reply to this letter, dated August 7, is printed in the volume of Letters and Poems edited by Emerson in 1865. To that letter of Thoreau's Emerson responded, and enlarged upon its themes as follows.

XIII. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

CONCORD, September 8, 1843.

DEAR HENRY,—We were all surprised to hear, one day lately, from G.

Waldo, that you were forsaking the deep quiet of the Clove for the limbo of the false booksellers, and were soon relieved by hearing that you were safe again in the cottage at Staten Island. I could heartily wish that this country, which seems all opportunity, did actually offer more distinct and just rewards of labor to that unhappy class of men who have more reason and conscience than strength of back and of arm; but the experience of a few cases that I have lately seen looks, I confess, more like crowded England and indigent Germany than like rich and roomy Nature. But the few cases are deceptive; and though Homer should starve in the highway, Homer will know and proclaim that bounteous Nature has bread for all her boys. To-morrow our arms will be stronger; to-morrow the wall before which we sat will open of itself and show the new way.

Ellery Channing works and writes as usual at his cottage, to which Captain Moore has added a neat slat fence and gate. His wife as yet has no more than five scholars, but will have more presently. Hawthorne has returned from a visit to the seashore in good spirits. Elizabeth Hoar is still absent since Evarts's¹ marriage. You will have heard of our Wyman Trial and the stir it made in the village. But the Cliff and Walden, which know something of the railroad, knew nothing of that; not a leaf nodded; not a pebble fell. Why should I speak of it to you? Now the humanity of the town suffers with the poor Irish, who receives but sixty, or even fifty cents, for working from dark till dark, with a strain and a following up that reminds one of negro-driving. Peter Hutchinson told me he had never seen men perform so much; he should never think it hard again if an employer should keep him at work till after sundown. But what can be done for their relief as long as new applicants for the same

¹ The present W. M. Evarts, lately Senator from New York, a cousin of Miss Hoar.

labor are coming in every day? These of course reduce the wages to the sum that will suffice a bachelor to live, and must drive out the men with families. The work goes on very fast. The mole which crosses the land of Jonas Potter and Mr. Stow, from Ephraim Wheeler's high land to the depot, is eighteen feet high, and goes on two rods every day. A few days ago a new contract was completed,—from the terminus of the old contract to Fitchburg,—the whole to be built before October, 1844; so that you see our fate is sealed. I have not yet advertised my house for sale, nor engaged my passage to Berkshire; have even suffered George Bradford to plan a residence with me next spring, and at this very day am talking with Mr. Britton of building a cottage in my triangle for Mrs. Brown; but I can easily foresee that some inconveniences may arise from the road, when open, that shall drive me from my rest.

I mean to send the Winter's Walk to the printer to-morrow for the Dial. I had some hesitation about it, notwithstanding its faithful observation and its fine sketches of the pickerel-fisher and of the woodchopper, on account of *mannerism*, an old charge of mine,—as if, by attention, one could get the trick of the rhetoric; for example, to call a cold place sultry, a solitude public, a wilderness *domestic* (a favorite word), and in the woods to insult over cities, whilst the woods, again, are dignified by comparing them to cities, armies, etc. By pretty free omissions, however, I have removed my principal objections. I ought to say that Ellery Channing admired the piece loudly and long, and only stipulated for the omission of Douglas and one copy of verses on the Smoke. For the rest, we go on with the Youth of the Poet and Painter and with extracts from the Jamaica Voyage, and Lane has sent me A Day with the Shakers. Poetry have I very little. Have you no Greek translations ready for me?

I beg you to tell my brother William that the review of Channing's poems, in the Democratic Review, has been interpolated with sentences and extracts, to make it long, by the editor, and I acknowledge, as far as I remember, little beyond the first page. And now that I have departed so far from my indolence as to write this letter, I have yet to add to mine the affectionate greetings of my wife and my mother.

Yours, R. W. EMERSON.

Emerson did, in fact, throw out from the Winter Walk two pages or so, besides making changes here and there; all which the young author took in good part. I have the rejected pages, which perhaps, in after years, the editor would have accepted, finding that Thoreau's mannerism, like his punning, was part of the man, and must be humored.

XIV. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

STATEN ISLAND, September 14, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND,—Miss Fuller will tell you the news from these parts, so I will only devote these few moments to what she does not know as well. I was absent only one day and night from the Island, the family expecting me back immediately. I was to earn a certain sum before winter, and thought it worth the while to try various experiments. I carried the Agriculturist about the city, and up as far as Manhattanville, and called at the Croton Reservoir, where indeed they did not want any Agriculturist, but paid well enough in their way. Literature comes to a poor market here, and even the little that I write is more than will sell. I have tried the Democratic Review, the New Mirror, and Brother Jonathan. The last two, as well as the New World, are overwhelmed with contributions which cost nothing, and are worth no more. The Knickerbocker is too poor, and only the Ladies' Companion pays. O'Sullivan is printing the manuscript I sent him some

time ago, having objected only to my want of sympathy with the Communities.

I doubt if you have made more corrections in my manuscript than I should have done ere this, though they may be better; but I am glad you have taken any pains with it. I have not prepared any translations for the Dial, supposing there would be no room, though it is the only place for them.

I have been seeing men during these days, and trying experiments upon trees; have inserted three or four hundred buds (quite a Buddhist, one might say). Books I have access to through your brother and Mr. Mackean, and have read a good deal. Quarles's Divine Poems as well as Emblems are quite a discovery.

I am very sorry Mrs. Emerson is so sick. Remember me to her and to your mother. I like to think of your living on the banks of the Mill-brook, in the midst of the garden with all its weeds; for what are botanical distinctions at this distance? Your friend,

HENRY D. THOREAU.

XV. THOREAU TO EMERSON.

STATEN ISLAND, October 17, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I went with my pupil to the Fair of the American Institute, and so lost a visit from Tappan, whom I met returning from the Island. I should have liked to hear more news from his lips, though he had left me a letter and the Dial, which is a sort of circular letter itself. I find Channing's letters full of life, and I enjoy their wit highly. Lane writes straight and solid, like a guideboard, but I find that I put off the "social tendencies" to a future day, which may never come. He is always Shaker fare, quite as luxurious as his principles will allow. I feel as if I were ready to be appointed a committee on poetry, I have got my eyes so whetted and proved of late, like the knife-sharpener I saw at the Fair, certified to have been "in constant use in a gentleman's family for more than two years."

Yes, I ride along the ranks of the English poets, casting terrible glances, and some I blot out, and some I spare. Mackean has imported, within the year, several new editions and collections of old poetry, of which I have the reading, but there is a good deal of chaff to a little meal, — hardly worth bolting. I have just opened Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* for the first time, which I read with great delight. It is more like what Scott's novels *were* than anything.

I see that I was very blind to send you my manuscript in such a state; but I have a good *second* sight, at least. I could still shake it in the wind to some advantage, if it would hold together. There are some sad mistakes in the printing. It is a little unfortunate that the Ethnical Scriptures should hold out so well, though it does really hold out. The Bible ought not to be very large. Is it not singular that, while the religious world is gradually picking to pieces its old testaments, here are some coming slowly after, on the seashore, picking up the durable relics of perhaps older books, and putting them together again?

Your Letter to Contributors is excellent, and hits the nail on the head. It will taste sour to their palates at first, no doubt, but it will bear a sweet fruit at last. I like the poetry, especially the Autumn verses. They ring true. Though I am quite weather-beaten with poetry, having weathered so many epics of late. The Sweep Ho! sounds well this way. But I have a good deal of fault to find with your Ode to Beauty. The tune is altogether unworthy of the thoughts. You slope too quickly to the rhyme, as if that trick had better be performed as soon as possible, or as if you stood over the line with a hatchet, and chopped off the verses as they came out, some short and some long. But give us a long reel, and we'll cut it up to suit ourselves. It sounds like parody. "Thee knew I of old," "Remediless thirst," are some of those stereotyped lines. I am frequently

reminded, I believe, of Jane Taylor's *Philosopher's Scales*, and how the world

"Flew out with a bounce,"

which

"Yerked the philosopher out of his cell ;"
or else of

"From the climes of the sun all war-worn and
weary."

I had rather have the thought come ushered with a flourish of oaths and curses. Yet I love your poetry as I do little else that is near and recent, especially when you get fairly round the end of the line, and are not thrown back upon the rocks. To read the lecture on *The Comic* is as good as to be in our town meeting or Lyceum once more.

I am glad that the Concord farmers ploughed well this year; it promises that something will be done these summers. But I am suspicious of that *Brittonner*, who advertises so many cords of *good* oak, chestnut, and maple wood for sale. *Good!* ay, good for what? And there shall not be left a stone upon a stone. But no matter,—let them hack away. The sturdy Irish arms that do the work are of more worth than oak or maple. Methinks I could look with equanimity upon a long street of Irish cabins, and pigs and children reveling in the genial Concord dirt; and I should still find my Walden wood and Fair Haven in their tanned and happy faces.

I write this in the cornfield—it being washing-day—with the inkstand Elizabeth Hoar gave me;¹ though it is not

¹ This inkstand was presented by Miss Hoar, with a note dated "Boston, May 2, 1843," which deserves to be copied.

DEAR HENRY,—The rain prevented me from seeing you the night before I came away, to leave with you a parting assurance of good will and good hope. We have become better acquainted within the two past years than in our whole life as schoolmates and neighbors before; and I am unwilling to let you go away without telling you that I, among your other friends, shall miss you much, and follow you with remembrance and all best wishes and con-

redolent of cornstalks, I fear. Let me not be forgotten by Channing and Hawthorne, nor our grey-suited neighbor under the hill [Edmund Hosmer].

Your friend, H. D. THOREAU.

This letter and that of Emerson preceding it (No. XIII.) will be best explained by a reference to the Dial for October, 1843. The Ethnical Scriptures were selections from the Brahminical books, from Confucius, etc., such as we have since seen in great abundance. The Autumn verses are by Channing; *Sweep Ho!* by Ellen Sturgis, afterwards Mrs. Hooper; the Youth of the Poet and Painter also by Channing. The Letter to Contributors, which is headed simply *A Letter*, is by Emerson, and has been much overlooked by his later readers; his Ode to Beauty is very well known, and does not deserve the slashing censure of Thoreau, though, as it now stands, it is better than first printed. Instead of

"Love drinks at thy banquet
Remediless thirst,"

we now have the perfect phrase,

"Love drinks at thy fountain
False waters of thirst."

The Comic is also Emerson's. There is a poem, *The Sail*, by William Tappan, so often named in these letters, and a sonnet by Charles A. Dana, now of the New York Sun.

XVI. EMERSON TO THOREAU.

CONCORD, October 25, 1843.

DEAR HENRY,—I have your letter
fidence. Will you take this little inkstand and try if it will carry ink safely from Concord to Staten Island? and the pen, which, if you can write with steel, may be made sometimes the interpreter of friendly thoughts to those whom you leave beyond the reach of your voice,—or record the inspirations of Nature, who, I doubt not, will be as faithful to you who trust her in the sea-girt Staten Island as in Concord woods and meadows. Good-by, and *εὖ πράττειν*, which, a wise man says, is the only salutation fit for the wise.

Truly your friend, E. HOAR.

[May,

this evening by the advent of Mrs. Fuller to Ellery Channing's, and am heartily glad of the robust greeting. Ellery brought it to me, and, as it was opened, wondered whether he had not some right to expect a letter. So I read him what belonged to him. He is usually in good spirits, and always in good wit, forms stricter ties with George Minott, and is always merry with the dullness of a world which will not support him. I am sorry you will dodge my hunters, T. and W. William Tappan is a very satisfactory person, only I could be very willing he should read a little more; he speaks seldom, but easily and strongly, and moves like a deer. H. James, too, has gone to England. I am the more sorry because you liked him so well.

In Concord no events. We have had the new Hazlitt's Montaigne, which contained the Journey into Italy,—new to me,—and the narrative of the death of the renowned friend Étienne de la Boëtie. Then I have had Saadi's *Gulistān*, Ross's translation, and Marot, and Roman de la Rose, and Robert of Gloucester's rhymed Chronicle.

Where are my translations of Pindar for the Dial? Fail not to send me something good and strong. They send us the *Rivista Ligure*, a respectable magazine, from Genoa; *La Démocratie Pacifique*, a bright daily paper, from Paris; the *Deutsche Schnellpost*, the German New York paper; and *Phalanx* from London: the *New Englander* from New Haven, which angrily affirms that the Dial is not as good as the Bible. By all these signs we infer that we make some figure in the literary world, though

we are not yet encouraged by a swollen subscription list. Lidian says she will write you a note herself. If, as we have heard, you will come home to Thanksgiving, you must bring something that will serve for Lyceum lecture,—the craving, thankless town!

Yours affectionately,

WALDO EMERSON.

Soon after this letter was received by Thoreau at Staten Island he returned to Concord, and there lived with his father, mother, and two sisters, Helen and Sophia, until he went, in March, 1845, to live in the Walden woods. He was so near his friend Emerson in 1844–47 that few or no letters passed between them. The Dial perished in the mean time,—the number for April, 1844, being the last of the sixteen, and containing a few of Thoreau's promised translations from Pindar. From that time until 1849 he was at work on his first book, *The Week*. Ellery Channing, in 1844–45, had gone to New York to help Horace Greeley edit the Tribune, and had afterwards sailed up the Mediterranean and made his short visit to Rome; Hawthorne had left the Old Manse and entered the Salem custom house; and Alcott had bought the Wayside estate (which Hawthorne afterwards occupied), and was gardening there in 1846–47. Finally, after many invitations, Emerson decided to visit England, and in the autumn of 1847 Thoreau left his Walden hut to reside in Emerson's house at the village, and to renew the correspondence of four years earlier. This will make another chapter.

F. B. Sanborn.

PRIVATE LIFE IN ANCIENT ROME.

I.

THE profound sentiment of nationality cherished by a Roman of the best period was but the natural outgrowth and necessary complement of an equally intense and overruling sentiment of consanguinity. For him the family bond was essentially a sacred one, and the worship of the Lares, or guardian spirits of the home (often conceived as the souls of departed kindred), and of the Penates, or great gods in their relation to private and family affairs, was the most vital and heartfelt part of his religion. The family was regarded as both the germ and image of the state. To furnish the state with citizens was a man's first duty; to be the last of one's line was a calamity and a curse. "Not for your own behoof alone, but for your country's, were your children reared!" thundered Cicero against Verres, and, himself the parent of one son and one daughter only, he envied, and lauded as a public benefactor, a certain general of the Metellus family whom twenty-seven persons, including sons and daughters in law, had the right to call "father."

Domestic life in the early days of the Roman commonwealth, and rural domestic life down to a comparatively late period, was plain, and stern, and pure; offering singular resemblances, in its spirit and some of its aspects, to the life upon their lonely farms of the first Puritan settlers of New England. The phrase "a paternal government" has come in our day—or rather it came in the day before ours—to bear a somewhat satiric significance. In republican Rome it was the curt description of a simple fact, equally true upon its public and its private side. The rulers of the nation were its *patres conscripti*. The father of the family was its sovereign in his

own right; wife, children, and slaves were alike his subjects.

The legal power of the husband over the wife was expressed by the term *manus*. The bride of those primitive times was merely transferred from her father's rule to that of her husband. She ranked thenceforth as a daughter of her husband's house; she came *in manum ejus*, —into his hand. Her property became his. He might not sell her, and so long as she remained faithful he might not slay her, but these were the only limits to his power.

The authority of the father over his children was even more absolute, for it included, far down into historic times, the legal right to sell, to repudiate, or, in the case of deformed infants or superfluous daughters, to destroy his offspring at birth. When the father lifted the new-born infant in his arms, it was a sign that he acknowledged and would rear and provide for it. The power of the father over his sons and their children ceased only when he died or lost his rights of Roman citizenship, a forfeiture which the Italians still express by the stern phrase *morte civile*, or civic death; the father's power over his daughters ended when they married with manus or took vestal vows.

A *justum matrimonium*, or true marriage, could be made only between Roman citizens (for the woman also reckoned as *civis Romana*) of the legal age, not too nearly related, and with the full approbation of the fathers who might hold *patria potestas* over the bridal pair. The marriageable age, fixed by law at fourteen for the husband and twelve for the wife, was practically later, for the boy was never married until he had received the gown of manhood, the girl rarely before fifteen or sixteen. The forbidden degrees of relationship origi-

nally included all within the sixth, which was carrying the limit yet further back than those tables of the law which adorn the walls of old English parish churches, and whose prohibitions begin with the statement that a man may not marry his grandmother. These degrees of relationship included all for which the Latin language had names, and all which had the *jus osculi*; that is, within which it was allowable for man and woman to kiss.

Such rigid restrictions were especially needful in those early times, when it was so customary for a man to marry in his own *gens*, or clan, that he who did not do so was said *enubere*, to marry out; as a Quaker may marry out of meeting. As time went on, however, the rules relating to the marriage of kindred were much relaxed, and we gather from Livy that ever after the time of the second Punic war, 201 b. c., relatives of the fourth degree, that is to say *consobrini*, or cousins-german, might marry.

The union formed under these conditions was of two kinds: the bride either came into her husband's manus, or she did not. In the first instance she passed completely out of her father's rule, surrendered her patrimony, and became one of her husband's heirs. In the second she remained a member of her father's family, and retained both the right of inheritance in his estate and the control of her own property. In the former case, according to Cicero, she became *materfamilias*, in the latter she was merely *uxor*.

Marriage with manus was itself of three kinds. The most solemn and stately, and by far the most aristocratic, was the *confarreatio*, which may be compared remotely, for splendor of ceremonial, to a wedding with pontifical high mass in a cathedral or collegiate church. Beside the private offerings and taking of auspices, which were seldom omitted in any sort of legal marriage, this included a public ceremony conducted by

the Pontifex Maximus and the Flamen Dialis in the presence of at least ten witnesses; and it took its name from the *farreum libum*, or cake of spelt flour, carried before the newly married pair on their return from the wedding ceremony, and subsequently broken and eaten between them. There remained marriage by *usus*, in virtue of which the wife came into her husband's manus, by the mutual consent of both parties, after they had lived together for a year without interruption of more than three successive days; and the marriage by *coemptio*, which, though usually accompanied by domestic religious rites,—as a modern wedding may be blessed by a clergyman in a private house,—must still be looked upon in the light of a civil contract. In this case the father went through a form of emancipating his daughter in favor of her future husband, after which the girl made declaration that she entered into the union of her own free will.

Confarreatio was the oldest as well as the most dignified and imposing of the Roman marriage rites. It was long the exclusive privilege of the patricians, and none but the descendants of such a marriage could ever become *flamines majores* (priests of Jove, Mars, or Quirinus) or vestal virgins. Naturally, therefore, this was the favorite form in the highest social circles; while marriage by usus, as the simplest and least costly, would prevail, roughly speaking, among the lower orders, and marriage by coemptio was the one commonly practiced by the intermediate classes. But it is plain that, with the progress of what are now called advanced ideas, the solemn and ceremonious marriage by confarreatio went more and more out of fashion, so that Tacitus says that in the time of Tiberius it had become a matter of some difficulty to find men qualified by their birth to fill the vacancies occasioned by death in the great priestly offices.

There were many restrictions as to the days of the year when weddings

might take place. The entire month of May was regarded as unlucky, and the first half of June; nor could marriages be celebrated from the 13th to the 21st of February, the *dies parentales*, when there were memorial services for deceased kindred and offerings to their *manes*; nor on the three days of the year when the underworld was supposed to stand open,—August 24, October 5, and November 8; nor on the kalends, nones, or ides of any month. Religious holidays in general were considered inappropriate for the marriage of young girls, though widows often chose them.

On the night before her bridal, the maiden laid aside her *toga praetexta*, a simple robe, trimmed with purple, and made up apparently width-wise of the cloth; her mother dressed her for the first time in a long white garment with vertical seams, called a *regilla*, and confined her flowing hair in a scarlet net. The true wedding gown, which she would assume on the morrow, was also a flowing white robe, gathered at the waist by a woolen girdle, which was tied in a *nodus herculeus*, supposed to be a charm against the evil eye. The wedding veil was fine in texture and of a brilliant flame-color. It was very ample, thrown first over the head from behind, and then drawn in graceful folds about the entire person. The girl's hair was also dressed in a peculiar manner for the ceremony. The bridegroom himself must divide it into six tresses with the point of a curved spear, the *hasta cælibaris*. Ribbons or fillets were bound between these strands, which appear afterwards to have been braided and confined to the head. Above the braids and under her veil the bride wore a garland of natural flowers, gathered by her own hand; and the bridegroom also, at least in later times, always wore a chaplet.

The wedding ceremonies proper began in the stillness of the early dawn with the taking of auspices; and this was usually done by a professional diviner,

who was not a minister of the state religion. A victim was then slain for the wedding sacrifice (commonly a sheep), and the skin was spread over two stools or chairs, upon which the bridal pair sat during a portion of the religious rites to follow. The guests now assembled; the marriage contract was accepted in the presence of ten witnesses, and the bride signified her willingness to come into the manus of the bridegroom, and, at least theoretically, to assume his name, by repeating the ancient formula, “*Quando tu Gaius, ego Gaia.*” The wedding party then adjourned to some temple or public altar, where an offering (in early times always a bloodless one of spelt cakes and fruit) was made to Jove; and the Flamen Dialis offered prayers to Juno and to Tellus and other gods of the soil. During the offering the bridal pair sat side by side; during the prayers they moved slowly around the altar, attended by an acolyte bearing a basket which contained what were called the *utensilia* of the bride, probably her spinning implements and certain marriage gifts.

A great feast at her father's house followed, and lasted until nightfall. Then came the *deductio*, or leading home of the bride. She was removed with a feint (sometimes, perhaps, it needed the reality) of force from her mother's embrace, and led to her place in the nuptial procession, which was followed, first, by the invited guests, and afterwards, in most cases, by crowds of the common people. Torch-bearers and flute-players preceded the bride, and the whole company joined in singing *Fescennina*, primitive and rather coarse epithalamia, which took their name from the immemorially ancient Etruscan town where they originated. The *gamins* of the streets flocked about the bridegroom, calling for largess of nuts, as a sign that he himself had put away childish things, while the bride was escorted by three youths, who must be the sons of living parents, two of whom carried torches,

and the third the rock and spindle of the bride. The wedding torch was not, as other torches, of pine or fir, but of the wood of the whitethorn, which was sacred to Ceres, and a talisman against all kinds of harm. There was a conflict for the possession of it among the guests after the ceremony was over.

Arrived at the entrance of her new home, the bride anointed its doorposts with oil and wound them with woolen bands. She was then lifted over the threshold,—a reminiscence, perhaps, of the rape of the Sabine women,—and received from her husband in the *atrium*, or chief living-room of the dwelling, the symbolic gifts of fire and water. According to some authorities, the two then knelt together and lighted their first hearth fire from the whitethorn torch. It is certain that the bride said a prayer for married happiness before the symbolic bridal couch, which stood in the atrium, opposite the entrance door. A supper, called *repotia*, was given by the young people to their relatives on the day after the wedding, on which occasion the bride made her first offering as a matron to the household gods.

The union thus formed and sanctioned by the divine blessing was at first, and indeed for a long while, regarded as indissoluble. It assured to the Roman matron a very noble position. She was subordinate to her husband in their relations with the world, but her sway within the home was undisputed. Her spouse, no less than her children and servants, addressed her with deference as *domina*, or lady. No servile work was expected of her, but, so far from being confined to one quarter of the dwelling, like the Greek woman, she moved freely through it, overseeing all its activities and arrangements, the preparation of meals, the spinning of her maidens, the lessons of her children. She received her husband's guests and sat with them at table, while the children, and sometimes even favorite slaves who had been

born and reared in the house, were served at a sort of side table in the same room. It was not thought seemly for a matron to go out without her husband's knowledge or unattended; but, upon these conditions, she was free to walk abroad, place was deferentially made for her in the public ways, and the *stola matronalis*, or peculiar outside garment which she wore, was supposed to be a protection from all courtesy. She attended public games and theatrical representations; her testimony was received in the courts; she might even plead for an accused relative. If she came of a very noble race, she was entitled to a funeral sermon, or public oration of eulogy after her death.

Such was the ideal wifehood of the good old Roman times, and there is a sense in which it may be said always to have remained the ideal. Everybody knows that the mother of the Gracchi and the wife of Marcus Brutus were ladies of austere fashion and immaculate mind. Nay, late in the fourth century, even, we find St. Jerome endeavoring to shame some of the more lawless lambs of his flock by examples of personal rectitude and dignity in the first pagan families. But long ere that time the standard of manners had fatally deteriorated. The enormous increase of wealth, and the habits of Eastern luxury which came in with the Macedonian and other wars of foreign conquest, were prolific sources of corruption, while the study of Greek philosophy, which was affected by clever women equally with their lords, promoted the growth of new ideas, which rendered the "daily round and common task" of the older time particularly irksome. Marriage with manus and religious rites went more and more out of fashion except for the priestly caste; marriage upon any terms was avoided by very many. Divorce, on the other hand, became of daily occurrence, and could be had on the most frivolous pretexts, as the lives of the Romans whom we know most intimately, Caesar, Pom-

pey, and their great contemporaries, only too plainly show.

Strenuous efforts were made by Augustus to restore the old standards of domestic morality, and in certain matters of personal indulgence he himself, after he was firmly seated on the imperial throne, set an honorable example of simplicity of life. He even established penalties for celibacy, and offered rewards and immunities to the fathers of three or more children; and we all know how eloquently he was seconded by the most illustrious of the writers whom he patronized, the great idealists,—that is to say, the most elevated and disinterested minds of his time. To describe as merely sycophantic or official the affection of Horace and of Virgil for the kind old rustic fashions and the austerity of the early Roman ideal is a great mistake. It was an ingrain sentiment with both,—impassioned, impracticable, almost enervating in its intensity. It was a pathetic anachronism, representing the forlorn hope of the passive yet clairvoyant patriot who felt himself no longer free, the last refuge of his obstinate civic pride, his vain appeal to an impossible panacea for ills which were in truth incurable.

But let us return to our old-fashioned bridal pair, and inquire something about the aspect and plan of the dwelling in which their new life was to begin.

The ordinary Roman house had remained somewhat of a mystery, even to the most erudite, until the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii, in the middle of the eighteenth century, suddenly threw a flood of light upon its construction and arrangements. The silent testimony of those partially ruined and long-buried homes was all the more valuable because, in Pompeii especially, they represented the average middle-class dwellings of a provincial town: commodious and even elegant as compared with the farmhouses and cottages of the rural poor; cramped and insignifi-

cant beside the costly city mansions, and the yet more extravagant and extensive mountain and seaside villas of wealthy nobles.

The one essential feature of all these houses, the central point and distinctive mark of the Roman dwelling in all its developments, that which distinguishes it from the houses of Greece and the farther East on the one hand, and allies it with the homes of our own race on the other, was the atrium, long the common living-room of the entire family. The earliest Roman houses may indeed be said to have been all atrium. Here within the same four walls were to be found the family hearth and altar, the family portraits in wax, and the marriage bed; here the meals were cooked and served, the men lounged after labor, and the women spun; the very name, atrium, is probably derived from the black color imparted to the room and its contents generally by the circling smoke of the hearth fire, which had to find its way out by the doorway or the perforated roof, since it is certain that, down to comparatively modern times, chimney-flues were unknown.

The houses thus occupied were small and detached, even in the more considerable towns. They were built of wood, or, later, of brick, mostly square in shape, and roofed with wood or thatch carried up in the form of a four-sided pyramid. A yet meaner sort, circular in shape with conical roof, and built of wattled reeds, is still represented by the miserable shelter-huts of the shepherds on the Roman Campagna. Some such humble dwelling was conceived by Virgil as that of Evander on the Palatine hill, in the beautiful passage where he tells how the pauper king was awakened by the light of early morning streaming through the door of his cot, and the singing of birds upon its low roof-tree. Such, too, was the so-called *casa Romulea*, so long preserved as a kind of sanctuary. But, however primitive and promiscuous the

life led in these plain dwellings may appear, it was not necessarily vulgar nor lacking in a certain dignity, as those will readily understand who have entered the common room of a *podere* upon the Tuscan hills, or a hospitable farmhouse kitchen in Old or New England.

Such having been the typical dwelling even of distinguished folk in the "good old days" of Rome, it is curious and instructive to see what the average town house had become in the latter days of the republic.

To begin, as is fitting, with the entrance door: this did not open directly from the street, but at the end of a passage paved with tiles, and flanked by rooms which were usually let out as shops. The door was of wood with pillars on either side; it had regularly two leaves, and was secured, when closed, by bolts at the top and bottom. This door led sometimes into a short continuation of the passage, divided by a curtain from the atrium, and sometimes directly into the latter, now often called the *cavadium*, or hollow part of the dwelling, and still constituting its main apartment. This developed atrium was oblong in shape, and the centre of the floor was occupied by a marble cistern, with pipes under the floor for carrying off the water. Above this, in the vast majority of cases, there was no roof. The tiled covering of the surrounding space was supported by strong cross-beams, and sloped inwards upon its four sides, for convenience of conducting the rain-water into the cistern below, and there were always arrangements, as in the theatres, for drawing an awning across the open space, by way of protection from the sun. The atrium was still the place where guests were received, where certain rites of domestic worship were celebrated, where the dead lay in state. But the cooking was now done in a kitchen at the back of the establishment, and the hearthstone, where sacrifices to the household gods had been made in

primitive times, was represented by a marble altar, set somewhere against the rear wall of the apartment.

On either side of the atrium, about two thirds its length, ran a row of small square rooms,—the sitting, sleeping, and guest rooms of the family. These opened into the hall either by doors or by *portières*, and from one of them ascended the steep and narrow stairs which led to the upper story. Beyond this range of diminutive rooms the atrium broadened into two alcoves, in the comparative seclusion of which, in their mural niches or shrines, were arranged the portrait busts of the ancestors of the family. They were so ordered, in cases of long descent, as to present the semblance of a family tree, while bronze tablets, recording the names and deeds of the persons commemorated, were set in the wall beneath their respective shrines.

Between these two alcoves, directly opposite the entrance door, was the opening into the *tablinum*, which was usually divided from the atrium by curtains only. In old-fashioned country houses of the better sort the tablinum had been represented by a sort of open porch or veranda: often a simple *pergula* roofed by a trellis for vines, which ran all along the back of the modest dwelling, and led to the garden or orchards behind it. Under the roof of this porch the rustic "squire" (to whom, as always happens, it naturally fell to enact the magistrate's part) heard complaints, and decided differences between his tenants and humble neighbors; and the *tabulae*, or records of his decisions, were deposited there. Later, when the dwelling had developed considerably, and the simple back porch had become only one side of a quadrangular colonnade surrounding an open court, the *tabulae* were removed to the interior of the dwelling, and the room where they were kept took its name from them. In this, and the corresponding room of a town house, other family archives came to be deposited,

and here were put upon record those curious contracts for mutual hospitality of which mention will be made farther on. Here, too, stood the strong-box of the master of the mansion, and the tablinum was in some sort his study or den. It could be shut off from all the rest of the house,—from the atrium by the heavy curtain or curtains already mentioned, from the open court at the back by folding doors; and it was flanked by two narrow passages, with doorways at each end, through which the family and servants could pass and repass between the atrium and the rear portion of the house. But if the curtains in front of the tablinum were withdrawn, and the doors at the back thrown open, he who entered from the front had an uninterrupted and what must have been, on a bright day, a very charming view across the atrium, filled with the diffused and softly colored light, which filtered through the *velum* overhead straight down the vista of the tablinum to the fountain, flowers, and shrubbery which occupied the centre of the great pillared court, or peristyle, beyond.

The peristyle had now become quite as important a member of the dwelling as the atrium. Whoever has seen the garden court of an Italian villa or palace, or a green convent or college cloister, and has also seen Pompeii, will have no difficulty in picturing to himself the general aspect of the peristyle. The ambulatory, or surrounding promenade, was much narrower than the covered portion of the atrium; the open space, of course, proportionally larger. From the peristyle, and usually on its right, opened the *triclinium*, or principal dining-room of the establishment, the neighboring kitchen, and the chapel, where the images of the gods were set up, and sacrifices and other ceremonies of private worship were actually performed. The altar in the atrium seems rather to have been a reminiscence of the hearth and an ornamental symbol of devotion than intended

for frequent use. Under the colonnade, on its opposite or left-hand side, opened storerooms of various kinds, and a second stair, which probably led to the sleeping-rooms of the servants. At the back of the peristyle there was usually an open garden.

Such being the typical arrangement of the developed Roman dwelling, there was room, as in our modern houses, for great variations of detail, and it is easy to understand the sort of changes which would be introduced with the importation of Eastern fashions, and the consequent enormous growth of private luxury. The shallow, sunken porch formed by the projection of the shops on either side had now expanded into a spacious *vestibulum*, with marble floor and pillars, richly adorned with statues and portrait busts, prizes of prowess and trophies of arms. Even the state chariot, which had borne the master of the house on occasions of public triumph, sometimes found a place therein; and it was here that the countless throng of friends, clients, *protégés*, and other dependents who hung upon the footsteps of a distinguished citizen of later days waited, sometimes from before daylight, to give *salutatio*, or morning greeting, to the great man when he came out. The plain doorposts were now sheathed with rich coverings, or adorned with intricate and costly inlaid work. There were no shops, of course, attached to houses of such grandeur, but the rooms on either side of the entrance became, the one an *ostiarium*, or porter's lodge, while the other was often used by the master of the mansion as a kind of office, where he received and examined the accounts presented by the stewards of his various rural properties, and took the money for his valuable crops. The town palace of an Italian nobleman has, to this day, a similar room upon its ground floor, used for almost precisely the same purposes.

The stately dwelling we are now considering had an indefinitely increased

number of living, withdrawing, and guest rooms opening off the cavædium and peristyle. There were bedrooms for rest both by day and by night, and dining-rooms of various sizes and with different exposures for summer and winter. There were often — we find instances even in provincial Pompeii — two peristyles, in which case the anterior usually gave access to a library and a picture gallery. Advancing to the posterior peristyle, we find the mass of the domestic slaves lodged in tiny cells opening off it, rather than upon the upper floor, where the regular sleeping-rooms of the family seem usually to have been. There might be extensive and beautiful grounds at the rear of such a mansion, laid out in the perennial Italian taste, embellished with trellises, fountains, and statues, and often overshadowed by magnificent trees, like the six ancient and enormous lotus-trees in the town gardens of the orator Crassus, upon the Palatine, which were valued at about twenty thousand dollars apiece, and which lived and flourished until they were consumed by Nero's fire.

In Rome and the larger towns, however, as in the modern cities of the continent of Europe, the detached dwellings came to be far outnumbered by the *insulae*, or blocks of buildings, which were often several stories high, with shops upon the street level, and lodgings of various grades behind and above. The crowded tenements of the very poor were to be found in the meaner of these insulae, while there were others, in the more expensive quarters, where young men of fashion, like Cicero's friend Cælius, had commodious apartments, which probably corresponded very fairly with the bachelor quarters occupied by men of the same class to-day.

In trying to represent to ourselves more exactly the interior of a completely appointed Roman house, we have first to remember the rich aspect of its marble-wainscoted and frescoed walls, the broad panels of pure deep color, usually

yellow or red, with graceful central figures surrounded by brilliant and delicate arabesques, such as glow with unfading splendor on the walls of the house of Germanicus, upon the Palatine, and were almost universal in Pompeii, even in houses of modest pretensions. There were color also and grace of design in the various kinds of mosaic floors, of which so many specimens are still to be seen; and though the furnishing of the rooms may seem simple and even scanty to our jumbled modern ideas, the separate pieces were generally so excellent in design and so beautiful in workmanship that they well deserved to be set wide apart, and relieved each one against an artistic background.

The articles of furniture in common use may be comprised under a very few heads: beds or couches, seats of various kinds, tables, chests, and cabinets; lamps, both standing and depending. Couches included the low *lecti tricliniares*, covered with tapestry and heaped with cushions, on which both men and women reclined at meals; the *lectuli* or *lecti lucubratorii*, which had commonly two arms and no back, and were used chiefly for reading or writing at night, when the student reclined his back against one of the arms, and supported his manuscript or tablet upon one uplifted knee; and the *lecti cubiculares*, true beds of rest, for slumber by night or siesta by day. The frames of these various couches were, as a rule, made of wood, often carved or inlaid with ivory or brass, and supported upon ivory feet. They were strung with girths or bands, on which were laid a mattress and a bolster, and *vestes stragulae*, or coverings, of more or less magnificence. Beds for slumber, though tolerably broad, were open, for the most part, upon one side only, being provided with a tall back and arms like an old-fashioned sofa; and they stood higher upon their carved or elaborately turned legs than even the four-posters of our own ancestors, inso-

much that they could be scaled only by help of a footstool, or even a step ladder. Bedsteads of bronze, and even of the precious metals, were used in later times; and seats and chairs were made of all these different materials, and often decorated with great luxury, while in form they ranged from the simple *subsellium*, or four-legged stool, to the *cathedra*, or deep, commodious armchair, like that in which the elder Agrippina may be seen sitting with so much grace and dignity, in the museum of the Capitol at Rome, or Livia, the exquisitely beautiful, in the seclusion of the Tornionia gallery.

Under the general head of tables were included the *abacus*, or sideboard, in shape somewhat like a console-table; the *mensa delphica*, or three-legged table; and the *monopodium*, supported on a single standard in the centre. Tables of this last shape were often small, extremely precious in material and elegant in design; and one such formed part of the furniture of every decent bedroom, and bore, from the time when candles, whether of tallow or wax, went somewhat out of fashion, one of the boat-shaped oil lamps of pottery or bronze, with gracefully turned handle at one end, and at the other an opening for the wick, which abound in Pompeii and in existing tombs. A *candelabrum* was a tall, slender stand of wood or metal, usually provided with three claw-feet, which rested upon the floor. In shape and size it corresponded with the piano-lamp of the present day, which indeed is often copied closely from it. The *candelabrum* carried atop either a small tray for supporting such a lamp as has been already described, or a spike for a large wax candle, like an altar candlestick. A shorter kind of *candelabrum*, sometimes very elaborately wrought, stood upon a chest or sideboard, and had two or more branches from which small hanging lamps were suspended.

The chest and the cabinet offered, as

they have always done, a favorable field for the most exquisite and costly decoration, and these massive articles doubtless possessed, in a handsome Roman house, the importance which they still retain in grand Italian interiors.

The tableware of the affluent had become, in the last days of the republic, extraordinarily luxurious, comprising articles of great beauty of design in all the precious metals, in crystal, and in that rare and costly species of alabaster which the ancients called *murrha*. To judge by the revelations of Pompeii, indeed, not merely every article of furniture, but almost every household implement in daily use at the time of the great catastrophe, had an artistic significance due to the beauty of its form over and above its practical value. But the taste for these articles was to some extent exotic. Their shapes were borrowed from the booty taken in foreign conquest, or else they were the handiwork of Greek captives, or of artisans who had learned their methods from these.

Passing now from the aspect of the house to the occupations of its inmates, we find that, in primitive Roman times, the days had been divided in the simplest manner, so as to meet the needs and facilitate the labors of the tiller of the soil. The husbandman rose at sunrise, sacrificed before his morning meal, went to the field and worked until noon-tide, when he ate again and slept awhile. He then arose refreshed for another period of labor in the cool of the afternoon, which lasted until sunset and supper time. Relief to the monotony of this daily round came in the shape of numerous holidays, both public and private. To the former class belonged the general celebrations bearing more or less of a religious character, like the Compitalia in January, the Matronalia in March, the Vinalia Rustica in August, the Saturnalia in December; to the latter, all the birthday, betrothal, wedding, house-warming, and New Year's gatherings,

with their appropriate suppers and sacrifices and exchange of gifts and congratulations, as well as the reception given when a youth assumed the garb of manhood, and the solemn banquets in commemoration of the dead.

But with the rise of great towns, the growth of commerce and manufactures, the introduction of new industries and of new diversions also, and the ever-increasing complexity and expense of existence generally, the old bucolic arrangement of the day passed wholly out of date, especially among the so-called privileged classes; insomuch that in the time of Nero we find a would-be philosopher like Seneca complaining that, whereas human occupations used to be regulated by natural laws, the object now appeared to be to make one's habits as artificial as possible. "Daybreak," he says, "is bedtime; as evening approaches, we begin to show signs of activity; toward morning we dine. Come what may, we must not do as the common people do. (*Non oportet id facere quod populus.*)"

Up to the time when the first sun-dial appeared in Rome — 263 b. c. — there was no division of the day into hours; and even after this the Romans continued to make a distinction between the natural and the civil day. The former was reckoned from midnight to midnight, — twenty-four hours; the latter from sunrise to sunset, — twelve hours. Practically, the period of daylight still fell into the four natural divisions, established by the necessities of rural life, of morning, forenoon, afternoon, and evening, while the four military watches measured the night. But in the course of the ensuing century sun-dials and hour-glasses, both for sand and water, came into general use, and some sort of *horologium* — a name which comprised both these varieties — was to be found not merely upon all public squares and buildings, but in private houses.

The lament of Seneca to the contrary

notwithstanding, the Romans were, for the most part, early risers. Only the idle and the very luxurious, or those who had to sleep off the debauch of the previous night, were wont to be in bed even until broad day. Artisans and shopkeepers went to their work by candle-light; men of letters, like Cicero, Horace, the elder Pliny, preferred to all others the hours before sunrise for reading and writing. The schools began at a very early hour; so did theatrical representations and all the innumerable family festivals, and, in Christian times, the daily morning service in the churches. The courts of justice sat from the third hour; that is to say, about nine A. M. The sessions of the Senate also began early, and continued until sunset.

In primitive times, the master of the house expected to receive good-morrow from his children and servants at day-break, after which he offered the morning sacrifice, and then assigned to his various people their duties for the day. A reminiscence of this custom appears always to have survived in certain of the old families, and it was adopted in the strictly ordered household of the Antonine Caesars. Out of it grew the ceremonious salutatio of late republican and imperial times, — the self-interested compliments of the morning offered to an influential citizen by the clients and other lesser folk who thronged his hall and competed for his favor; and the earlier the salutatio could be made the better. We read, therefore, of the Roman streets being alive before light in the winter mornings with the hurrying figures of carefully attired clients, who elbowed one another in the stately vestibule of their patron until the doors were flung open into the atrium where he stood to receive them. They then defiled before him, each making his bow and uttering his *Ave domine*, to which the magnate responded by a hand-shake and a word of courtesy, sometimes by a kiss. He made a point of addressing

each man by name, and if he hesitated for an instant he was prompted by the *nomenclator* at his ear,—a slave whose business it was to know the proper appellation of every person present.

Before going through with this wearisome performance, the patron had probably taken his first breakfast in the privacy of his own chamber. The client would have to snatch his where he could, in passing from one house to another,—for many paid their daily court to more than one great man,—often doubtless in the cake-shops patronized by the schoolboys. This first meal of the day was invariably, as it still is in Latin countries, a very simple one. It consisted of bread with salt or dipped in wine, olives or dates, possibly honey and a bit of cheese. Hearty food, such as warm and cold meats, fish, vegetables, fresh fruit, and wine, was rarely taken much before midday. In early times, and always among the farming population, this midday meal was the principal one of the day, though a supper was served in the evening after work was done. The exigencies of city life caused the noon dinner to be replaced by a second breakfast, consisting, indeed, of much the same sort of viands, while the dinner became vastly more elaborate, and was deferred until toward evening.

Three meals a day was, perhaps, the rule among the well to do, yet physicians often counseled only two, except for the old and weak; and many city folk, even the comparatively affluent, confined themselves to a *prandium* taken at about eleven in the morning, and a late *cena*. The natural Roman appears to have been, like the average Italian of to-day, an abstemious creature. Only the wanton and extravagant gourmands of the decadence dreamed of adding to the interminable courses and fantastic luxury of their *cena* a late supper, served often in the “wee sma’ hours ayant the twal.”

After the *prandium* the world retired

for its *meridiatio*, or noontide slumber. This custom was well-nigh a universal one. It belonged both to city and to country life, and dated from the earliest historic period. Only the Senate and the courts took no recess at noon; and even there, we may believe, save in times of high excitement, business went on but drowsily. At about two p. m., the great public baths, those most characteristic institutions of ancient Rome, were opened. On some of them bells were hung which summoned the bathers. Vast in extent, intricate in structure, and enormously costly, these public baths tended, as time went on, to become more and more artistic and luxurious in their arrangements. Yet the price of admission, even to the most splendid of these establishments, was so trifling—about one cent for a man and two for a woman—that they were virtually open to all. There were usually separate departments for men and women, but there were porticoes and gardens adjoining all the great *balnearia*, where the two sexes might meet and gossip after the bath, as to-day in the casino of a watering-place, while to certain of the larger *thermae* were attached libraries and fine-art galleries, halls for gymnastic exercise, and courts for playing ball.

The plain private dwelling of an earlier period had possessed merely a common wash-room, situated near the kitchen for convenience of introducing both hot and cold water, where the different members of the family took turns in performing their simple ablutions. But subsequently, after the bath had come to be regarded as the greatest of luxuries, it was customary to have a miniature bathing establishment attached to every private house, and especially to every country house having any pretensions to splendor. Traces of such are to be found all over Europe, wherever the Roman rule extended; for Roman governors and other high officials made a point

of carrying with them into their provincial exile the private habits of the capital.

An hour or two after the bath came the cena, or principal meal of the day. Once it had been served in the atrium, and consisted, save upon state occasions, chiefly of bread or porridge and vegetables. The father, mother, and other adult members of the family sat at table, while children and servants occupied stools or benches at their feet and behind them. Long before the close of the republican period, however, the cena had developed into as dainty a meal as the means of the householder would permit. Special dining-rooms were found indispensable in a life of even moderate elegance, and the custom of reclining at table had become universal among the well to do. Columella lays it down as a rule that a farm bailiff should recline at his meals "upon high holidays only;" and Plutarch, in his life of the younger Cato, tells us that the latter—always a bit of a fanatic—insisted, by way of self-mortification, on sitting at table throughout the period of mourning which followed the battle of Pharsalia.

The ordinary dining-table was square, surrounded on three sides by the same number of one-armed couches, while the fourth side remained open for convenience of serving. Each of these three couches accommodated three persons, who reclined upon the left elbow, supported, the one by the arm of the couch, the other two by heaps of cushions, and always with the feet turned outward; while in the assignment of places a strict etiquette prevailed. The middle one (*medius*) was the couch of honor, and the most distinguished guest usually occupied the place farthest from the arm. This place was called the *locus consularis*, and was generally assigned to the most important public officer present, both for convenience in the matter of receiving and sending messages, and because it brought him next the host.

The latter leaned upon the arm of the *imus*, or lowest couch, which also accommodated his wife and one of the elder children or a favorite freedman. The remaining couch—the *summus*—was assigned to guests of lesser importance.

Nine was the full number that could be properly served at such a table. A place might be vacant, but to crowd a couch with more than three people was considered the height of vulgarity. Large parties of guests were entertained in spacious dining-halls, or sometimes, in summer, in the pleasant airy *loggie* on the roofs of the houses, and at separate small tables.

Round tables, with couches fitted so as to form a semicircle, came into fashion in Cicero's time; luxurious objects for which men paid an absurd price. They were made of rare imported woods, preferably from a slab or section of the massive trunk of the so-called citrus-tree,—a species of African cypress, very beautifully mottled,—and the most admired were supported on a single pedestal of solid ivory. Cicero himself had one such table which cost him about thirty thousand dollars, and Seneca had some scores of them.

The couches of this extravagant period often had silver feet, and were inlaid with the same precious metal, or with ivory and tortoise-shell. The custom of hanging the walls of the dining-room with richly embroidered stuffs had also been introduced from the East: while the most sumptuous of banqueting-rooms had a very peculiar arrangement of the ceiling. It had long been the fashion to construct the latter of cross-beams, the square sunken spaces between which were carved, gilded, or otherwise ornamented; and these were now made in the form of sliding panels, which could be withdrawn for the purpose of scattering flowers or keepsakes for the guests upon the table.

The dining-room servants were under the supervision of a butler, and the

finer the establishment the more numerous they were. It was their business to arrange the room for the feast; to set forth upon the sideboards the imposing array of silver, gold, glass, and jeweled vessels, both for eating and drinking, which would be required in the course of it; and accurately to place in the centre of the table its principal ornament, the massive *salinum*, or salt-cellar. This article, which even the comparatively poor contrived to have made of silver, possessed a certain sacred significance, inasmuch as every table was consecrated to the gods, and the salinum contained not merely salt for seasoning the viands, but a tray for the *mole salsa*, or sacrificial cakes, which were offered to the Lares, and then probably distributed and eaten by way of grace after meat. Horace has told us in a single word, with one of those light and sympathetic touches which are his alone, how the poor man's one article of luxury in tableware was cherished as an heirloom:—

“Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa temui salinum.”

In the houses of the rich, the carving of meats was done at side tables; and what we should call a handsome dinner was always served in three principal divisions, each of which might consist of several courses. The introductory part was called the *gustatio*, and its object was merely to whet the appetites of the diners for the richer food to follow. It consisted of eggs, pickled vegetables, and salads in great variety; oysters, raw or cooked; salted fish, mushrooms, artichokes, asparagus, or melons eaten with salt and pepper. *Mulsum*, a beverage compounded of honey and must, was frequently served with the appetizers. Then followed the main part of the meal,—the *cena* proper,—which also fell into three divisions. It consisted of fish, meats, and game, both native and foreign, seasoned in endless variety; and with the fish there was usually served a

costly sauce called *garum*, of which the flavor was highly prized. Some of the viands were eaten steaming hot; others had to be cooled with ice before they were deemed truly palatable. There was a pause after this portion of the meal was concluded, during which the molæ salsaæ were offered to the Lares, and then the dessert was brought in. It consisted of pastry, confectionery, and fruit, both home-grown and imported, and it concluded the banquet; whence the expression *ab ovo ad mala*—from the egg to the apples—became proverbial for the whole of anything, from the beginning to the end.

Wine was taken in moderation with all the courses, rarely clear, sometimes iced, but oftener mixed with warm water. The business of regular drinking began only after the dessert had been removed. Those who affected Greek fashions were now perfumed and crowned with garlands. The wine was no longer mixed to taste in the separate cups of the guests, but in a huge vase, whence it was served by the attendants in *cyathi*, or ladles. The *cyathus* was the unit of measure for a systematic drinker, who, though he often used a goblet of the capacity of several *cyathi*, always reckoned his feats by the number of the latter which he consumed.

The late supper of high-livers, which has been mentioned, was little more than a drinking-bout. It was enlivened, as was also the *cena*, by the performance of hired musicians, mimes, and dancers; but conversation, though it had a place, at least at the earlier meal, was never in Rome the fine art and the main entertainment which we find it among the Greeks.

The most classic in spirit of modern artists has enabled those who are familiar with his fascinating canvases to call up, by a mere effort of memory, the vision of a great Roman banquet. We can see the long hall, either offering a glimpse between marble columns of a

rose-planted terrace and the wide glories of an Italian sunset; or filled with mellow lamplight, which is reflected from a thousand points upon the lacquered ceiling, and the clear crystal or curious jewelry of the tableware. We see the soft-stepping attendants clad in white, the deep-toned wall decoration, the rich covering of the couches, the many-hued silken robes of the reclining guests. In the case of the men, the flowing garment which replaced the classic toga of the forum was often changed with every course of the elaborate meal; the women,

if any, wore graceful *stolæ* with gem-set shoulder-clasps and sleeve-buttons and full embroidered hems; and what a choice was theirs in the colors of these beautiful garments may be gathered from that quaint passage in Ovid where he shows his own excellent taste by entreating *des belles amies* not to affect the trying tints of Tyrian purple, but to choose rather "pale sky-blue, rose-pink, a very faint amethyst, or sea-green; otherwise, the deep tint of the Paphian myrtle, the soft gray of a crane's plumage, the brown of acorns or of almond shells."

*Harriet Waters Preston.
Louise Dodge.*

A CATHEDRAL COURTSHIP.

SHE.

WINCHESTER, May 28, 1891.
The Royal Garden Inn.

WE are doing the English cathedral towns, aunt Celia and I. Aunt Celia has an intense desire to improve my mind. Papa told her, when we were leaving Cedarhurst, that he would n't have it too much improved for the world, and aunt Celia remarked that, so far as she could judge, there was no immediate danger; with which exchange of hostilities they parted.

We are traveling under the yoke of an iron itinerary, warranted neither to bend nor break. It was made out by a young High Church curate in New York, and if it had been blessed by all the bishops and popes it could not be any more sacred to aunt Celia. She is awfully High Church, and I believe she thinks this tour of the cathedrals will give me a taste for ritual and bring me into the true fold. I have been hearing dear old Dr. Kyle a great deal lately, and aunt Celia says that he is the most dangerous Unitarian she knows, because he has leanings towards Christianity.

Long ago, in her youth, she was engaged to a young architect. He, with his triangles and T-squares and things, succeeded in making an imaginary scale-drawing of her heart (up to that time a virgin forest, an unmapped territory), which enabled him to enter in and set up a pedestal there, on which he has remained ever since. He has been only a memory for many years, to be sure, for he died at the age of twenty-six, before he had had time to build anything but a livery stable and a country hotel. This is fortunate, on the whole, because aunt Celia thinks he was destined to establish American architecture on a higher plane,—rid it of its base, time-serving, imitative instincts, and waft it to a height where, in the course of centuries, we should have been revered and followed by all the nations of the earth. I went to see the livery stable, after one of these Miriam-like flights of prophecy on the might-have-been. Well, it is n't fair to judge a man's promise by one performance, and that one a livery stable, so I will say nothing.

But this sentiment about architecture, and this fondness for the very topping-

est High Church ritual, cause aunt Celia to look on the English cathedrals with solemnity and reverential awe. She has given me a fat notebook, with "Katherine Schuyler" stamped in gold letters on the Russia leather cover, and a lock and key to protect its feminine confidences. I am not at all the sort of girl who makes notes, and I have told her so; but she says that I must at least record my passing impressions, if they are ever so trivial and commonplace.

I wanted to go directly from Southampton to London with the Abbotts, our ship friends, who left us yesterday. Roderick Abbott and I had had a charming time on board ship (more charming than aunt Celia knows, because she was very ill, and her natural powers of chaperoning were severely impaired), and the prospect of seeing London sights together was not unpleasing; but Roderick Abbott is not in aunt Celia's itinerary, which reads: "Winchester, Salisbury, Wells, Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Oxford, London, Ely, Lincoln, York, Durham."

Aunt Celia is one of those persons who are born to command, and when they are thrown in contact with those who are born to be commanded all goes as merry as a marriage bell; otherwise not.

So here we are at Winchester; and I don't mind all the Roderick Abbotts in the universe, now that I have seen the Royal Garden Inn, its dear little coffee-room opening into the old-fashioned garden, with its borders of clove pinks, its aviaries, and its blossoming horse-chestnuts, great towering masses of pink bloom!

Aunt Celia has driven to St. Cross Hospital with Mrs. Benedict, an estimable lady tourist whom she "picked up" *en route* from Southampton. I am tired, and stayed at home. I cannot write letters, because aunt Celia has the guide-books, so I sit by the window in indolent content, watching the dear little school laddies, with their short jackets

and wide white collars; they all look so jolly, and rosy, and clean, and kissable! I should like to kiss the chainbermaid, too! She has a pink print dress; no bangs, thank goodness (it's curious our servants can't leave that deformity to the upper classes), but shining brown hair, plump figure, soft voice, and a most engaging way of saying, "Yes, miss? Anythink more, miss?" I long to ask her to sit down comfortably and just be English, while I study her as a type, but of course I must n't. Sometimes I wish I could retire from the world for a season and do just what I like, "surrounded by the general comfort of being thought mad."

An elegant, irreproachable, high-minded model of dignity and reserve has just knocked and inquired what we will have for dinner. A Bengal tiger could n't have embarrassed me more, but I said languidly, "What would you suggest?"

"How would you like a clear soup, a good spring soup, to begin with, miss?"

"Very much."

"And a bit of turbot next, miss?"

"Yes, turbot, by all means," I said, my mouth watering at the word.

"And what for a roast, miss? Would you enjoy a young duckling, miss?"

"Just the thing; and for dessert"—

I could have bitten my tongue after I had used that Americanism, but he did n't suffer it to go long uncorrected; he coughed apologetically and said, "I was thinking you might like gooseberry tart and cream for a sweet, miss."

Oh that I could have vented my New World enthusiasm in a shriek of delight, as I heard those intoxicating words, heretofore met only in English novels!

"Ye-es," I said hesitatingly, though I was palpitating with joy, "I fancy we should like gooseberry tart" (here a bright idea entered my mind); "and perhaps, in case my aunt does n't care for the gooseberry tart, you might bring a lemon squash, please."

Now I had never met a lemon squash

personally, but I had often heard of it, and wished to show my familiarity with British decoctions.

"One lemon squash, miss?"

"Oh, as to that, it does n't matter," I said haughtily; "bring a sufficient number for two persons."

Aunt Celia came home in the highest feather. She had twice been taken for an Englishwoman. She said she thought that lemon squash was a drink; I thought it was a pie; but we shall find out at dinner, for, as I said, I ordered a sufficient number for two persons.

At four o'clock we attended even-song at the cathedral. I am not going to say what I felt when the white-surplice boy choir entered, winding down those vaulted aisles, or when I heard for the first time that intoned service, with all its "witchcraft of harmonic sound." I sat quite by myself in a high carved-oak seat, and the hour was passed in a trance of serene delight. I don't have many opinions, though I have plenty of sentiments; nevertheless, I shall not attempt to tell what I think and feel in these new and beautiful-experiences, for it has been better told a thousand times.

There were a great many people at service, and a large number of Americans among them, I should think, though we saw no familiar faces. There was one particularly nice young man, who looked like a Bostonian. He sat opposite me. He did n't stare,—he was too well bred; but when I looked the other way, he looked at me. Of course I could feel his eyes,—anybody can, at least any girl can; but I attended to every word of the service, and was as good as an angel. When the procession had filed out and the last strain of the great organ had rumbled into silence, we went on a tour through the cathedral, a heterogeneous band headed by a conscientious old verger who did his best to enlighten us, and succeeded in virtually spoiling my pleasure.

After we had finished (think of "finishing" a cathedral in an hour or two!), aunt Celia and I, with one or two others, wandered through the beautiful close, looking at the exterior from every possible point, and coming at last to the triple arch, which is very famous. I'm sure I don't see why an arch should n't be triple or quadruple, or anything else it likes; it simply looks like three scallops, and I could make any number of them without the least effort. But at any rate, when told by the verger to gaze upon the beauties of the wonderful triple arch, we were obliged to gaze also upon the beauties of the aforesaid nice young man who was sketching it. As we turned to go away, aunt Celia dropped her bag. It is one of those detestable, all-absorbing, all-devouring, thoroughly respectable, but never proud Boston bags, made of black cloth with leather trimmings, "C. Van T." embroidered on the side, and the top drawn up with stout cords which pass over the Boston wrist or arm. As for me, I loathe them, and would not for worlds be seen carrying one, though I do slip a great many necessaries into aunt Celia's.

I hastened to pick up the horrid thing, for fear the nice young man would feel obliged to do it for me; but, in my indecorous haste, I caught hold of the wrong end and emptied the entire contents on the stone flagging. Aunt Celia did n't notice; she had turned with the verger, lest she should miss a single word of his inspired testimony. So we scrambled up the articles together, the nice young man and I; and oh, I hope I may never look upon his face again!

There were prayer-books and guide-books, a bottle of soda mint tablets, a spool of dental floss, a Bath bun, a bit of gray frizz that aunt Celia pins into her steamer cap, a spectacle case, a brandy flask, and a bonbon box, which broke and scattered cloves and cardamom seeds. (I hope he guessed aunt Celia is a dyspeptic, and not intemperate!) All

this was hopelessly vulgar, but I would n't have minded anything if there had not been a Duchess novel. Of course he thought that it belonged to me. He could n't have known aunt Celia was carrying it for that accidental creature with whom she went to St. Cross Hospital.

After scooping the cardamom seeds out of the cracks in the stone flagging, he handed me the tattered, disreputable-looking copy of *A Modern Circé* with such a bow it would n't have disgraced a Chesterfield, and then went back to his easel, while I fled after aunt Celia and her verger.

Memoranda : *The Winchester Cathedral has the longest nave. The inside is more superb than the outside. Izaak Walton and Jane Austen are buried there.*

* * * * *
III.

WINCHESTER, May 28, 1891.

The White Swan.

As sure as my name is Jack Copley, I saw the prettiest girl in the world to-day,—an American, too, or I 'm greatly mistaken. It was in the cathedral, where I have been sketching for several days. I was sitting in the end of a seat, at afternoon service, when two ladies entered by the side door. The ancient maiden, evidently the head of the family, settled herself devoutly, and the young one stole off by herself to one of the old carved seats back of the choir. She was worse than pretty ! I took a sketch of her during service, as she sat under the dark carved-oak canopy, with this Latin inscription over her head : —

CARLTON CUM
DOLBY
LETANIA
IX SOLIDORUM
SUPER FLUMINA
CONFITEBOR TIBI
DUC PROBATI

There ought to be a law against a

woman's making a picture of herself, unless she is willing to sit to be sketched.

A black and white sketch does n't give any definite idea of this charmer's charms, but some time I 'll fill it in,—hair, sweet little hat, gown, and eyes, all in golden brown, a cape of tawny sable slipping off her arm, a knot of yellow primroses in her girdle, carved-oak background, and the afternoon sun coming through a stained-glass window. Great Jove ! She had a most curious effect on me, that girl ! I can't explain it,—very curious, altogether new, and rather pleasant ! When one of the choir boys sang, "Oh for the wings of a dove !" a tear rolled out of one of her lovely eyes and down her pretty brown cheek, and I had the strangest feeling ! I would have given a large portion of my modest monthly income for the felicity of wiping away that teardrop with one of my new handkerchiefs, marked with a tremendous "C" by my dear little sister.

An hour or two later they appeared again,—the dragon, who answers to the name of "aunt Celia," and the "nut-brown mayde," who comes when you call her "Katharine." I was sketching the triple arch. The dragon dropped her unmistakably Boston bag. I expected to see encyclopaedias and Russian tracts fall from it, but was disappointed. The nut-brown mayde (who has been brought up rigidly) hastened to pick up the bag, for fear that I should serve her by doing it. She was punished by turning it inside out, and I was rewarded by helping her pick up the articles, which were many and ill assorted. My little romance received the first blow when I found that she reads the Duchess novels. I think, however, she has the grace to be ashamed of it, for she blushed scarlet when I handed her *A Modern Circé*. I could have told her that such a blush on such a cheek would atone for reading Mrs. Southworth, but I refrained. After she had gone I discovered a slip

of paper which had blown under some stones. It proved to be an itinerary. I did n't return it, as I thought they must know which way they were going; and as this was precisely what I wanted to know, I kept it for my own use. She is doing the cathedral towns. I am doing the cathedral towns. Happy thought! Why should n't we do them together,—we and aunt Celia?

I had only ten minutes to catch my train for Salisbury, but I concluded to run in and glance at the registers of the principal hotels. Found my nut-brown mayde at once on the pages of the Royal Garden Inn register: "Miss Celia Van Tyck, Beverly, Mass.; Miss Katharine Schuyler, New York." I concluded to stay over another train, ordered dinner, and took an altogether indefensible and inconsistent pleasure in writing "John Quincy Copley, Cambridge, Mass., directly beneath the charmer's autograph.

SHE.

SALISBURY, June 1.
The White Hart Inn.

We left Winchester on the 1.06 train yesterday, and here we are within sight of another superb and ancient pile of stone. I wanted so much to stop at the Highflyer Inn in Lark Lane, but aunt Celia said that if we were destitute of personal dignity, we at least owed something to our ancestors. Aunt Celia has a temperamental distrust of joy as something dangerous and ensnaring. She does n't realize what fun it would be to date one's letters from the Highflyer Inn, Lark Lane, even if one were obliged to consort with poachers and cockneys in order to do it.

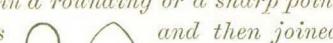
We attended service at three. The music was lovely, and there were beautiful stained-glass windows by Burne-Jones and Morris. The verger (when wound up with a shilling) talked like an electric doll. If that nice young man is

making a cathedral tour, like ourselves, he is n't taking our route, for he is n't here. If he has come over for the purpose of sketching, he would n't stop at sketching one cathedral. Perhaps he began at the other end and worked down to Winchester. Yes, that must be it, for the Ems sailed yesterday from Southampton.

June 2.

We intended to go to Stonehenge this morning, but it rained, and so we took a "growler" and went to the Earl of Pembroke's country place to see the pictures. Had a delightful morning with the magnificent antiques, curios, and portraits. The Van Dyck room is a joy forever. There were other visitors; nobody who looked especially interesting. Don't like Salisbury so well as Winchester. Don't know why. We shall drive this afternoon, if it is fair, and go to Wells to-morrow. Must read Baedeker on the bishop's palace. Oh dear! if one could only have a good time and not try to know anything!

Memoranda: This cathedral has the highest spire. Remember: Winchester, longest nave; Salisbury, highest spire.

The Lancet style is those curved lines meeting in a rounding or a sharp point like this  and then joined together like this  the way they used to scallop flannel petticoats. Gothic looks like triangles meeting together in various places and joined with beautiful sort of ornamented knobs. I think I know Gothic when I see it. Then there is Norman, Early English, fully developed Early English, Early and Late Perpendicular, and Transition. Aunt Celia knows them all apart.

HE.

SALISBURY, June 3.
The Red Lion.

I went off on a long tramp this afternoon, and coming on a pretty river flow-

ing through green meadows, with a fringe of trees on either side, I sat down to make a sketch. I heard feminine voices in the vicinity, but, as these are generally a part of the landscape in the tourist season, I paid no special notice. Suddenly a sweet little patent-leather shoe floated towards me on the surface of the stream. It was right side up with care, and was disporting itself right merrily. "Did ever Jove's tree drop such fruit?" I quoted, as I fished it out on my stick; and just then I heard a distressed voice saying, "Oh, aunt Celia, I've lost my dear, smart little Hook and Knowles shoe! I was sitting in a tree mending my shoe-lace, and I dropped it into the river." Hereupon she came in sight, and I witnessed the somewhat unusual spectacle of my nut-brown mayde hopping on one foot, like a divine stork, and ever and anon emitting a little feminine shriek as her off foot, clad in a delicate brown silk stocking, came in contact with the ground. I rose quickly, and, polishing the patent leather ostentatiously, inside and out, with my handkerchief, I offered it to her with distinguished grace. She swayed on her one foot with as much dignity as possible, and then recognizing me as the person who picked up the contents of aunt Celia's bag, she said, dimpling in the most distracting manner (that's another thing there ought to be a law against), "Thank you again; you seem to be a sort of knight-errant!"

"Shall I—assist you?" I asked. (I might have known that that was going too far.)

"No, thank you," she said, with polar frigidity. "Good-afternoon." And she hopped back to her aunt Celia without another word.

I don't know how to approach aunt Celia. She is formidable. By a curious accident of feature, for which she is not in the least responsible, she always wears an unfortunate expression as of one perceiving some offensive odor in the im-

mediate vicinity. This may be a mere accident of high birth. It is the kind of nose often seen in the "first families," and her name betrays the fact that she is of good old Knickerbocker origin. We go to Wells to-morrow. At least I think we do.

SHE.

GLoucester, June 9.
The Spread Eagle.

I met him at Wells, and again at Bath. We are always being ridiculous, and he is always rescuing us. Aunt Celia never really sees him, and thus never recognizes him when he appears again, always as the flower of chivalry and guardian of ladies in distress. I will never travel abroad again without a man, even if I have to hire one out of a Feeble-Minded Asylum. We work like galley slaves, aunt Celia and I, finding out about trains and things. Neither of us can understand Bradshaw, and I can't even grapple with the lesser intricacies of the A B C railway guide. The trains, so far as I can see, always arrive before they go out, and I can never tell whether to read up the page or down. It is certainly very queer that the stupidest man that breathes, one that barely escapes idiocy, can disentangle a railway guide, when the brightest woman fails. Even the Boots at the inn in Wells took my book, and, rubbing his frightfully dirty finger down the row of puzzling figures, found the place in a minute, and said, "There ye are, miss." It is very humiliating. All the time I have left from the study of routes and hotels I spend on guidebooks. Now I'm sure that if any one of the men I know were here he could tell me all that is necessary as we walk along the streets. I don't say it in a frivolous or sentimental spirit in the least, but I do affirm that there is hardly any juncture in life where one is n't better off for having a man about. I should never dare divulge this to aunt Celia, for she does n't think men

very nice. She excludes them from conversation as if they were indelicate subjects.

But, to go on, we were standing at the door of Ye Olde Bell and Horns at Bath, waiting for the fly which we had ordered to take us to the station, when who should drive up in a four-wheeler but the flower of chivalry. Aunt Celia was saying very audibly, "We shall certainly miss the train if the man does n't come at once."

"Pray take this fly," said the flower of chivalry. "I am not leaving till the next train."

Aunt Celia got in without a murmur; I sneaked in after her. I don't think she looked at him, though she did vouchsafe the remark that he seemed to be a civil sort of person.

At Bristol, I was walking about by myself, and I espied a sign, "Martha Huggins, Licensed Victualler." It was a nice, tidy little shop, with a fire on the hearth and flowers in the window, and, as it was raining smartly, I thought no one would catch me if I stepped inside to chat with Martha. I fancied it would be so delightful and Dickensy to talk quietly with a licensed victualer by the name of Martha Huggins.

Just after I had settled myself the flower of chivalry came in and ordered ale. I was disconcerted at being found in a dramshop alone, for I thought, after the bag episode, he might fancy us a family of inebrates. But he didn't evince the slightest astonishment; he merely lifted his hat, and walked out after he had finished his ale. He certainly has the loveliest manners!

And so it goes on, and we never get any further. I like his politeness and his evident feeling that I can't be flirted and talked with like any boarding-school miss, but I must say I don't think much of his ingenuity. Of course one can't have all the virtues, but, if I were he, I would part with my distinguished air, my charming ease, in fact almost any-

thing, if I could have in exchange a few grains of common sense, just enough to guide me in the practical affairs of life.

I wonder what he is! He might be an artist, but he does n't seem quite like an artist; or a dilettante, but he does n't seem in the least like a dilettante. Or he might be an architect; I think that is the most probable guess of all. Perhaps he is only "going to be" one of these things, for he can't be more than twenty-five or twenty-six. Still he looks as if he were something already; that is, he has a kind of self-reliance in his mien, — not self-assertion, nor self-esteem, but belief in self, you know, as if he were able, and knew that he was able, to conquer circumstances.

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HE.

GLOUCESTER, June 10.
The Bell.

Nothing accomplished yet. Her aunt is a Van Tyck, and a stiff one, too. I am a Copley, and that delays matters. Much depends upon the manner of approach. A false move would be fatal. We have six more towns (as per itinerary), and if her thirst for cathedrals is n't slaked when these are finished we have the entire continent to do. If I could only succeed in making an impression on the retina of aunt Celia's eye! Though I have been under her feet for ten days, she never yet has observed me. This absent-mindedness of hers serves me ill now, but it may prove a blessing later on.

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SHE.

OXFORD, June 12.
The Mitre.

It was here in Oxford that a grain of common sense entered the brain of the flower of chivalry. You might call it the dawn of reason. We had spent part of the morning in High Street, "the noblest old street in England," as our dear

Hawthorne calls it. As Wordsworth had written a sonnet about it, aunt Celia was armed for the fray,—a volume of Wordsworth in one hand, and one of Hawthorne in the other. (I wish Baedeker did n't give such full information about what you ought to read before you can approach these places in a proper spirit.) When we had done High Street, we went to Magdalen College, and sat down on a bench in Addison's Walk, where aunt Celia proceeded to store my mind with the principal facts of Addison's career, and his influence on the literature of the something or other century. The cramming process over, we wandered along, and came upon "him" sketching a shady corner of the walk.

Aunt Celia went up behind him, and, Van Tyck though she is, she could not restrain her admiration of his work. I was surprised myself: I did n't suppose so good looking a youth could do such good work. I retired to a safe distance, and they chatted together. He offered her the sketch; she refused to take advantage of his kindness. He said he would "dash off" another that evening, and bring it to our hotel,—"so glad to do anything for a fellow-countryman," etc. I peeped from behind a tree and saw him give her his card. I trembled, but she read it with unmistakable approval, and gave him her own with an expression that meant, "Yours is good, but beat that if you can!"

She called to me, and I appeared. Mr. John Quincy Copley, Cambridge, was presented to her niece, Miss Katherine Schuyler, New York. It was over, and a very small thing to take so long about, too.

He is an architect, and of course has a smooth path into aunt Celia's affections. Theological students, ministers, missionaries, heroes, and martyrs she may distrust, but architects never!

"He is an architect, my dear Katherine, and he is a Copley," she told me afterwards. "I never knew a Copley

who was not respectable, and many of them have been more."

After the introduction was over, aunt Celia asked him guilelessly if he had visited any other English cathedrals. Any others, indeed! This to a youth who had been all but in her lap for a fortnight! It was a blow, but he rallied bravely, and, with an amused look in my direction, replied discreetly that he had visited most of them at one time or another. I refused to let him see that I had ever noticed him before; that is, particularly.

Memoranda: "*The very stones and mortar of this historic town seem impregnated with the spirit of restful antiquity.*" (Extract from one of aunt Celia's letters.) *Among the great men who have studied here are the Prince of Wales, Duke of Wellington, Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, Sir Philip Sidney, William Penn, John Locke, the two Wesleys, Ruskin, Ben Jonson, and Thomas Otway.* (Look Otway up.)

HE.

OXFORD, June 13.
The Angel.

I have done it, and if I had n't been a fool and a coward I might have done it a week ago, and spared myself a good deal of delicious torment. I have just given two hours to a sketch of Addison's Walk and carried it to aunt Celia at the Mitre. Object, to find out whether they make a long stay in London (our next point), and if so where. It seems they go directly through. I said in the course of conversation, "So Miss Schuyler is willing to forego a London season? Marvelous self-denial!"

"My niece did not come to Europe for a London season," replied Miss Van Tyck. "We go through London this time merely as a cathedral town, simply because it chances to be where it is geographically. We shall visit St. Paul's

and Westminster Abbey, and then go directly on, that our chain of impressions may have absolute continuity and be free from any disturbing elements."

Oh, but she is lovely, is aunt Celia!

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HE.

LINCOLN, June 20.
The Black Boy Inn.

I am stopping at a beastly little hole, which has the one merit of being opposite Miss Schuyler's lodgings. My sketch-book has deteriorated in artistic value the last two weeks. Many of its pages, while interesting to me as reminiscences, will hardly do for family or studio exhibition. If I should label them, the result would be something like this:—

1. Sketch of a footstool and desk where I saw Miss Schuyler kneeling, after having lost her for three days.
2. Sketch of a carved-oak chair, Miss Schuyler sitting in it.
3. "Angel Choir." Heads of Miss Schuyler introduced into the carving.
4. Altar screen. Miss Schuyler in foreground.
5. Tomb of a bishop, where I tied Miss Schuyler's shoe.
6. Tomb of another bishop, where I had to tie it again because I did it so badly the first time.
7. Sketch of the shoe; the shoe-lace worn out with much tying.
8. Sketch of the blessed verger who called her "madam."
9. Sketch of her blush when he did it.
10. Sketch of J. Q. Copley contemplating the ruins of his heart.

"How are the mighty fallen!"

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SHE.

LINCOLN, June 22.

At Miss Brown's, Castle Garden.

Mr. Copley has done something. I was sure that he had. He has a little income of his own, but he is too proud

and ambitious to be an idler. He looked so manly when he talked about it, standing up straight and strong in his knicker-bockers. I like men in knickerbockers. Aunt Celia does n't. She says she does n't see how a well-brought-up Copley can go about with his legs in that condition. I would give worlds to know how aunt Celia ever unbent sufficiently to get engaged. But, as I was saying, Mr. Copley has done something in the world, young as he is. He has built three picturesque suburban churches suitable for weddings, and a state lunatic asylum.

Aunt Celia says we shall have no worthy architecture until every building is made an exquisitely sincere representation of its deepest purpose,—a symbol, as it were, of its indwelling meaning. I should think it would be very difficult to design a lunatic asylum on that basis, but I did n't dare say so, as Mr. Copley seemed to think it all right. Their conversation is absolutely sublimated when they get to talking of architecture. I hope to goodness she won't fall in love with him, or, still worse, that he won't fall in love with her. Such things do happen. I may not be his equal intellectually, but I could read up on architecture if he insisted on it, and in all other ways I am much more suitable. I have just copied two quotations from Emerson, and am studying them every night for fifteen minutes before I go to sleep. I'm going to quote them some time offhand, just after morning service, when we are wandering about the cathedral grounds. The first is this: "The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish as well as the aerial proportion and perspective of vegetable beauty." Then when he has recovered from the shock of this, here is my second: "Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and English cathedrals without feeling that

the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw and plane, still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, elm, pine, and spruce."

HE.

*YORK, June 24.
The Black Swan.*

Kitty Schuyler is the concentrated essence of feminine witchery. Intuition strong, logic weak, and the two qualities so balanced as to produce an indefinable charm; will-power large, but docility equal, if a man is clever enough to know how to manage her; knowledge of facts absolutely *nil*, but she is exquisitely intelligent in spite of it. She has a way of evading, escaping, eluding, and then gives you an intoxicating hint of sudden and complete surrender. She is divinely innocent, but roguishness saves her from insipidity. Her looks? She looks as you would imagine a person might look who possessed these graces; and she is worth looking at, though every time I do it I have a rush of love to the head. When you find a girl who combines all the qualities you have imagined in the ideal, and who has added a dozen or two on her own account, merely to distract you past all hope, why stand up and try to resist her charm? Down on your knees like a man, say I!

I'm getting to adore aunt Celia. I didn't care for her at first, but she is so deliciously blind! Anything more exquisitely unserviceable as a chaperon I can't imagine. Absorbed in antiquity, she ignores the babble of contemporaneous lovers. That any man could look at Kitty when he could look at a cathedral passes her comprehension. I do not presume too greatly on her absent-mindedness, however, lest she should turn unexpectedly and rend me. I always remember that inscription on the backs

of the little mechanical French toys,— "Quoiqu'elle soit très solidement montée, il faut ne pas brutaliser la machine."

And so my courtship progresses under aunt Celia's very nose. I say "progresses," but it is impossible to speak with any certainty of courting, for the essence of that gentle craft is hope, rooted in labor and trained by love.

I set out to propose to her during service this afternoon by writing my feelings on the fly-leaf of the hymn-book, or something like that; but I knew that aunt Celia would never forgive such blasphemy, and I thought Kitty herself might consider it wicked. Besides, if she should chance to accept me, there was nothing I could do, in a cathedral, to relieve my feelings. No; if she ever accepts me, I wish it to be in a large, vacant spot of the universe, peopled by two only, and those two so indistinguishably blended, as it were, that they would appear as one to the casual observer. So I practiced repression, though the wall of my reserve is worn to the thinness of thread-paper, and I tried to keep my mind on the drowsing minor canon, and not to look at her, "for that way madness lies."

SHE.

*YORK, June 26.
High Petersgate Street.*

My taste is so bad! I just begin to realize it, and I'm feeling my "growing pains," like Gwendolen in *Daniel Deronda*. I admired the stained glass in the Lincoln Cathedral, especially the Nuremberg window. I thought Mr. Copley looked pained, but he said nothing. When I went to my room, I looked in a book and found that all the glass in that cathedral is very modern and very bad, and the Nuremberg window is the worst of all. Aunt Celia says she hopes that it will be a warning to me to read before I speak; but Mr. Copley says no, that the world would lose more in one

way than it would gain in the other. Can't tell whether this is a compliment, to save my life. Tried my quotations this morning, and stuck fast in the middle of the first.

Mr. Copley says that aunt Celia has been feeing the vergers altogether too much, and I wrote a song about it called *The Ballad of the Vergers and the Foolish Virgin*, which I sang to my guitar. Mr. Copley says it is cleverer than anything he ever did with his pencil, but of course he says that only to be agreeable.

We all went to an evening service last night, to see the cathedral lighted. Coming home, aunt Celia walked ahead with Mrs. Benedict, who keeps turning up at the most unexpected moments. She's going to build a Gothicky memorial chapel somewhere. I don't know for whom, unless it's for Benedict Arnold. I don't like her in the least, but four is certainly a more comfortable number than three. I scarcely ever have a moment alone with Mr. Copley; for go where I will and do what I please, aunt Celia has the most perfect confidence in my indiscretion, so she is always *en évidence*.

Just as we were turning into the quiet little street where we are lodging I said, "Oh dear, I wish that I knew something about architecture!"

"If you don't know anything about it, you are certainly responsible for a good deal of it," said Mr. Copley.

"I? How do you mean?" I asked quite innocently, because I could n't see how he could twist such a remark as that into anything like sentiment.

"I have never built so many castles in my life as since I've known you, Miss Kitty," he said.

"Oh," I answered as lightly as I could, "air-castles don't count."

"The building of air-castles is an innocent amusement enough, I suppose," he said, "but I'm committing the folly of living in mine. I"—

Then I was frightened. When you have wanted something very much, and

did n't know whether you would ever get it or not, and then all at once you find you have it, you almost wish it had n't come so soon! But just at that moment Mrs. Benedict called to us, and came tramping back from the gate, and hooked her supercilious, patronizing arm in Mr. Copley's, and asked him into the sitting-room to talk over the "lady chapel" in her new memorial church. Then aunt Celia told me they would excuse me, as I had had a wearisome day; and there was nothing for me to do but to go to bed, like a snubbed child, and wonder if I should ever know the end of that sentence. And I listened at the head of the stairs, shivering, but all that I could hear was that Mrs. Benedict asked Mr. Copley to be her architect. Her architect indeed! That woman ought not to be at large!

SHE.

DURHAM, July 5.
At Farmer Hendry's.

We left York this morning, and arrived here about eleven o'clock. It seems there is some sort of an election going on in the town, and there was not a single fly at the station. Mr. Copley walked about in every direction, but neither horse nor vehicle was to be had for love or money. At last we started to walk to the village, Mr. Copley so laden with our hand-luggage that he resembled a pack-mule. We made a tour of the inns, but not a single room was to be had, not for that night nor for three days ahead, on account of that same election.

"Had n't we better go on to Edinburgh, aunt Celia?" I asked.

"Edinburgh? Never!" she replied. "Do you suppose that I would voluntarily spend a Sunday in those bare Presbyterian churches until the memory of these past ideal weeks has faded a little from my memory? What, leave out Durham and spoil the set?" (She

spoke of the cathedrals as if they were souvenir spoons.) "I intended to stay here for a week or more, and write up a record of our entire trip from Winchester while the impressions were fresh in my mind."

"And I had intended doing the same thing," said Mr. Copley. "That is, I hoped to finish off my previous sketches, which are in a frightful state of incompletion, and spend a good deal of time on the interior of this cathedral, which is unusually beautiful."

"And I," said I, with mock humility, "am a docile person who never has any intentions of her own, but who yields herself sweetly to the intentions of other people in her immediate vicinity."

"Are you?" asked Mr. Copley, taking out his pencil.

"Yes, I said so. What are you doing?"

"Merely taking note of your statement, that's all. Now, Miss Van Tyck, I have a plan to propose. I was here last summer with a couple of Harvard men, and we lodged at a farmhouse half a mile from the cathedral. If you will step into the coffee-room of the Shoulder of Mutton and Cauliflower for an hour, I'll walk up to Farmer Hendry's and see if they will take us in. I think we might be fairly comfortable."

"Can aunt Celia have Apollinaris and black coffee after her morning bath?" I asked.

"I hope, Katharine," said aunt Celia majestically, "I hope that I can accommodate myself to circumstances. If Mr. Copley can secure lodgings for us, I shall be more than grateful."

So here we are, all lodging together in an ideal English farmhouse. There is a thatched roof on one of the old buildings, and the dairy house is covered with ivy, and Farmer Hendry's wife makes a real English curtsy, and there are lots of beautiful sleek Durham cattle, and the butter and cream and eggs and mutton are delicious; and

I never, never want to go home any more. I want to live here forever, and wave the American flag on Washington's birthday.

I am so happy that I feel as if something were going to spoil it. Twenty years old to-day! I wish mamma were alive to wish me many happy returns.

• • • •

HE.

DURHAM, July 9.

O child of fortune, thy name is J. Q. Copley! How did it happen to be election time? Why did the inns chance to be full? How did aunt Celia relax sufficiently to allow me to find her a lodging? Why did she fall in love with the lodging when found? I do not know. I only know Fate smiles; that Kitty and I eat our morning bacon and eggs together; that I carve Kitty's cold beef and pour Kitty's sparkling ale at luncheon; that I go to vespers with Kitty, and dine with Kitty, and walk in the gloaming with Kitty—and aunt Celia. And after a day of heaven like this, like Lorna Doone's lover, —ay, and like every other lover, I suppose,—I go to sleep, and the roof above me swarms with angels, having Kitty under it!

We were coming home from afternoon service, Kitty and I. (I am anticipating, for she was "Miss Schuyler" then, but never mind.) We were walking through the fields, while Mrs. Benedict and aunt Celia were driving. As we came across a corner of the bit of meadow land that joins the stable and the garden, we heard a muffled roar, and as we looked round we saw a creature with tossing horns and waving tail making for us, head down, eyes flashing. Kitty gave a shriek. We chanced to be near a pair of low bars. I had n't been a college athlete for nothing. I swung Kitty over the bars, and jumped after her. But she, not knowing in her fright where she was nor what she was doing; supposing, also, that the mad

creature, like the villain in the play, would "still pursue her," flung herself into my arms, crying, "Jack! Jack! Save me!"

It was the first time she had called me "Jack," and I needed no second invitation. I proceeded to save her in the usual way, by holding her to my heart and kissing her lovely hair reassuringly, as I murmured: "You are safe, my darling; not a hair of your precious head shall be hurt. Don't be frightened."

She shivered like a leaf. "I am frightened," she said. "I can't help being frightened. He will chase us, I know. Where is he? What is he doing now?"

Looking up to determine if I need abbreviate this blissful moment, I saw the enraged animal disappearing in the side door of the barn; and it was a nice, comfortable Durham cow,—that somewhat rare but possible thing, a sportive cow!

"Is he gone?" breathed Kitty from my waistcoat.

"Yes, he is gone—she is gone, darling. But don't move; it may come again."

My first too hasty assurance had calmed Kitty's fears, and she raised her charming flushed face from its retreat and prepared to withdraw. I did n't facilitate the preparations, and a moment of awkward silence ensued.

"Might I inquire," I asked, "if the dear little person at present reposing in my arms will stay there (with intervals for rest and refreshment) for the rest of her natural life?"

She withdrew entirely now, all but her hand, and her eyes sought the ground.

"I suppose I shall have to now—that is, if you think—at least, I suppose you do think—that this has been giving you encouragement."

"I do indeed,—decisive, undoubted, barefaced encouragement."

"I don't think I ought to be judged

as if I were in my sober senses," she replied. "I was frightened within an inch of my life. I told you this morning that I was dreadfully afraid of bulls, especially mad ones, and I told you that my nurse frightened me, when I was a child, with awful stories about them, and that I never outgrew my childish terror. I looked everywhere about: the barn was too far, the fence too high, I saw him coming, and there was nothing but you and the open country; of course I took you. It was very natural, I'm sure,—any girl would have done it."

"To be sure," I replied soothingly (not daring to look at the barn door, for fear that the cow would come out), "any girl would have run after me, as you say."

"I did n't say any girl would have run after you,—you need n't flatter yourself; and besides, I was really trying to protect you as well as to gain protection; else why should I have cast myself on you like a catamount, or a catacomb, or whatever the thing is?"

"Yes, darling, I thank you for saving my life, and I am willing to devote the remainder of it to your service as a pledge of my gratitude; but if you should take up life-saving as a profession, dear, don't throw yourself on a fellow with the full impact of your weight multiplied into your velocity and hold tight"—

"Jack! Jack!" she cried, putting her hand over my lips, and getting it well kissed in consequence. "If you'll only forget that speech, and never, never taunt me with it afterwards, I'll—I'll—well, I'll do anything in reason; yes, even marry you!"

HE.

CANTERBURY, July 25.
The Royal Fountain.

I was never sure enough of Kitty, at first, to dare risk telling her about that little mistake of hers. She is such an elusive person that I spend all my time

in wooing her, and can never lay flattering unction to my soul that she is really won.

But after aunt Celia had looked up my family record and given a provisional consent, and papa Schuyler had cabled a reluctant blessing, I did not feel capable of any further self-restraint.

It was twilight here in Canterbury, and we were sitting on the vine-shaded veranda of aunt Celia's lodging. Kitty's head was on my shoulder. There is something very queer about that; when Kitty's head is on my shoulder I am not capable of any consecutive train of thought. When she puts it there I see stars, then myriads of stars, then, oh! I can't begin to enumerate the steps by which ecstasy mounts to delirium; but at all events, any operation which demands exclusive use of the intellect is beyond me at these times. Still I gathered my stray wits together and said, "Kitty!"

"Yes, Jack?"

"Now that nothing but death or marriage can separate us, I have something to confess to you. You remember that mad bull of Farmer Hendry's, darling?"

"Yes," she said serenely, "I know what you are going to say. He was a cow."

I lifted her head from my shoulder sternly, and gazed into her eyes,—those childlike, candid eyes!

"You mountain of deceit! How long have you known about it?"

"Ever since the first. Oh, Jack, stop looking at me in that way! Not the very first, not when I—not when you—not when we—no, not then, but the next morning, I said to Farmer Hendry, 'I wish you would keep your savage bull chained up while we are here; not for me,—I am fond of animals,—but aunt Celia is awfully afraid of them, especially those that go mad, like yours!' 'Lor', miss,' said Farmer Hendry, 'he have n't been pastured here for three

weeks. I keep him six mile away. There be n't nothing but cows in the home medder.' But I did n't think that you knew, you deceitful, secretive fellow! I dare say you planned the whole thing in advance, in order to take advantage of my fright!"

"Never! I am incapable of such an unnecessary subterfuge! Besides, Kitty, I could not have made an accomplice of a cow, you know."

"Then," she said, with great dignity, "if you had been a gentleman and a man of honor, you would have cried, 'Unhand me, girl! You are clinging to me under a misunderstanding!'"

SHE.

CHESTER, August 1.
The Grosvenor.

Jack and I are going over this same ground next summer, on our wedding trip. We shall sail for home next week, and we have n't half done justice to the cathedrals. After the first two, we saw nothing but each other on a general background of architecture. I hope my mind is improved, but oh, I am so hazy about all the facts I have read since I knew Jack! Winchester and Salisbury stand out superbly in my memory. They acquired their ground before it was occupied with other matters. I shall never forget, for instance, that Winchester has the longest spire and Salisbury the highest nave of all the English cathedrals. And I shall never forget so long as I live that Jane Austen and Isaac Newt—Oh dear! was it Isaac Newton or Izaak Walton that was buried in Winchester and Salisbury? To think that that beautiful fact should have slipped from my mind, after all the trouble I took with it! But I know that it was Isaac somebody, and that he was buried in—well, he was buried in one of those two places. I am not certain which, but I can ask Jack; he is sure to know.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

AN ATTIC POET.

HE lived in what we call the golden time,
When Athens, violet-crowned, was in her prime ;
When her slim war-ships slit the sky-hued seas,
And wallowing in their wakes huge argosies
Brought in the grain and stuffs of all the East
To where the marbled city made her feast.
The echoes of bronze Marathon yet rang,
And to their tune great-hearted lives still sang.
Around him men were born and lived and thronged
Whose words and gestures Sophokles enwove
For the live flesh wherein his hand arrayed
The gods and heroes whom his soul had made.
He brushed against veiled women in the streets
Whose secret speech of smothered grief yet greets
The world's great souls whenever any lend
A hearkening ear to him who was the friend
Of those same smileless widows overseas,
Great-hearted, mirthless, cowed Euripides.
He ate and drank and slept through the same days
That saw his city's one still-gleaming blaze ;
And he wrote ditties of his own dry heart,
Of its small pettiness and bloodless smart.
With Aristophanes he laughed at all
The great, but in his laughter thought them small.
The days were gone, he said, when heroes reft
Undying fame from fate : not much was left
For latter generations to achieve.
What bygone peoples had seen fit to leave
Undone might still be done ; but was it worth
The effort, was there true reward on earth ?
All the great poets long were dead and gone :
It was broad day now, and the fresh, cool dawn
Of human feeling had been left behind
Long since ; a paler laurel leaf entwined
Still, on some favored brows, but thin and sere ;
Poetry had all been written, and its year
Turned, after harvest, to its wintry chime.
And thus he wrote and talked. In after time
We do not speak of him to praise or blame.
He is forgotten, even to his name.

Edward Lucas White.

A PLEA FOR SERIOUSNESS.

I READ lately, but not for the first time, a Plea for Humor which won for its advocate her degree of *docteur ès lettres*; and while no less pleased than before by the pith and wit of the argument, I felt more than ever the greater need of a plea for seriousness. If the Plea for Humor were addressed to an English audience, it could not be debarred; and to judge by the names and quotations cited, it was England that the advocate had chiefly in mind. Lang, Dickens, Birrell, Radford, Butler, Shorthouse, Harrison, Charlotte Brontë, Miss Austen, Bagehot, Carlyle, Faber, Thackeray, Swinburne, Saintsbury, George Eliot, Peacock, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, M.: Gladstone, Pope, Goldsmith, Burnet, Fielding, Trollope, Disraeli, the Rev. Henry Martyn, are the examples and authorities; only two Americans, Dr. Holmes and Mr. Howells, are named. If Miss Repplier wished to offer her sword to the wits and humorists of Great Britain against their standing army of dullards, she should have taken one of their periodicals as her field. Addressing an American audience, she attacks a nation whose worst vice is want of seriousness, if indeed that be not the universal shortcoming of the end of this century.

Leaving this issue for the present, let us survey the ground on which the charge of the decline of humor and the sense of humor is based. It is mainly the disfavor which has overtaken certain authors; there is really little more than that. English writers of the eighteenth century who held the public ear by their jovial tones are summoned from limbo as witnesses to the dullness of our day; we are accused of being too grave to find these rollicking blades good company. There are other reasons for the

neglect into which they have fallen which Miss Repplier does not wholly overlook, but there are some still more to the point to which she pays no heed. The novelists of a hundred and fifty years ago have lost their popularity, it is true, but do the poets, dramatists, essayists, and divines of the same period fare better? There is a class of readers who affect the Elizabethan age, but there is none, though there may be here and there an individual, who delights in the literature of the last century. A few comedies of that period still hold the stage, and over the universal oblivion beetles the memory of Dr. Johnson, on which lightly perches Oliver Goldsmith. There was a time, not so long ago, when the whole society of London, including the clever set, were in transports of mirth over Miss Burney's novels: have they still a public, however choice? Does Miss Repplier herself think them very amusing? Putting the eighteenth century aside for a wider retrospect, where do we find the famous authors of bygone times,—the immortals apart,—on the tables of book-lovers, or on their shelves? To go no further back than the beginning of our century, who weeps nowadays over Thaddeus of Warsaw, or shudders at the Mysteries of Udolpho? Is sensibility extinct, too?¹

So many renowned masters in every line of literature having grown dumb through age, it would be strange if the humorists should be an exception,—the more so that, by the nature of their genius, they are fated to become silent sooner than others. No quality is more evanescent and volatile than the essence of a joke: it often evaporates while taking the form of words, and can be told only by a glance or gesture. Fun in Sentimental and Miss Repplier's Decay of Sentiment.

¹ This article was in print before the author saw Colonel T. W. Higginson's Decline of the
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literature depends for its being on the state of mind, and even the state of body, of the contemporary public, on social and political conditions which pass and are forgotten, on the moods and manners of conspicuous personages whose notoriety may be short-lived ; although their words and acts may survive, their idiosyncrasies fade out of mind. The humorists of all ages are, consequently, hard reading to most people. Æschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes belonged to the same period ; they held equal places in Athenian favor. Is it the dull cast of the present day that makes ancient comedy drag heavily, while the tragedy hurries us along with its terrible march ? It is not the tragic element only, however, which keeps classic authors alive. While the humorists fall flat, the wits hold their ground. Plautus moved the Romans to laughter through successive dynasties ; nobody laughs at him now, while Horace is as fresh and apt as in the days of Augustus. Humor, to outlive its generation, must have perennial vitality and vigor ; people laugh at Mark Twain and Stockton who cannot laugh at Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, not because the latter were less droll in their day, but because their day is not ours. Yet as long as men and women can laugh they will laugh at Malvolio's love symptoms, and at the clowns' interlude in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Nothing illustrates the ephemeral nature of humor better than a collection of old caricatures, and the fashions in facetiousness change as often as those of folly ; this century has seen many which are as much out of date as full-bottom wigs or snuff-taking. Balzac tells us that the first diorama exhibited in Paris gave rise to "talking *rama*," which was much cultivated on a certain social level. "Eh, bien, monsieur, comment va cette petite *santérama*?" "Il fait un fameux *froidorama*." This was the same kind of wit as ordering a waiter to bring sham and hampagne sauce, or

telling a coachman to take care of the pud muddles. The habit of quizzing had great vogue seventy or eighty years ago ; then came the practical joke, which few of us would enjoy in these dull days, though Theodore Hook were to rise from his grave to revive it ; the hoax followed, and gave birth to the merry practice of "selling." The sell consisted in telling as a true story some incident, more or less probable, that never took place, and when the listeners expressed surprise or gave other proof of credulity to shout "Sold !" It never struck the seller that his hearers might merely be too civil to express their doubts. Of these various modes of fun this was perhaps the shallowest and most stupid, but it is the only one not entirely obsolete. Somewhere in the series should be mentioned the custom of adding "Shakespeare" to a commonplace remark, as if it were a quotation, a capital joke to those who saw the point.

And who were the humorists in literature who rejoiced the hearts of our country folk during the same period ? James Russell Lowell is not to be labeled like a jar of nitrous oxide. Dr. Holmes, the starred and ribboned grand master of the order, will ever be a pride to Americans and a joy to all English-speaking mortals in whom there is a spark of mirth, but he is, strictly speaking, a wit, — furthermore, poet, moralist, novelist ; the springs of pathos and of tender, cheerful common sense answer his light touch as readily as those of laughter. But marking him as easily first, second, third, what other names fill the roll ? After Saxe, and far below him, Philander Doesticks, John Phoenix, Private Miles O'Reilly, the correspondent from Confederate Cross-roads, the Danbury Newsman, Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, and others more obscure ; except the first, whom few remember, and the last, who is being forgotten, how many of these suggest a single line which would raise a smile now ? How weary, stale, flat,

and unprofitable for merriment are their jests! Alas, poor Yorick! is their epitaph, one and all.

The most brilliant and delicate of our contemporaries who have worked the comic vein with effect are giving proof that the fate of their predecessors has not been thrown away upon them; it is significant of this that they are turning in other directions. Mr. Howells always had a double mask of opposite expression, but it is curious to note how Aldrich, Stockton, Mark Twain himself, are carving their monuments in more enduring metal than that which they jingled so whimsically a few years ago; the dramatic power, the tragic possibilities, in Huckleberry Finn attest the author's intention to do something more than to amuse. These writers are putting their fun in substance which will preserve it from decay. Of course a man's talent determines the nature of his work,—“*pas Amyot qui veut*,” as Francis I. said of his accomplished pedagogue; and again, individual taste and temperament in the reader make an author's peculiar gift more acceptable to some people than to others: but for these very reasons it is fortunate when his mental qualities are sufficiently versatile or ductile not to restrict him to one style. While Messrs. Birrell, Saintsbury, and their select few are reading Miss Austen with a smile of satisfaction and conscious superiority, there are other readers who, though they grant her humor, demur to its liveliness and class her with still champagne, yet turn her pages with quiet contentment in her faithful and pleasant portrayal of character and manners. The intellectual pharisaism which exults in powers of appreciation denied to other men is not confined to those who flatter themselves on being the chosen of Thalia; votaries of æsthetic pleasure are not exempt from it, and Wordsworth was convinced that he and his sister alone of the whole world could see the beauties of Nature;

but it is royal conceit to claim a monopoly of the ingredient with which, next to pain, life is most strongly seasoned. Arrogance like this is hard to bear; all pretensions are offensive, the more so when there is no mathematical or logical process by which to refute them, and perhaps none is so trying as the assumption of a special grace to discern fun. It also confers upon the elect the privilege of holding fast their confidence under any shortcoming; if their joke falls flat, they refer with pity to the hearer's lack of humor. The only retort is Herr Klesmer's, in Daniel Deronda: “I see what you mean, but I do not see the witticism.”

George Eliot said truly that a difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections, and unluckily there is great diversity in what provokes mirth in different people. Democritus of Abdera found matter for hilarity in everything; his disciple Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy, who enumerates among the causes of that complaint “scoffs and bitter jests,” although accounted by his acquaintance “very merry, facete, and juvenile,” took no diversion in anything but the ribaldry of bargeemen, which threw him into fits of laughter. Louis XIII. of France, a melancholy monarch, was cheered by seeing people make faces; at the siege of La Rochelle his pastime was to watch the dying agonies of his Protestant subjects in the trenches. “What fine faces they make!” I knew an extremely intelligent, well-educated English family, friends of Macaulay, Spedding, and a whole circle of well-known *literati*, who read aloud Jules Sandeau's *Mariana*,—a sombre picture of human passion and suffering, drawn with a strong touch,—and laughed over it from beginning to end.

There is a difference between a sense of the ridiculous and a sense of humor, and they do not always go together. The “old-fashioned, coarse-minded person” of Miss Repplier's imagination

asks, "If we are not to laugh at Don Quixote, at whom are we, please, to laugh?" Some modern-minded person, deficient in humor, might suggest Sancho Panza. People whose brains have not enough specific gravity to resist the sight of a fellow-being slipping on a bit of orange peel are prompt to bring the charge of dullness against those whose first thought is that a leg may be broken. To persons of a more refined perception of the comic these perpetual laughers are the most tiresome of companions. Lord Chesterfield, who was not considered in his day to lack wit and vivacity (but who could not live to grow up in these days), counts among company to be avoided "waggs, witlings, buffoons, mimicks, and merry fellows, who are all of them commonly the dullest fellows in the world." Miss Repplier quotes Hazlitt as pronouncing ridicule the test of truth: there is more depth in the French saying "Ridicule tue." Ridicule kills sentiment; it kills romance and a hundred innocent impulses of the heart; it kills enthusiasm, reverence, and some of the noblest aspirations of the soul; it kills affection, admiration, friendship, and loyalty. It has killed our enjoyment of many of the finest passages in mythology, history, and poetry; the myth, the great deed, the poem, will revive because they are immortal, when the burlesque and parody are forgotten, but not for us whom the blight of ridicule has withered. Beside what it has destroyed, it has produced a constant craving for the ludicrous. An instance of this is the comment of a gentleman, by no means a fool, who went to see a great tragedian act Hamlet, not in total ignorance of the play, and pronounced it "dull, deadly dull, and heavy as lead; not a laugh in it except one or two poor jokes in the grave-diggers' scene."

Most fun, at the present day, does not grow from a healthy root nor feed a healthy appetite; it creates a dyspeptic demand for coarse spice, which is met

by an unfailing supply in the flippancy of our public speakers and the scurrility of the press. This brings me back to my starting-point. The counsel for humor deplores the dismal seriousness of the day, but its dismal jocosity is far more deplorable. Everybody feels bound to make a joke of everything, and thinks that when one has been made nothing more can be asked; in argument, he who raises a laugh at his opponent has won the day; a shrug or a wink is answer enough to the most vital questions. Mr. H. M. Stanley's jests on the fate of the rear column mark — at least so let us hope — the extreme to which the practice can be pushed as regards humanity; Senator Ingalls and Governor Ingersoll carry their ridicule into moral and spiritual regions. Now, how much better, happier, wiser, or even merrier is any one for all this? Do ribaldry and blasphemy raise the spirits of the hearers? Does the column of newspaper facetiae add to the average of daily cheerfulness? Do the funny books on railway stalls lift the burden and heat of the day, or warm the cockles of the heart against its chill? If people take comfort in exchanging such pleasantries among themselves, well and good, but to see them in print recalls Macaulay's outburst: "A wise man might talk folly like this by his fireside, but that any human being, having made such a joke, should write it down, copy it out, transmit it to the printer, correct the proof, and send it forth to the world is enough to make us ashamed of our species."

If the common disposition to take a humorous view, as it is complacently termed, has not on the whole made us jollier, let us ask what it has done. It has brought in slang which is depraving speech, and "chaff" which is driving out conversation; in the incessant struggle to be amusing, it has fostered exaggeration to the damage of truthfulness, cynicism at the expense of kindliness, mockery to the sacrifice of veneration.

I feel the extent of the mischief at this moment when I would urge my plea for seriousness. The basis of appreciation of the heroic and pathetic has been sapped in this generation ; they have made the step from the sublime to the ridiculous once for all, and taken their stand on the latter ; there seems to be nothing to appeal to. Virtue, honor, public fidelity and purity, commercial probity, the dignity of office, the sanctity of home, have become subjects of jest ; men and women who uphold them are called fogies, or, by a favorite locution of the day, are said to take themselves too seriously. Self-importance is ludicrous, no doubt, but I have not observed that it is wanting in people who take themselves lightly ; the attitude appears to me unchanged, but it rests on less solid qualities. The absence of seriousness is seen in our country people to-day in the evasion of obligation : we give our children no training, but leave them to their own devices, and "guess they'll turn out all right ;" we neglect our duties as citizens, and place them in the hands of men notoriously unfit for posts of trust, because "the great American nation can take care of itself ;" we forbear to raise a voice against practices in public and social life which we privately condemn, for "our mission is not to be reformers." We are loath to do our own thinking : hence we are overrun by a host of little books, native and foreign, witty and graceful as you please, to tell us how little there is in the big books on grave subjects which a few people still write, but nobody reads. In poetry, fugitive pieces and *vers de société* are the order of the day ; in fiction, the short story is ousting the novel.

But if seriousness can be driven out as a motive, it comes back in the form of results. We are not the first people who have refused to be in earnest, and history might teach us a lesson on that text. It is but a hundred years since France expiated with her best blood

the crime of frivolity ; the reaction had begun, but it came too late, and men and women who were taking life seriously had to pay the penalty for many who escaped by a timely, natural death. Their doctrine for generations was summed up in that formula which is the utmost expression of impious irresponsibility, "Après nous le déluge." Twenty years ago France was again paying the forfeit of having forgotten the terrible moral of the Revolution ; society had donned the fool's cap and bells once more, and paid for it by the downfall of the empire, a cruel war, and a costly, humiliating peace. When Italy threw aside her epics and lyrics, and such treatises as Pico della Mirandola's Oration on the Dignity of Man and Cornaro's Discourse on the Serious Life, for mock-heroic and macaronic poetry ; when the philosophical discussions of the Florentine Platonists gave place to the hairsplitting and hypercriticism and pedantry of the literary academies, and the love of beauty vanished before the grotesque, and the pursuit of greatness was swallowed up by the greed for oddity ; then the reign of triflers had begun, and overthrow and anarchy followed in order. In Spain, though the retrospect of her history leaves an impression of ever-deepening gloom, autocracy and priestcraft were not the only agents in her decline from her splendid eminence in dominion, letters, and art. On the walls of her galleries, beside the glorious religious and historical pictures, among the portraits of her monarchs and illustrious men, hang the court dwarf and jester who presently usurp the first place, while the imbecilities of the plateresque and chirugesque styles supplant the majesty of the Gothic ; in literature, the tragedy, the epic, the grave history, the stirring ballad, drop into the picaresque narrative and the madrigal ; painting, from the magnificent art of Murillo, Velasquez, Zurbaran, sinks to a mediocrity which does not perpetuate a single

fame, and flares up finally in the diabolical cynicism of Goya ; the hero is found, not on the battlefield, but in the bull-fight, and Spain scarcely counts among the powers of Europe.

I have not forgotten that a tendency to buffoonery belongs to an early and healthy period of national life which has left its mark on Gothic architecture and the great epics, in *fabliaux*, in the tradition of many jocund customs. In these instances, however, humor was an incident, a detail, and an insignificant one, in the whole scheme ; men whose life was one grim struggle could not forget themselves very long in horseplay ; the gargoyle drops from its place without changing the character of the cathedral. And if any one will take the trouble to compare the spirit of humor in a country at corresponding points on the ascending and descending scale, he will be able to note the difference between the mirth of a youthful people and of one in its second childhood ; when a mature nation gives itself up to puerility it has entered the senile phase. The nations of the Old World were many centuries in their descent from the height of empire and culture to base obscurity, but the downward progress of our own from the moral altitudes of the Revolution and the Civil War has been rapid. Our standards have lowered, our principles have slackened.

This is a superficial view both of past and present, but it is comprehensive enough; there is no need of going deeper. Nobody would gain glory or do good by trying to hang a millstone round the neck of the Plea for Humor, to which I owe my title for a counter plea, but not for a rebutting argument. Moreover, I beg my readers not to suppose that I would arraign humor or any element which gladdens and brightens existence. Seriousness and light-heartedness are not at war ; there is no merit in austere-

ity ; on the contrary, more harm can be done by solemn triviality and ascetic futility than by arrant tomfoolery. But after all we are a joyless people. There are two types of American face on which the comic illustrated papers have fastened as representative : one is sharp, careworn, anxious ; the other is heavy, coarse, and stupid or cunning. Neither of them shows a gleam of the mirthfulness which twinkles in the Irishman's eye, or broadens the smile of John Bull, or sparkles from head to foot in the lively Frenchman or Italian. There is a modern fashion of loud and constant laughter in our society, as if noise were necessary to attest the pleasure of the occasion, but it vouches as little for our enjoyment as the cannon and shooting-crackers on the Fourth of July do for our patriotism. The absence of animal spirits among our well-to-do young people is in striking contrast to the exuberance of that quality in their contemporaries in most European countries. There is no division of time more weary and dreary than a public holiday in America except one in England ; but with the English this comes mainly from the pressure of traditions and conditions of which we never felt the weight, while with us it is because we do not know how to amuse ourselves honestly and enjoy ourselves heartily. It is levity, not gayety, that is the matter with us. Here it is, and here only, that the counsel for humor misses her point ; we are dull indeed, I grant it, not from the disuse of humor, but from its abuse. Nor do I reckon lack of seriousness as the sole or prime cause of national and individual deterioration ; but without its presence no man or country can thrive ; it is an evidence of essential qualities. Its absence means failure to meet the highest claims and issues of life, our debt to the present and to the inexorable liens of the future.

SEVERN'S ROMAN JOURNALS.

JOSEPH SEVERN, the artist and the friend of artists and poets, during his long service as English consul at Rome kept a record of his observations and reflections in a leisurely diary. I have selected a number of passages from it, choosing especially those which relate to the momentous period of the last years of the papal temporal dominion (1861 to 1870), but at the same time have not attempted any sequent narrative, or even aimed at any manner of consistency in selection. Words written at the time when great events are happening have a freshness of appeal which no historical essay can so adequately afford; and often they gain by isolation. In a word, I have given here a varied series of excerpts from Severn's Roman journals, taken, in a sense, haphazard, but calculated to interest all readers. To those who love Italy, his devotion to that country and his belief in her high destinies will alone win for him respectful heed.

The consular diaries begin with a quotation of the letter of recommendation from Baron Bunsen to Lord John Russell, which was one, at least, of the most potent pleas for the bestowal of the Roman consulship upon Joseph Severn. To the last moment the latter had not ventured to believe in his success, for there were in all about a hundred and twenty candidates for the post, and he feared that his sixteen testimonials would be of little service among the host of recommendations. In later life, he was always wont to maintain that Baron Bunsen's letter, dictated by that statesman on his death-bed, secured for him the coveted office. "I begged Lord John Russell to permit me to have it," Severn writes, "as a memorial of a friendship of thirty-five years." The close of Baron Bunsen's letter consists of the following notable words (written, it must be remembered,

in the early autumn of 1860) : "I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my sense of gratitude, as a statesman, a Christian, and a man, to you and Lord Palmerston for not only having proclaimed, but also enforced the principle of non-intervention in Italy. I am sure you agree with me that Venetia cannot, in the long run, be withheld from Italy, but at the same time that it would be a disgrace to Europe if the question could not be solved without the aid of arms and the danger of a general European conflagration. I believe that not only the enlightened public all over Europe, but also a large proportion of public opinion in Austria, which is even represented in the council of the Emperor, would hail such a solution with the greatest satisfaction, supposing that the financial interests of Austria and the honor of the imperial house were insured."

Severn's consular troubles began with the escapade of certain enthusiastic but foolish countrymen.

March 7, 1861. "Cavaliere Severi came to me from the Bureau of the Roman Police to complain of three 'mad Englishmen.' They were not so mad as foolish. It was a time of great anxiety in Rome, and to the satisfaction of all, nationalists and adherents of the papal régime alike, there was a temporary truce to outward enmities. Every one was hoping that the match would not fall near the gunpowder for some time to come. Suddenly these three Englishmen were possessed by the idea of going to and fro in Rome clad in Garibaldian costume, and conducted themselves altogether in a manner singularly offensive to the populace. Even the Garibaldians were angry; for Italians, and Romans in particular, are the last people to appreciate foreign interference. Cav. Severi

conveyed to me the request of Monsignore Mateucci, the governor of Rome, that I should at once persuade them to desist from their dangerous folly. Without delay I sought them to this end, and obtained their promise to offend no more. Too much ill feeling had been aroused, however, and Monsignore Mateucci insisted that they should leave Rome. The governor was anxious to treat the matter as a mere indiscretion, and his communication was couched most courteously : he begged the favor of me that I would try and persuade them to quit Rome. This I also did ; for their conduct was very offensive to the Romans, who were conducting themselves with gravity and decorum."

A short time after, Severn had an interview with the famous Cardinal Antonelli. "At ten o'clock [March 20] I was received very graciously. The cardinal is, to all appearance, the reverse of the scheming, unscrupulous prelate he is so often depicted by his political and other enemies. He impressed me as simple and easy in his manners, and with a quick and sympathetic apprehension in conversation. He has a fine countenance, of the strong and yet refined old Italian type ; dark, with speculative black eyes, sometimes inscrutable and profound, but oftener lit as by a playful vivacity. He complimented me on my appointment, with some pleasant words about my earlier sojourn in Rome, and assured me that the former was very acceptable to the government authorities. Possibly there was some *arrière-pensée* in this courtesy ; certainly Antonelli has the reputation of never losing an opportunity of gaining a friend or of discrediting an enemy. He is a remarkable man, and will become an even greater power than he is, in all probability. He is generally either the prelate, or the courtier, or the diplomatist, but every now and then one may recognize in him, for a fugitive moment, the man of the iron hand in the velvet

glove. He asked me if I had seen his recent letter to the nuncio in Paris, explaining and defending the present papal position. Fortunately I had read it with close attention, and thought the logic of it admirable. I told Cardinal Antonelli so, but added that sound logic and a potent plea were sometimes of no avail, as in the case of Columbus and his mariners, where everything pointed to the rightness of the seamen's standpoint, and yet where their attitude seemed ignorant folly to the superior wisdom of the great discoverer. 'Ah, but then Columbus was certain of his New World,' remarked the cardinal, with a smile. 'And his mariners,' I ventured to add, 'were not aware of it even when they were really there. It was simply a new country to them, — not a new world.' 'Ma !' exclaimed his Eminence, with that penetrating, half-mocking look that so often came into his eyes, 'we have no Americas here — before us — in the Old World !' 'That is just where the serious and indeed fatal omission of your nuncio letter is, monsignor,' I urged earnestly. He gave a peculiar, almost a startled glance at me, and with a characteristic gesture signed to me to be more explicit. 'The omission,' I went on, 'is simply the lack of recognition of the fact that we, here, all of us, the civilized world, are in very truth living in the New World.' Antonelli seemed strangely struck by my remark ; for he knew at once what I meant. After a little he confessed that I was right so far, but added that such a statement could not have been incorporated by him in his letter. He then went on to lament the utilitarian tendency of things (no doubt a clever move on his part to evade a perilous subject), and asked me if in this respect I did not find Rome very much changed. Improved, I said, in the many public buildings erected by the Pope ; but that the shops alarmed me with their showiness in common with those of other capitals, whereas I would

rather see the old Roman style. Before I left I told him an anecdote which much amused him. The other day I heard of an American from Chicago who made a novel remark about St. Peter's, of which 't is thought impossible to say anything new. On entering the church, and after looking about him in silence awhile, the visitor exclaimed, 'Good God! what a quantity of capital is here all lying waste!' Cardinal Antonelli, in bidding me good-by, mischievously alluded to the great advantages to accrue to us all from the New World!"

It was in May of this year that, for the first time for over forty years, he again saw Keats's sister Fanny, Madame de Llanos.

June 27, 1861. "Went to Leopold Brockman, the engineer of the Roman states railways, to ask for an appointment for Francesco Franz, who has studied for this profession, and I hope for success. This Leopold is the son-in-law of a dear English lady, who, in affection and associations of loving friendship, is to me like a new-found sister. At the beginning of May, a Spanish gentleman called and asked if I were 'Joseph Severn, the friend of Keats.' 'Yes,' I answered. Then said he, with some agitation, 'My wife is the poet's sister, and she is now here in Rome and longing to see you.' This seemed to me most marvelous, that we should meet, after more than forty years, in the very place where her illustrious brother died in my arms. I had seen her when she was a girl of fifteen, and when her brothers were all well; now all were dead except herself,—the sole surviving member, indeed, of the Keats family. Our meeting was very touching. We could not speak for some minutes, for many poignant memories overcame us. For a long time we sat thus, hand in hand, shedding silent tears. Her two Spanish daughters joined in this pathetic silence. They met me reverently, as an elder relation; for my devotion to Keats,

their famous and, in a sense, deeply loved uncle, had been their favorite speculation [*sic*] in coming to Rome. To meet me here and thus, they afterwards told me, seemed a romantic felicity. After a time I unclasped my hand from that of Madame de Llanos, and made several attempts to introduce some indifferent subject to break the deep agitation of all four of us. But it was impossible, and after nearly an hour had elapsed I had to return to a house full of people. Madame Keats Llanos greatly resembles both her youngest and eldest brothers (John and Tom); and there is in particular the same sweet vivacity which characterized the dear poet. Although married to a Spaniard and living in Spain, and with all her Spanish interests and associations, she yet preserves her native language in great purity,—the gift of her family, so striking in her brother John."

(*In a home letter.*) "They are all charming, and Rosa is a beautiful girl. I see a likeness of my ever dear Keats in his nephew, Madame de Llanos' only son. I cannot tell you the happiness it is to me to have these friends here, and in close communion. I went the other day with my dear friend to Monte Testaccio, where Keats lies, to help her to plant two bay-trees at her brother's head. . . . Then, too, I have many old Roman friends about me. Overbeck, the famous German painter, has been fifty-one years in Rome; Gibson, the sculptor, forty-three. Health and longevity are, in truth, characteristic of life in Rome."

October 23, 1861. "To-day I made the acquaintance of the celebrated American actress, Miss Cushman, who has been living in Rome for some time. I was much pleased with her. She is a woman of great mental accomplishments and of singular charm, and, from all I hear and can so far directly perceive, must be an actress of consummate ability. What a pity she cannot act in Ital-

ian! She might electrify the Romans. Even Cardinal Antonelli would more readily admit the inevitable change in things if all Rome flocked to the theatre to see a great American actor! I noted that her apartment was filled with the most beautiful collection of old carved-wood furniture of every kind I have ever seen, — bookcases, sofas, beds, cabinets, chairs, cupboards, and tables. When I left her, I told her with truth that I was filled with envy of her good taste and good fortune in obtaining possession of so many beautiful things, and that there can be nothing left in Rome to find. It was with singular pleasure, too, that I met Miss Hosmer, the American sculptor, who is living with Miss Cushman. She too is a woman of native charm, and, if I am not mistaken, of very unusual power in her noble art. I am to dine with them to-morrow. . . . Rome is certainly the place for old people to seem young. No one would believe that John Gibson has been here for half a century, and Frederick Overbeck even longer; Macdonald, the sculptor, not far behind; while as for myself, 't is forty years since I first came here with my beloved Keats, so I, too, may fairly stand among the Roman antiquities, though one in good preservation, and, as they say of old pictures, 'not retouched.' I ought to be complimented, for Miss Cushman took me for my son, and was anxious to hear about my father, to whom, she said, in common with all Americans who revered the genius of Keats, she owed a debt of gratitude. I was dull enough to be taken in at first."

With 1862 came rumors of perilous excitement and menacing movements. Throughout Italy the yeast of revolution was working towards a coming mighty change, and scarcely less ferment was there in Europe, particularly in Austria, Prussia, and France. On the 21st of March the Carnival began, but might as well not have been held, for the citizens of Rome abstained al-

most *en masse*. The day before, an address from the mysterious secret committee invited all patriotic Romans to attend at the ancient Roman Forum instead. As both the papal party and the nationalists claimed to be patriotic Romans, there was some doubt as to whether much practical notice of the announcement would be taken by the cautious Romans; and in any case it was too late for the papal government to interfere, even if it could have ventured to do so. The meeting at the Forum was a great manifestation; all the more impressive, perhaps, from the fact that it was a silent and dignified assertion of the rights of the citizens to judge for themselves, as in olden times. There were over twenty thousand Romans assembled, and a double row of carriages lined the whole length of the Forum. It was, says Severn, the gathering of the first thunderclouds around the grave of the papal dominion. In the afternoon there was sheet lightning, for at three o'clock the Corso was suddenly taken possession of by the French troops, and all entrance to this chief thoroughfare of Rome was forbidden. All the *sbirri* and other papal soldiery were also assembled in or near the Corso, for the Pope had become seriously alarmed. Already there had been an ominous disturbance with the *sbirri*, and, moreover, the temper of the French troops was, to say the least of it, mercurial. Fortunately, General Goyon had the good sense to order the supplementary soldiery to their barracks, and so caused as little resentment to the populace as practicable. The French general again made a clever bid for popularity when he countermanded the spiteful order of the government suspending the great Carnival ball at midnight.

Naturally, too, the great war in America stirred even the most parochial communities of the Old World. Joseph Severn was as blind as were most of his countrymen to the vast and momentous

interests of that titanic struggle, and indeed shared the even more extreme Continental view that it was nothing but a gigantic, cruel, and needless fratricidal strife. In one of his entries, referring to the fact that he had been to see the performances of Rarey, the famous American horse-tamer, and had encountered there Miss Hosmer, herself an enthusiastic horsewoman, and, as a sculptor, professionally interested in noting the novel and picturesque groups, he puts on record how he was corrected by those stalwart Americans, Miss Hosmer and Miss Cushman. "I told Miss Hosmer that the wonderful horse-taming was all very well, but that I hoped a Rarey might be found in time to subdue human creatures in the same way. Miss Cushman interjected the remark that she had 'never met with wild men or women in her whole career ;' to which I replied, 'Then you have been so fortunate as to have lived among more civilized people than I have.' Mrs. Perkins, another American lady, then asked me 'where I should seek for people to tame ;' to which I answered, on the spur of the moment, 'In America, at this moment ; for look at the civil war, and tell me if a Rarey would not have much to do among Americans.' This assertion they denied, and eagerly combated my view of the conflict. Miss Hosmer and Miss Cushman were like Amazons in defense of their native land, and ardently urged that the war of North and South was the most heroic, the most generous, the most humane, even, that could be conceived, and that they would not allow me to denounce it as barbarous and savage. They may be right, but all Europe thinks with me."¹

The 7th of May was an exciting day

in Rome, "for throughout the city the rumor spreads that the troops of Victor Emmanuel are coming to share Rome with the French ; that the king of Italy will return from Naples by Rome ; and that the several stipulations have at last been agreed to by both sides. It may be true, but these same things have been so often said that I for one will believe only when I see an Italian soldier in Rome, or mayhap not till I see the king himself."

May 8. "Odo Russell assures me that the French army of occupation here is to be increased by two thousand, chiefly of the artillery. Of this he is certain. Alas, poor Rome!"

May 14. "Everywhere 't is said that the king of Italy is at Naples simply preparing to come to Rome, and that he is to be accompanied by Prince Napoleon, that there is to be a joint Franco-Italian occupation of the city, and that Victor Emmanuel is to be proclaimed at the Capitol. Again I say, I shall believe this when I see the Sardinian standard floating in at the Porta Pia, and hear the trumpets of the royal heralds awaking the sleeping echoes of the Capitoline."

But the end of the month came, and Pius IX. was still a temporal sovereign. Yet there were ominous disturbances. On the 28th Severn writes : "The accounts of the French troops taking the brigands and acting against the Pope's troops are very suggestive, and in a sense alarming. It seems that Sora and Frosinone are in a state of siege. The brigands are flocking to Rome, where they become desperate, as the Pope cannot receive them. So they infest the neighborhood, and rob and plunder. Everything tends to a crisis. Even the pro-

¹ By the following year Severn had changed his views. Perhaps one matter of minor importance had its influence on him : the commission by Mr. James T. Fields, then editor of the Atlantic Monthly, to write his recollections of Keats. This now famous article, On the Vicis-

situdes of Keats's Fame, appeared in the Atlantic Monthly in 1863. For the last fifteen years of his life Severn was an enthusiastic friend of America and Americans, and many in this country still bear him in friendliest remembrance.

jected canonization of twenty-seven saints of Japan is a dangerous folly if a merely religious matter, and a perilous enterprise for both Church and State if one of Antonelli's schemes; for the Pope, I am told, has, for this precious canonization, three hundred cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, really to defend him at the last as regards his temporal power. Yet the fall of the papacy from its temporal sovereignty is soon or late inevitable. If it were nothing else than the wicked means the Pope adopts to sustain his government, 't would be enough to show how certain is the end. But it may come slowly. And what is to happen before the writing of Ichabod upon the walls of the Vatican?"

June 11. "The political world here is still in hopeless confusion and contradiction, and every one speculates wildly. I, too, may prognosticate, though I do not share the common belief that France and Austria and Spain will combine to maintain the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It is my belief that each of these countries — France and Austria, at any rate — is thankful that the Pope is restricted to Rome. He would be a firebrand in the side of France; he would be the fire itself in Austria. The day may come when he or his successors will erect the chief sanctuary in the United States of America, — the country, according to Cardinal Antonelli, where Roman Catholicism has such a magnificent future awaiting it. Perhaps my sons may live to witness a Pope Jonathan I. delivering, with a strong Yankee accent, his pontifical blessing *urbi et orbi* from the balcony of a new St. Peter's in New York!"

June 16. "Nearly half the French army has been ordered back to France, and departed yesterday. There was much excited speculation in Rome. Can it be that this is the beginning of the end?"

June 17. "The number and energy

of the French priests here is one of the great difficulties the French Emperor has to encounter, and would alone justify him in urging the suspension of the temporal power. . . . In the midst of all this hopeless wrong and folly, the Pope can see nothing but his own righteousness, and the wickedness of all his adversaries, and of Italians in particular. His recent allocution has nothing but abuse of the Italians, charging them with all kinds of criminal violence, whereas there is no place in the world so given over to this madness as his own sacred city. Can it be that his Holiness believes his own monstrous falsehoods, like one who, by loving an untruth and telling it oft, makes such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lies, as Shakespeare says?

"Old General Stratton told me that he had just heard from the Duc de Grammont that the first intimation for England to arm both in navy and army came from Louis Napoleon, and that he even [encouraged?] the volunteer movement. His real reason for this is his growing uneasiness on account of the unstable state of the French nation. He knew that he might be forced by public opinion to attack Great Britain at any time a capricious change in her fortunes offered the opportunity. He felt that by warning England, and that country being in readiness for war, he would be safe from having to attack it, and at the same time be assured of a useful curb for his own nation."

Exciting weeks passed, wherein the French garrison of Rome was displayed and withdrawn with puzzling alternations, and when wild Garibaldian rumors flew from mouth to mouth. On the 30th of July Severn writes: "Great news, — marvelous events approaching. Garibaldi at Marsala projects an immediate descent upon Rome! The French troops garrisoning all the smaller towns have been ordered to concentrate here at once, for the safeguarding of the Eter-

nal City. All Garibaldians are wildly enthusiastic, and their cry is said to be '*Rome or Death!*' . . . I find it is the impression of the papal ministers that Napoleon is betraying them, and perhaps into Garibaldi's own hands. It may well be so. The Emperor has done all he could to induce the Pope to settle the question, but, on account of his Holiness's unyielding obstinacy, perhaps he thinks that the best way out of the difficulty will be to let Garibaldi enter Rome as victor and popular champion. It would be a clever move, I think; for Louis Napoleon could adopt a rôle which would enable him to pose just as convenient to his ends. He could, under nominal protest (so as to convince the papal party and the French clericals at home), permit Garibaldi to free Rome, and then, to pacify Europe (and the Catholic powers in particular) and to make good conditions with Victor Emmanuel, he could soon send the revolutionary general about his business, though in the most outwardly flattering and courteous way. This encouragement of Garibaldi, moreover, is a game which would be useful to him in Paris, where Garibaldi is popular, and indeed likely to become an idol. The Pope, meanwhile, is alarmed lest the seven war-ships at Civita Vecchia are there for another purpose than represented, and are really waiting for the transshipment of the French troops the moment the first Garibaldian shot is fired outside the walls of Rome. And now, since Garibaldi's approach is certain, all the talk is, will an encounter take place, and if so, where? It is the greatest mistake to suppose that the papal troops are at heart disloyal, or even indifferent; and, moreover, they are quite able to meet, and probably vanquish, any army Garibaldi is able to bring hither at present."

August 10. "Momentous things are imminent. Garibaldi defies the king's proclamation, though he assumes to do all in the king's name. What will be

the consequence if he really does advance in the face of this proclamation? The Italian troops will certainly not act or even stand against him. Naples will be up to a man for him; the provinces, too; and even Rome is on tiptoe already. The governmentists swear that Victor Emmanuel is all the time in league with this 'saerilegious brigand'; though, so far as I can make out, he is much more a dangerous friend, a thorn in the flesh, than an ally."

August 12. "Garibaldi seems to be considered mad by all the northern papers, but from all the Italian accounts to-day I cannot but think that he is to 'loose the Roman question'; and it may be that the Turin ministers, not being able to move either the Pope or Emperor, have secretly decided to let Garibaldi be the firebrand. No doubt, if so, they hope that these rebellious movements of the general will frighten both parties into more accommodating ways. The Emperor is always alarmed at signs of revolution and rebellion, and the Pope lives on putting them down by bits. If General Red - Shirt advances, he will collect an army like Wallenstein. All Naples will now join him, and he seems to have ample money at his command. There has been another maddening countermove on the part of Napoleon, for a new supply of fifteen hundred French troops has dashed the hopes of Romans for a peaceful solution of the problem. 'T is too much of the Turin government to expect that the people of Italy, and Romans in particular, can bear it any longer."

August 27. "There seems almost no doubt now that Garibaldi is acting in accord with both Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel: if not, it is extraordinary why such shilly-shally can go on. The general has just landed on *terra firma*, in Calabria, and the Italian fleet must surely have connived at his escape, or he could not have accomplished it. 'T is now believed that he will proceed

hither by slow stages, and endeavor to gain a great moral force behind him for the emancipation of Rome. Here many of the ministers believe that he will make his way to Ceprano, and that there the king, with the Italian army, will join him, and both will come on and occupy Rome. The state of the government is desperate."

August 30. "Startling news; sad to many, welcome to others. A telegram announces that Garibaldi has been taken prisoner in Calabria, has been wounded, and is on his way as a prisoner to Turin. Fourteen of his volunteers were shot. The papal party is jubilant. Is the whole liberal and generous movement at an end? Perhaps, if the Emperor is determined to bring about a civil war, this finale is best; but I am certain that either civil war, or the people driven to out-and-out republicanism, will be the result. How strange that the jealous diplomatic world would not let the Italian people go and establish their unity! The Italians had done so well that they excited the jealousy of the despotic sovereigns, who could not bear that so much should be done by so little aid except from the nation itself. The means by which Italy is becoming a great kingdom cannot be pardoned or permitted, and at the worst not without having the papal finger in the pie. Yet the great wave of civilization will bear Italy on, for she is with the advancing waters, and not in the eddy of the ebb. I am proud that I belong to a government and people favoring liberty and loving the cause. No doubt the multitude of Italians now in London are beginning to see the right side of our much-abused religio-politico system. The Church, sword in hand, and standing at the door of a dungeon, can no longer inspire religion as in the Middle Ages."

Apropos of the trans-Italian railway then being constructed to unite the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, from Civita Vecchia to Ancona, Severn recounts two amusing stories. The first gives the ex-

planation of a phrase one often hears used in Rome concerning a person of doubtful rank or boorish manners: "Ma, c'è un' conte di Civita Vecchia!" The anecdote is of Gregory XVI., and the incident happened in the latter years of Severn's first Italian sojourn (*circa* 1834).

"His Holiness's objection to the trans-Italian railway was really because it would unite his faithful subjects of Civita Vecchia and the downright and incorrigible rebels of Ancona. Soon after this the good Pope thought it his duty to visit his loyal people, and on approaching Civita Vecchia his horses were taken out of the carriage, and the people dragged his Holiness, crying out, 'Noi siamo vostri cavalli, Santo Padre!'¹ The Pope, with true Italian politeness, answered, 'No, you are my *cavaliere*.' As this was repeated again and again, the whole mob of ragamuffins in the end claimed to be cavalieri, and this included about eighty persons of the lowest class. The matter had afterwards to be judged at Rome, and the Pope could only get off by making thirty cavalieri; so that Civita Vecchia is famed for its superabundance of ready-made knights.

"As regards the Ancona rebels, they grew worse and worse, until the Pope was obliged to excommunicate them. I remember the notice being sent off by courier with great formality, so that the Ancona people should be well prepared for their awful fate. They were well prepared; for when the papal bull reached them, some ten days after, it was received in the Piazza in full public. The rebels had prepared a fire balloon, bearing the text 'Render unto God the things that are God's'; they popped the papal bull into the balloon, and up it went to its rebel destiny. I was assured by Baron Bunsen that this excommunication was never taken off; for, though the Pope made a gracious

¹ "We are your horses, Holy Father!"

visit to Ancona, he was afraid to stir up this delicate matter.

"Then another amusing papal anecdote was related to me by Mr. Gladstone, now Chancellor of the Exchequer. When he was presented to the Pope, in 1834, the conversation turned on railways, and the Pope told him 'that he would never permit railways in his dominions, as they would injure the health of his subjects.' Mr. Gladstone, thinking the Pope was not serious, pressed him more closely, and the Pope then said seriously that he was 'sure the English people were subject to consumption from passing through the air so rapidly in railways.' This Mr. Gladstone told me himself."

Severn has much to say, in his 1864 journals, concerning robberies and brigandage outside Rome, and, within, the effort to create a National Guard; upon the signs of war, and the excitement in Rome on account of certain "inspired" articles, of a vehement nature, in the Morning Post of London; upon the significant desertion of a papal troop to the king of Italy; and upon a presumed accord between Lord Palmerston and Mazzini and Garibaldi. "There is even a rumor that an Anglo-American legion is to be raised by Garibaldi or his emissaries, and that this will be encouraged, if not actually aided, by Lord Palmerston. But to what end such madness? England can interfere if she will, but she must not play hot and play cold at the same time."

Of the many deaths which Severn chronicles, by far the most momentous, of course, was that of Lord Palmerston, which was greeted in Italy "with something akin to consternation on the one part, and to jubilation on the other." That of Massimo d'Azeglio was a loss to Italy, and in a sense to Severn; but what affected him more than any death since that of Keats was the decease of his friend of near half a century, John Gibson, the sculptor.

January 21, 1866. "Gibson died yesterday morning at half past seven. Queen Victoria had sent a telegram to Mr. Odo Russell to learn about him, as the home papers had reported his death some days ago. The poor fellow held this telegram firmly in his left hand for hours, yet unable to express a word. He expired tranquilly and without pain, and resigned in death as he had always been in life. So ends his beautiful career of half a century, wherein he was always producing works of his own choice, uninfluenced by changes of fashion; rather, indeed, sometimes directing taste. In his native land, somehow, his fame had vicissitudes, but at Rome he was unaffected by these changes, and always devoted to and inspired by his ideals, which he found in Greek art. His Greek feeling in his sculpture was born with him. He scorned the public meretricious taste, and would never bow to it. He was working to the last, and has left an unfinished group of Theseus killing the robber,—a composition he had, from his first year in Rome, 1817, studied. His works, although numerous, show no sign of want of thought or completeness; for his genius had all the principles of completeness, familiarity with Greek art and even literature, skill in anatomy, great knowledge of proportions, natural grace, and withal a power of finish which will give to his works, when they are arranged in the Royal Academy of London, the appearance of a museum collection, inasmuch as each statue and group has its characteristic style and complete finish. Perhaps he may be regarded by the side of Flaxman and Chantrey as the most perfect sculptor England has ever produced; for he had the imagination, taste, and design of the first, and the finish and nature of the last; so that it may be said he combined the genius of each of these great sculptors, and thus advanced the art beyond the limit where they had left it. As a man, he was an honor to

society in the simple, unaffected honesty of his character, and in the rigid truthfulness with which he acted ; then his benevolence was also a prominent mark in all doings, for he would leave his work on any occasion wherein he could aid any young artists, either by taking patrons to them or by giving his excellent advice, — excellent inasmuch as it seemed to reduce everything to rule, so that he was ready with the most valuable suggestions founded on the finest art, and given in simple and earnest language such as never could be mistaken. In this way it may be said that he indirectly ruled the world of Anglo-Roman art ; for not only were his dictates supported by his own noble works, but also his success in a worldly sense gave stable force to his remarks. He was an admirable draughtsman in pen and ink and chalks. A striking trait of mind, and one which never forsook him, was that he would never allow himself to think or judge of anything that seemed out of his way as regards Greek art and literature ; he would not even answer a question that in this respect seemed inapplicable to him ; and no doubt he was thus enabled to carry the powers of his mind and heart onward, concentrated on one sole point ; and this was so strong in him that his friends did not think of troubling him on certain matters that they had for other people. He was singularly amiable in his nature, and nothing had the power of ruffling him. I remember Captain Baynes tried a joke upon him, by meeting him in the street with the false news that his work people, in his absence, had knocked off the head of his Psyche. ‘ Well, well,’ he said, ‘ we must go and see what can be done ; ’ but he was unmoved. And again, some working lad threw down a clay bust, which he had just finished, right on its face ; and on my asking him what he did, he answered, ‘ Nothing, for the poor boy was as pale as death.’

“ That fine benevolence of Gibson’s

character, I can well remember, first charmed me with Rome and made me decide to make it my artistic sojourn. On my first visit to him, when I was a young unknown student, at the end of 1820, he was receiving a very great man, Lord Colchester, who had been speaker of the Commons, and so, according to London artistic custom, I was for retiring ; but he would not allow this, and literally dragged me into his studio, wherein he showed me equal, if not even greater attention than he showed to my lord. I was so struck with admiration at this conduct that I came away reflecting that if a man like Gibson could afford to do such a thing as this, then Rome was the place for me ; and in this I was not mistaken, for it was and is the characteristic of Rome, and perhaps Gibson himself may have made it so. A charm, also, in his manner was that he would sit down and think over one’s work just as though it had been his own, suggest and even draw distinctly what he felt ; and I have no doubt that, during half a century of his life, scarce a work which he may have seen had not in some way profited by his excellent and ready advice.

“ He was ever a warm and active friend of Wyatt, whose studio was opposite to him, and whose sculpture was of the same nature. Gibson was so proud of him that he was accustomed to take all his patrons and intelligent visitors over to see the works of his friend ; and at Wyatt’s death Gibson made a monument to him and sculptured the portrait medallion with his own hand, and paid the whole expense.

“ He was so simple, plain, and sometimes even shabby in his attire that, on one occasion, when he was wearing a ragged waistcoat, several of his friends made a conspiracy against the said waistcoat, and begged me to make a party for the purpose of destroying it, which we did ; for after tea we all attacked, not him, but his waistcoat, and he bore it

like another Cæsar. As we tore away the waistcoat in strips, he laughed and enjoyed it as a first-rate joke, but he insisted on my providing another waistcoat for him to go home in. I cannot say that he so much had fun as he had good nature, for he was always rigidly the true artist, and only as the art allowed itself to unbend in mirthful enjoyment, so much was he formed to be a good fellow as regards conviviality; yet his good nature made him always a pleasant companion. But his conversation invariably turned on art, with which he was so thoroughly acquainted, and could refer to every period and every example, contrasting judiciously the good with the bad. He had a horror of all art wherein rule and order were not apparent, and he shuddered if you asked him about the many unfinished blocks of sculpture by Michael Angelo. He could not endure anything like vulgarity in art, and evidently regarded the ancient Greeks with nothing in common in their nature with the modern world. No doubt, like Keats, he was born with the classic gift of ancient Greece, but it is interesting to observe in what the two geniuses differed. Gibson was always striving to abstract his mind and art from all the commonplaces of nature, in order to raise a structure of ancient Greece with nothing like the common world. Keats, on the contrary, was able to familiarize his mind with all that seemed in common between the ancient and modern works; and he loved to dwell upon this, and some of his finest poems are formed upon it. Gibson would have been unable to introduce 'milking-pails,' and yet Keats, in his *Endymion*, does it consistently. But they both exulted in the essence of beauty which characterized the Greeks: Gibson, as though nature had altogether differed and was more bounteous; Keats, as though she were the same and ever unchanged to us, and that we might will another Greek world if such were our feeling, but yet he did not

touch those points wherein the difference was apparent, whereas Gibson did and was proud of them."

February 1. "On Monday, the 29th ult., the funeral of Gibson took place at Monte Testaccio. All the company met there, and an unusual pomp attended the funeral, as the illustrious artist was a member of the Legion of Honor, and so a guard of honor was present, lining the procession, and after the funeral service was read each soldier fired into the grave. The director of the French Academy, M. Schertz, was present; and there was no religious distinction of parties, for the pall was borne by six friends, both Protestants and Catholics, — M. Schertz, Wolff, Santine, Desoulavy, Chief Mourner T. Webster, R. A., and myself. Mr. Watts read the service, and was responded to. There were about four hundred persons present, of whom at least fifty were ladies. No attempt was made at an oration over the grave, and if the request had been made to me I should have been unequal to it, as I felt unable to speak to any one in this loss of a friend of forty-six years. It was pleasant to find that Gibson was universally beloved by all classes and nations, and on the day of his funeral an order of decoration arrived from the king of Prussia."

In November of 1869 Severn lost another intimate friend in the person of Frederick Overbeck, the famous German painter. His remarks will be of interest to many.

November 16. "To-morrow is the requiem for Frederick Overbeck. . . . He was a man of genius in the same sense as the Cinquecento poets who preferred Latin to their native language. Overbeck considered that painting should be produced like poetry, — that is, without any direct reference to nature; in other words, that the painter should be so thoroughly familiar with nature as to render every form and aspect readily without models. In this he always

seemed to me to forget that painting is addressed to the sight, and therefore that direct imitation (or imitative interpretation) is essential to it. Otherwise it may be unintelligible in its language. In this way Overbeck excelled in his simple outlines and simplest drawings, but always seemed to me to fail when painting them on the canvas, where they seemed to me merely like bad copies without the charm of fine painting in rendering the freshness of nature. Petrarch wrote his epic poem in Latin, and we know nothing of it; but his Italian poems are the warrant of his immortality, written spontaneously as they were. If Shakespeare or Milton had written their works in Latin, we would know nothing of them, either. Even Dante would have perished in Latin. Overbeck strove to design wholly in the manner of early art, and so, instead of being the child of nature, he became the grandchild. Yet he had a fine imagination and noble taste in composition, and but for this false bias might have been a fine painter. Personally he was a man of fine character and mind, and a true friend."

July 18, 1870. "I believe that marvelous things are about to happen for Italy, whichever way the Fates decide. France has just declared war against Prussia. What will be the end of it? Here, as elsewhere, it is thought that France will not only gain the Rhine as a frontier, and perhaps more, but will do her utmost to crush Prussia. No doubt the war was bound to come. France could no more endure to see the growing dominance of Prussia than the Southern States of America could bear the overwhelming trend to supremacy of the Northern States. Will England intervene? If so, it will be in favor of Prussia; and yet Mr. Gladstone would never consent to this, nor, perhaps, the new political power in Great Britain. Will Italy throw in her lot with one or the other? It seems to me she will fall between

two stools if she does. If France wins, she may buy Italy's future help; if she loses, then Italy must make a bold stroke for freedom before Prussia can inherit France's tutelage. I mistrust the Prussian minister, Bismarck. I hear him spoken of as no match for Louis Napoleon, but it seems to me that Napoleon is as a puppet compared to him. There is something more than a Franco-Prussian war in this man Bismarck's brain. The French here speak of him as a brutally successful savage; but from all I hear he is a man of profound insight and infinite patience. It may be that this war is a duel between Napoleon and Bismarck, with the domination of Europe as prize."

July 20. "The war was declared most ostentatiously and arrogantly on the 16th. On the same day the incredible and incredibly foolish dogma of infallibility was proclaimed. The world is going mad, and all the dreams of civilization are coming to an end. . . . Will the Prussians beat the French? I think they will, though that is not the general view. I also believe that the war will be of comparatively short duration, and be, I fear, one of the most frightful and destructive in history. . . . Napoleon seems false in saying that all the courts of Europe approve his monstrous war, when it is evident not one approves it or the manner of it. Perhaps England may yet bring Europe through this awful peril. I remember the remarkable words of Cardinal Antonelli: 'The British principle of justice will always exist, whatever party be in power; indeed, England is always governing Europe by the sole force of her moral power.'"

On the 3d of August the French troops in Italy left for the north. Metz followed ere long. The drama drew to a close more rapidly than even Severn had anticipated. Pasquin's riddle in Rome, one morning, gave the disastrous result to the Napoleonic dynasty in a few words: "What will this war cost

France?" "Why, two 'Napoleons'!" In rapid succession came the declaration of the French republic, the barricading of Rome, and the wild excitement of expectation. The Pope refused to disband his mercenaries, almost his last act of mistaken sovereignty. On the 18th of September Rome was attacked. On the 16th Severn wrote:—

"All mediation is at an end. Rome will now probably be surrounded and attacked at various points at the same moment. The Pope seems blind to the possibility that he may lose the Leonine City as well as larger Rome and his sovereignty. He and his counselors believe that one or other of the powers will intervene at the last moment, — a mad hope. They hope much from England, even, but I know that Mr. Gladstone is as opposed to the fatal decree of infallibility as any one could be, and that this and the papal blindness to facts put all intervention out of the question, even if it were now practicable, which it is not. The impression of the populace is in every way favorable to the invasion, and they will rejoice in the change if for nothing else than the much-needed revival of trade and commerce. But still there are thousands of the more ignorant sort who believe that God himself will interfere at this sacrilegious assault upon his vicar, and that in some way the Pope's position will be saved and his enemies be confounded. The priests encourage this, though they add the wise rider that God may possibly wait and punish the 'royal robbers and assassins' in some other way, perhaps by another visitation of the cholera. The poor people believe and tremble.¹ Yet, as the Italian army is said to be at least sixty thousand strong, and the Pope has but twelve thousand at most, I fear that might will carry the day. Still, the Zou-

aves will fight. The Popolo gate is being strongly fortified, though no doubt the king's artillery will smash it in five minutes. . . . I hear that the attack will be at eleven A. M. I am selfishly glad that my home is in such a position that it is unlikely to suffer damage from the cannon-balls. There is a rumor that the Pope will leave the city at the first firing of the guns, but I doubt if he will now be allowed to depart; and in any case he could be captured at once. Besides, his strength now is to sit still and be 'usurped.' He can do this with dignity and pose as a martyr, whereas if he left Rome he would simply be a dethroned refugee. The wisest of his advisers now urge sole reliance upon his spiritual authority. I hear that some of the cardinals want his Holiness to go forth in full pontificals, and, all alone, confront the army of the king, and, under ban of excommunication, forbid any to enter Rome. But the day for such a threat has gone by, and even a decree of infallibility cannot make the papal condemnation an effective curse. What folly to run the risk of bartering his unique and splendid spiritual headship of Christendom for the preservation of his trumpery temporal dominion, especially as he is so unfitted for the exercise of the temporal rights!"

Twelve o'clock. "An awful pause. The streets almost empty, and scarce a sound. There is anticipation of an attack at every moment. It is as though Rome were one throbbing nerve, and strained to the uttermost."

September 18. "Eight o'clock. I hear the first and second cannons, so now the attack has begun. God grant there be not much slaughter! . . . It is expected that an attack will be made at all the gates at once. If brought to bay, the Zouaves will fight with desper-

¹ I was told in Rome, last winter, by an old lady who lived just at the meeting of the four streets at the summit of the Via delle Quattro Fontane, that, on the entry of the Italian troops,

ation. The populace has gone to extremes, and now hopes mad things from the king's almost certain victory. But they do not foresee the doubling of the taxes, the advance in the price of all necessaries, and even the immediate loss involved; for now the vintage will be spoiled, and no end of misery in the coming winter caused. This is a strange Sunday. It must be a day of terrible import for the poor old Pope. All Europe looks on; and here the guns fire like distant thunder, and we eat and move about as though the destinies of Christianity were not at this moment, perhaps, being vitally affected forever."

September 19. "Yesterday 't was but a spurt. Perhaps the king hoped the Pope would give in at the first word of the cannon. But now there is a double fear of slaughter. This evening, in the Piazza Colonna, every Roman seemed to have a spy or soldier at his elbow; and now a massacre is feared, if the siege does not take place!"

September 20. "The siege began at dawn, at five o'clock. The cannonade may be heard all round the city. 'T is difficult to guess how long Rome will hold out. Twenty years back it held out a month, but 't was ably defended by Garibaldi. The walls are strong and the Zouaves indomitable. I have just seen the first ambulance go by with wounded soldiers."

September 21. "In four hours Rome fell — and rose, the capital of Italy. Before twelve the Italian troops entered through a breach in the wall at the Porta Pia, where the two statues were demolished and the Villa Paulina burnt. The Romans received their countrymen

with utmost enthusiasm. The thirty thousand troops entered well and in great order. The standard of the king of Italy was soon raised on the tower of the Capitol. Thereafter, ten thousand Zouaves were disarmed and made prisoners."

September 22. "The unbounded joy of the Romans has to be seen to be believed. The whole city is illuminated, and the crowds in the Corso are exulting with banners, torches, and music. It is like a glorious carnival. May no new horror fall upon this suffering people! I am aghast and bewildered at the great number of exiles now returning, nobles and commoners. Verily the Pope has destroyed himself, and may now set up again as the vicar of Anti-christ. . . . So the papal dominion is down forever, at last; and now Rome is part and capital of the great kingdom of Italy! . . . The essential things will improve, — the essential in a commercial sense. No more temples, alas, like S. Paolo fuori del Muro, and yet perhaps more awful things."

September 30. "I have known Rome for fifty years. I have seen five Popes. And now in my old age the Rome I have known is passing away like a dream. Shall I live to see Italy great and powerful, or is the doom that has so long haunted this sovereign but dispossessed land not yet removed? Shall Rome again be the shuttlecock of wild ambitions, of contending powers? Is the Pope survivor of the papacy, or is he to be a greater and more potent monarch in the history of the world than ever before? I believe in Italy. And I believe in God."

William Sharp.

DON ORSINO.¹

X.

ORSINO went directly to San Giacinto's house, and found him in the room which he used for working, and in which he received the many persons whom he was often obliged to see on business. The giant was alone, and was seated behind a broad polished table, occupied in writing. Orsino was struck by the extremely orderly arrangement of everything he saw. Papers were tied together in bundles of exactly like shape, which lay in two lines of mathematical precision. The big inkstand was just in the middle of the rows, and a paper-cutter, a pen-rack, and an erasing-knife lay side by side in front of it. The walls were lined with low bookcases of a heavy and severe type, filled principally with documents neatly filed in volumes, and marked on the back in San Giacinto's clear handwriting. The only object of beauty in the room was a full-length portrait of Flavia, by a great artist, which hung above the fireplace. The rigid symmetry of everything was made imposing by the size of the objects: the table was larger than ordinary tables; the easy-chairs were deeper, broader, and lower than common; the inkstand was bigger; even the pen-holder in San Giacinto's fingers was longer and thicker than any Orsino had ever seen. And yet the latter felt that there was no affectation about all this. The man to whom these things belonged, and who used them daily, was himself created on a scale larger than other men.

Though he was older than Sant' Ilario, and was, in fact, not far from sixty years of age, San Giacinto might easily have passed for less than fifty. There was hardly a gray thread in his

short, thick black hair, and he was still as lean and strong, and almost as active, as he had been thirty years earlier. The large features were perhaps a little more bony and the eyes somewhat deeper than they had been, but these changes lent an air of dignity rather than of age to the face.

He rose to meet Orsino, and then made him sit down beside the table. The young man suddenly felt an unaccountable sense of inferiority, and hesitated as to how he should begin.

"I suppose you want to consult me about something?" said San Giacinto quietly.

"Yes. I want to ask your advice, if you will give it to me, about a matter of business."

"Willingly. What is it?"

Orsino was silent for a moment and stared at the wall. He was conscious that the very small sum of which he could dispose must seem even smaller in the eyes of such a man, but this did not disturb him. He was oppressed by San Giacinto's personality, and prepared himself to speak as though he had been a student undergoing oral examination. He stated his case plainly, when he at last spoke. He was of age, and he looked forward with dread to an idle life. All careers were closed to him. He had fifteen thousand francs in his pocket. Could San Giacinto help him to occupy himself by investing the sum in a building speculation? Was the sum sufficient as a beginning? Those were the questions.

San Giacinto did not laugh, as Sant' Ilario had done. He listened very attentively to the end, and then deliberately offered Orsino a cigar and lit one himself, before he delivered his answer.

"You are asking the same question which is put to me very often," he said

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at last. "I wish I could give you any encouragement. I cannot."

Orsino's face fell, for the reply was categorical. He drew back a little in his chair, but said nothing.

"That is my answer," continued San Giacinto thoughtfully; "but when one says 'no' to another the subject is not necessarily exhausted. On the contrary, in such a case as this I cannot let you go without giving you my reasons. I do not care to give my views to the public, but, such as they are, you are welcome to them. The time is past. That is why I advise you to have nothing to do with any speculation of this kind. That is the best of all reasons."

"But you yourself are still engaged in this business," objected Orsino.

"Not so deeply as you fancy. I have sold almost everything which I do not consider a certainty, and am selling what little I still have as fast as I can. In speculation there are only two important moments,—the moment to buy and the moment to sell. In my opinion this is the time to sell, and I do not think that the time for buying will come again without a crisis."

"But everything is in such a flourishing state"—

"No doubt it is, to-day. But no one can tell what state business will be in next week, nor even to-morrow."

"There is Del Ferice"—

"No doubt, and a score like him," answered San Giacinto, looking quietly at Orsino. "Del Ferice is a banker, and I am a speculator, as you wish to be. His position is different from ours. It is better to leave him out of the question. Let us look at the matter logically. You wish to speculate"—

"Excuse me," said Orsino, interrupting him. "I want to try what I can do in business."

"You wish to risk money, in one way or another. You therefore wish

one or more of three things,—money for its own sake, excitement, or occupation. I can hardly suppose that you want money. Eliminate that. Excitement is not a legitimate aim, and you can get it more safely in other ways. Therefore you want occupation."

"That is precisely what I said at the beginning," observed Orsino, with a shade of irritation.

"Yes. But I like to reach my conclusions in my own way. You are, then, a young man in search of an occupation. Speculation—and what you propose is nothing else—is no more an occupation than playing at the public lottery, and much less one than playing at baccarat. There at least you are responsible for your own mistakes, and in decent society you are safe from the machinations of dishonest people. That would matter less if the chances were in your favor, as they might have been a year ago, and as they were in mine from the beginning. They are against you now, because it is too late, and they are against me. I would as soon buy a piece of land on credit, at the present moment, as give the whole sum in cash to the first man I met in the street."

"Yet there is Montevarchi, who still buys"—

"Montevarchi is not worth the paper on which he signs his name," said San Giacinto calmly.

Orsino uttered an exclamation of surprise and incredulity.

"You may tell him so, if you please," answered the giant, with perfect indifference. "If you tell any one what I have said, please to tell him first,—that is all. He will not believe you. But in six months he will know it, I fancy, as well as I know it now. He might have doubled his fortune, but he was and is totally ignorant of business. He thought it enough to invest all he could lay hands on, and that the returns would be sure.

He has invested forty millions, and owns property which he believes to be worth sixty, but which will not bring ten in six months; and those remaining ten millions he owes on all manner of paper, on mortgages on his original property, in a dozen ways which he has forgotten himself."

"I do not see how that is possible!"

"I am a plain man, Orsino, and I am your cousin. You may take it for granted that I am right. Do not forget that I was brought up in a hand-to-hand struggle for fortune such as you cannot dream of. When I was your age I was a practical man of business, — I had taught myself; and it was all on such a small scale that a mistake of a hundred francs made the difference between profit and loss. I dislike details, but I have been a man of detail all my life, by force of circumstance. Successful business implies the comprehension of details. It is tedious work, and if you mean to try it you must begin at the beginning. You ought to do so. There is an enormous business before you, with considerable capabilities in it. If I were in your place, I would take what fell naturally to my lot."

"What is that?"

"Farming. They call it agriculture in parliament, because they do not know what farming means. The men who think that Italy can live without farmers are fools. We are not a manufacturing people any more than we are a business people. The best dictator for us would be a practical farmer, a ploughman like Cincinnatus. Nobody who has not tried to raise wheat on an Italian mountain side knows the great difficulties or the great possibilities of our country. Do you know that, bad as our farming is, and absurd as is our system of land taxation, we are food exporters, to a small extent? The beginning is there. Take my advice,— be a farmer. Manage one of the big estates you have amongst you for five or

six years. You will not do much good to the land in that time, but you will learn what land really means. Then go into parliament and tell people facts. That is an occupation and a career as well, which cannot be said of speculation in building lots, large or small. If you have any ready money, keep it in government bonds until you have a chance of buying something worth keeping."

Orsino went away disappointed and annoyed. San Giacinto's talk about farming seemed very dull to him. To bury himself for half a dozen years in the country in order to learn the rotation of crops and the principles of land draining did not present itself as an attractive career. If San Giacinto thought farming the great profession of the future, why did he not try it himself? Orsino dismissed the idea rather indignantly, and his determination to try his luck became stronger by the opposition it met. Moreover, he had expected very different language from San Giacinto, whose sober view jarred on Orsino's enthusiastic impulse.

But he now found himself in considerable difficulty. He was ignorant even of the first steps to be taken, and knew no one to whom he could apply for information. There was Prince Montevarechi, indeed, who, though he was San Giacinto's brother - in - law, seemed, by the latter's account, to have got into trouble. He did not understand how San Giacinto could allow his wife's brother to ruin himself without lending him a helping hand; but San Giacinto was not the kind of man of whom people ask indiscreet questions, and Orsino had heard that the two men were not on the best of terms. Possibly good advice had been offered and refused. Such affairs generally end in a breach of friendship. However that might be, Orsino would not go to Montevarechi.

He wandered aimlessly about the streets, and the money seemed to burn

in his pocket, though he had carefully deposited it in a place of safety at home. Again and again Del Ferice's story of the carpenter and his two companions recurred to his mind. He wondered how they had set about beginning, and he wished he could ask Del Ferice himself. He could not go to the man's house, but he might possibly meet him at Maria Consuelo's. He was surprised to find that he had almost forgotten her in his anxiety to become a man of business. It was too early to call yet, and in order to kill the time he went home, got a horse from the stables, and rode out into the country for a couple of hours.

At half past five o'clock he entered the familiar little sitting-room in the hotel. Madame d'Aranjuez was alone, cutting a new book with the jeweled knife which continued to be the only object of the kind visible in the room. She smiled as Orsino entered, and laid aside the volume as he sat down in his accustomed place.

"I thought you were not coming," she said.

"Why?"

"You always come at five. It is half past to-day."

Orsino looked at his watch.

"Do you notice whether I come or not?" he asked.

Maria Consuelo glanced at his face, and laughed.

"What have you been doing to-day?" she inquired. "That is much more interesting."

"Is it? I am afraid not. I have been listening to those disagreeable things which are called truths by the people who say them. I have listened to two lectures delivered by two very intelligent men for my especial benefit. It seems to me that as soon as I make a good resolution it becomes the duty of sensible people to demonstrate that I am a fool."

"You are not in a good humor. Tell me all about it."

"And weary you with my grievances? No. Is Del Ferice coming this afternoon?"

"How can I tell? He does not come often."

"I thought he came almost every day," said Orsino gloomily.

He was disappointed, but Maria Consuelo did not understand what was the matter. She leaned forward in her low seat, her chin resting upon one hand, and her tawny eyes fixed on Orsino's.

"Tell me, my friend, are you unhappy? Can I do anything? Will you tell me?"

It was not easy to resist the appeal. Though the two had grown intimate of late, there had hitherto always been something cold and reserved behind her outwardly friendly manner. To-day she seemed suddenly willing to be different. Her easy, graceful attitude, her soft voice full of promised sympathy, above all the look in her strange eyes, revealed a side of her character which Orsino had not suspected, and which affected him in a way he could not have described.

Without hesitation he told her his story from beginning to end, simply, without comment, and without any of the cutting phrases which came so readily to his tongue on most occasions. She listened very thoughtfully to the end.

"Those things are not misfortunes," she said; "but they may be the beginnings of unhappiness. To be unhappy is worse than any misfortune. What right has your father to laugh at you? Because he never needed to do anything for himself, he thinks it absurd that his son should dislike the lazy life that is prepared for him. It is not reasonable, it is not kind."

"Yet he means to be both, I suppose," said Orsino bitterly.

"Oh, of course! People always mean to be the soul of logic and the paragon of charity, especially where their own children are concerned."

Maria Consuelo added the last words with more feeling than seemed justified by her sympathy for Orsino's woes. The moment was perhaps favorable for asking a leading question about herself, and her answer might have thrown light on her problematic past. But Orsino was too busy with his own troubles to think of that, and the opportunity slipped by and was lost.

"You know now why I want to see Del Ferice," he said. "I cannot go to his house. My only chance of talking to him lies here."

"And that is what brings you? You are very flattering!"

"Do not be unjust. We all look forward to meeting our friends in heaven."

"Very pretty. I forgive you. But I am afraid that you will not meet Del Ferice. I do not think he has left the Chambers yet. There was to be a debate this afternoon in which he had to speak."

"Does he make speeches?"

"Very good ones. I have heard him."

"I have never been inside the Chambers," observed Orsino.

"You are not very patriotic. You might go there and ask for Del Ferice. You could see him without going to his house, without compromising your dignity."

"Why do you laugh?"

"Because it all seems to me so absurd. You know that you are perfectly free to go and see him when and where you will. There is nothing to prevent you. He is the one man of all others whose advice you need. He has an unexceptionable position in the world. No doubt he has done strange things, but so have dozens of people whom you know. His present reputation is excellent, I say. And yet, because some twenty years ago, when you were a child, he held one opinion and your father held another, you are interdicted from crossing his threshold! If

you can shake hands with him here, you can take his hand in his own house. Is not that true?"

"Theoretically, I dare say, but not in practice. You see it yourself. You have chosen one side from the first, and all the people on the other side know it. As a foreigner, you are not bound to either, and you can know everybody in time, if you please. Society is not so prejudiced as to object to that. But because you begin with the Del Ferice in a very uncompromising way, it would take a long time for you to know the Montevarchi, for instance."

"Who told you that I was a foreigner?" asked Maria Consuelo, rather abruptly.

"You yourself"—

"That is good authority!" She laughed. "I do not remember—ah! because I do not speak Italian? You mean that? One may forget one's own language, or, for that matter, one may never have learned it."

"Are you Italian, then, madame?" asked Orsino, surprised that she should lead the conversation so directly to a point which he had supposed must be reached by a series of tactful approaches.

"Who knows? I am sure I do not. My father was Italian. Does that constitute nationality?"

"Yes. But the woman takes the nationality of her husband, I believe," said Orsino, anxious to hear more.

"Ah, yes, —poor Aranjuez!" Maria Consuelo's voice suddenly took that sleepy tone which Orsino had heard more than once. Her eyelids drooped a little, and she lazily opened and shut her hand, and spread out the fingers and looked at them.

But Orsino was not satisfied to let the conversation drop at this point, and after a moment's pause he put a decisive question.

"And was Monsieur d'Aranjuez also Italian?" he asked.

"What does it matter?" she asked,

in the same indolent tone. "Yes, since you ask me, he was Italian, poor man."

Orsino was more and more puzzled. That the name did not exist in Italy he was almost convinced. He thought of the story of the Signor Aragno, who had fallen overboard in the South Seas, and then he was suddenly aware that he could not believe in anything of the sort. Maria Consuelo did not betray a shade of emotion, either, at the mention of her deceased husband. She seemed absorbed in the contemplation of her hands. Orsino had not been rebuked for his curiosity, and would have asked another question if he had known how to frame it. An awkward silence followed. Maria Consuelo raised her eyes slowly and looked thoughtfully into Orsino's face.

"I see," she said at last. "You are curious. I do not know whether you have any right to be, have you?"

"I wish I had!" exclaimed Orsino thoughtlessly.

Again she looked at him in silence for some moments.

"I have not known you long enough," she said. "And if I had known you longer, perhaps it would not be different. Are other people curious, too? Do they talk about me?"

"The people I know do. But they do not know you. They see your name in the papers as a beautiful Spanish princess. Yet everybody is aware that there is no Spanish nobleman of your name. Of course they are curious. They invent stories about you, which I deny. If I knew more, it would be easier."

"Why do you take the trouble to deny such things?"

She asked the question with a change of manner. Once more she leaned forward, and her face softened wonderfully as she looked at him.

"Can you not guess?" he returned.

He was conscious of a very unusual emotion, not at all in harmony with

the imaginary character he had chosen for himself, and which he generally maintained with considerable success.

Maria Consuelo was one person when she leaned back in her chair, laughing or idly listening to his talk, or repulsing the insignificant declarations of devotion which were not even meant to be taken altogether in earnest. She was pretty then, attractive, graceful, feminine, a little artificial, perhaps, and Orsino felt that he was free to like her or not, as he pleased, but that he pleased to like her for the present. She was quite another woman to-day, as she bent forward, her tawny eyes growing darker and more mysterious every moment, her auburn hair casting wonderful shadows upon her broad, pale forehead, her lips not closed, as usual, but slightly parted, her fragrant breath just stirring the quiet air Orsino breathed. Her features might be irregular. It did not matter. She was beautiful for the moment, with a kind of beauty Orsino had never before seen, and which produced a sudden and overwhelming effect upon him.

"Do you not know?" he asked again, and his voice trembled unexpectedly.

"Thank you," she said softly, and she touched his hand almost caressingly.

But when he would have taken her hand, she drew back instantly, and was once more the woman whom he saw every day, careless, indifferent, pretty.

"Why do you change so quickly?" he inquired, in a low voice, bending towards her. "Why do you snatch your hand away? Are you afraid of me?"

"Why should I be afraid? Are you dangerous?"

"You are. You may be fatal, for all I know."

"How foolish!" she exclaimed, with a quick glance.

"You are Madame d'Aranjuez now," he answered. "We had better change the subject."

"What do you mean?"

"A moment ago you were Consuelo," he said boldly.

"Have I given you any right to say that?"

"A little."

"I am sorry. I will be more careful. I am sure I cannot imagine why you should think of me at all, unless when you are talking to me, and then I do not wish to be called by my Christian name. I assure you, you are never anything in my thoughts but His Excellency Prince Orsino Saracinesca, with as many titles after that as may belong to you."

"I have none," said Orsino.

Her speech irritated him strongly, and the illusion which had been so powerful a few moments earlier all but disappeared.

"Then you advise me to go and find Del Ferice at Monte Citorio?" he observed.

"If you like." She laughed. "There is no mistaking your intention when you mean to change the subject," she added.

"You made it sufficiently clear that the other was disagreeable to you."

"I did not mean to do so."

"Then, in Heaven's name, what do you mean, madame?" he asked, suddenly losing his head in his extreme annoyance.

Maria Consuelo raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"Why are you so angry?" she asked. "Do you know that it is very rude to speak like that?"

"I cannot help it. What have I done to-day that you should torment me as you do?"

"I? I torment you? My dear friend, you are quite mad."

"I know I am. You make me so."

"Will you tell me how? What have I done? What have I said? You Romans are certainly the most extraordinary people. It is impossible to please you. If one laughs, you be-

come tragic. If one is serious, you grow gay. I wish I understood you better."

"You will end by making it impossible for me to understand myself," said Orsino. "You say that I am changeable. Then what are you?"

"Very much the same to-day as yesterday," said Maria Consuelo calmly; "and I do not suppose that I shall be very different to-morrow."

"At least I will take my chance of finding that you are mistaken," said Orsino, rising at once, and standing before her.

"Are you going?" she inquired, as though she were surprised.

"Since I cannot please you."

"Since you will not."

"I do not know how."

"Be yourself, — the same that you always are. You are affecting to be some one else to-day."

"I fancy it is the other way," answered Orsino, with more truth than he really owned to himself.

"Then I prefer the affectation to the reality."

"As you will, madame. Good-evening."

He crossed the room to go out. She called him back.

"Don Orsino!"

He turned sharply round.

"Madame?"

Seeing that he did not move, she rose and went to him.

He looked down into her face, and saw that it was changed again.

"Are you really angry?" she asked. There was something girlish in the way she asked the question, and for a moment in her whole manner.

Orsino could not help smiling. But he said nothing.

"No, you are not," she continued. "I can see it. Do you know, I am very glad. It was foolish of me to tease you. You will forgive me? This once?"

"If you will give me warning the

next time." He found that he was looking into her eyes.

"What is the use of warning?" she asked.

They were very close together, and there was a moment's silence. Suddenly Orsino forgot everything, and bent down, clasping her in his arms and kissing her again and again. It was brutal, rough, senseless, but he could not help it.

Maria Consuelo uttered a short, sharp cry, more of surprise, perhaps, than of horror. To Orsino's amazement and confusion, her voice was immediately answered by another, which was that of the dark and usually silent maid whom he had seen once or twice. The woman ran into the room, terrified by the cry she had heard.

"Madame felt faint in crossing the room, and was falling when I caught her," said Orsino, with a coolness that did him credit.

And in fact Maria Consuelo closed her eyes, as he let her sink into the nearest chair. The maid fell on her knees beside her mistress and began chafing her hands.

"The poor signora!" she exclaimed. "She should never be left alone! She has not been herself since the poor signore died. You had better leave us, sir. I will put her to bed when she revives. It often happens,—pray do not be anxious."

Orsino picked up his hat and left the room.

"Oh, it often happens, does it?" he said to himself, as he closed the door softly behind him and walked down the corridor of the hotel.

He was more amazed at his own boldness than he cared to own. He had not supposed that scenes of this description produced themselves so very unexpectedly, and, as it were, without any fixed intention on the part of the chief actor. He remembered that he had been very angry with Madame d'Aranjuez, that she had spoken half

a dozen words, and that he had felt an irresistible impulse to kiss her. He had done so, and he thought with considerable trepidation of their next meeting. She had screamed, which showed that she was outraged by his boldness. It was doubtful whether she would receive him again. The best thing to be done, he thought, was to write her a very humble letter of apology, explaining his conduct as best he could. This did not accord very well with his principles, but he had already transgressed them in being so excessively hasty. Her eyes had certainly been provoking in the extreme, and it had been impossible to resist the expression of her lips. But at all events he should have begun by kissing her hand, which she would certainly not have withdrawn again; then he might have put his arm round her and drawn her head to his shoulder. These were preliminaries in the matter of kissing which it was undoubtedly right to observe, and he had culpably neglected them. He had been abominably brutal, and he ought to apologize. Nevertheless, he would not have forfeited the recollection of that moment for all the other recollections of his life, and he knew it. As he walked along the street he felt a wild exhilaration such as he had never known before. He owned gladly to himself that he loved Maria Consuelo, and resolutely thrust away the idea that his boyish vanity was pleased by the snatching of a kiss.

Whatever the real nature of his delight might be, it was for the time so sincere that he even forgot to light a cigarette in order to think over the circumstances.

Walking rapidly up the Corso, he came to Piazza Colonna, and the glare of the electric light somehow recalled him to himself.

"Great speech of the Honorable Del Ferice!" yelled a newsboy in his ear. "Ministerial crisis! Horrible murder of a grocer!"

Orsino mechanically turned to the right, in the direction of the Chambers. Del Ferice had probably gone home, since his speech was already in print. But fate had ordained otherwise. Del Ferice had corrected his proofs on the spot, and had lingered to talk with his friends before going home. Not that it mattered much, for Orsino could have found him as well on the following day. His brougham was standing in front of the great entrance, and he himself was shaking hands with a tall man under the light of the lamps. Orsino went up to him.

"Could you spare me a quarter of an hour?" asked the young man, in a voice constrained by excitement. He felt that he was embarked at last upon his great enterprise.

Del Ferice looked up in some astonishment. He had reason to dread the quarrelsome disposition of the Saracinesca as a family, and he wondered what Orsino wanted.

"Certainly, certainly, Don Orsino," he answered, with a particularly bland smile. "Shall we drive, or at least sit in my carriage? I am a little fatigued with my exertions to-day."

The tall man bowed and strolled away, biting the end of an unlit cigar.

"It is a matter of business," said Orsino, before entering the carriage. "Can you help me to try my luck — in a very small way — in one of the building enterprises you manage?"

"Of course I can, and will," answered Del Ferice, more and more astonished. "After you, my dear Don Orsino, after you," he repeated, pushing the young man into the brougham. "Quiet streets — till I stop you," he said to the footman, as he himself got in.

XI.

Del Ferice was surprised beyond measure at Orsino's request, and was not guilty of any profoundly nefarious

intention when he so readily acceded to it. His own character made him choose as a rule to refuse nothing that was asked of him, though his promises were not always fulfilled afterwards. To express his own willingness to help those who asked was of course not the same as asserting his power to give assistance when the time should come. In the present case, he did not even make up his mind which of two courses he would ultimately pursue. Orsino came to him with a small sum of ready money in his hand. Del Ferice had it in his power to make him lose that sum, and a great deal more besides, thereby causing the boy endless trouble with his family; or else the banker could, if he pleased, help him to a very considerable success. His really superior talent for diplomacy inclined him to choose the latter plan, but he was far too cautious to make any hasty decision.

The brougham rolled on through quiet and ill-lighted streets, and Del Ferice leaned back in his corner, not listening at all to Orsino's talk, though he occasionally uttered a polite though entirely unintelligible syllable or two which might mean anything agreeable to his companion's views. The situation was easy enough to understand, and he had grasped it in a moment. What Orsino might say was of no importance whatever, but the consequences of any action on Del Ferice's part might be serious and lasting.

Orsino stated his many reasons for wishing to engage in business, as he had stated them more than once already during the day and during the past weeks, and when he had finished he repeated his first question.

"Can you help me to try my luck?" he asked.

Del Ferice awoke from his reverie with characteristic readiness, and realized that he must say something. His voice had never been strong, and he leaned out of his corner of the carriage in order to speak near Orsino's ear.

"I am delighted with all you say," he began, "and I scarcely need repeat that my services are altogether at your disposal. The only question is, how are we to begin? The sum you mention is certainly not large, but that does not matter. You would have little difficulty in raising as many hundreds of thousands as you have thousands, if money were necessary. But in business of this kind the only ready money needed is for stamp duty and for the wages of workmen; and the banks advance what is necessary for the latter purpose, in small sums on notes of hand guaranteed by a general mortgage. When you have paid the stamp duties, you may go to the club and lose the balance of your capital at baccarat, if you please. The loss in that direction will not affect your credit as a contractor. All that is very simple. You wish to succeed, however, not at cards, but at business. That is the difficulty." Del Ferice paused.

"That is not very clear to me," observed Orsino.

"No, no," answered Del Ferice thoughtfully. "No, I dare say it is not so very clear. I wish I could make it clearer. Speculation means gambling only when the speculator is a gambler. Of course there are successful gamblers in the world, but there are not many of them. I read somewhere, the other day, that business was the art of handling other people's money. The remark is not particularly true. Business is the art of creating a value where none has yet existed. That is what you wish to do. I do not think that a Saracinesca would take pleasure in turning over money not belonging to him."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Orsino. "That is usury."

"Not exactly, but it is banking; and banking, it is quite true, is usury within legal bounds. There is no question of that here. The operation is simple in the extreme. I sell you a

piece of land on the understanding that you will build upon it, and instead of payment you give me a mortgage. I lend you money from month to month in small sums at a small interest, to pay for material and labor. You are responsible only upon one point,—the money is to be used for the purpose stated. When the building is finished you sell it. If you sell it for cash, you pay off the mortgage, and receive the difference. If you sell it with the mortgage, the buyer becomes the mortgagor and pays you the difference only, which remains yours, out and out. That is the whole process from beginning to end."

"How wonderfully simple!"

"It is almost primitive in its simplicity," answered Del Ferice gravely. "But in every case two difficulties present themselves, and I am bound to tell you that they are serious ones."

"What are they?"

"You must know how to buy in the right part of the city, and you must have a competent assistant. The two conditions are indispensable."

"What sort of an assistant?" asked Orsino.

"A practical man. If possible, an architect, who will then have a share of the profits instead of being paid for his work."

"Is it very hard to find such a person?"

"It is not easy."

"Do you think you could help me?"

"I do not know. I am assuming a great responsibility in doing so. You do not seem to realize that, Don Orsino."

Del Ferice laughed a little in his quiet way, but Orsino was silent. It was the first time that the banker had reminded him of the vast difference in their social and political positions.

"I do not think it would be very wise of me to help you into such a business as this," said Del Ferice cautiously. "I speak quite selfishly and for my

own sake. Success is never certain, and it would be a great injury to me if you failed." He was beginning to make up his mind.

"Why?" asked Orsino. His own instincts of generosity were aroused. He would certainly not do Del Ferice an injury if he could help it, nor allow him to incur the risk of one.

"If you fail," answered the other, "all Rome will say that I have intentionally brought about your failure. You know how people talk. Thousands will become millions, and I shall be accused of having plotted the destruction of your family, because your father once wounded me in a duel, nearly five-and-twenty years ago."

"How absurd!"

"No, no; it is not absurd. I am afraid I have the reputation of being vindictive. Well, well, it is in bad taste to talk of one's self. I am good at hating, perhaps, but I have always felt that I preferred peace to war, and now I am growing old. I am not what I once was, Don Orsino, and I do not like quarreling. But I would not allow people to say impertinent things about me; and if you failed and lost money, I should be abused by your friends, and perhaps censured by my own. Do you see? Yes, I am selfish. I admit it. You must forgive that weakness in me. I like peace."

"It is very natural," said Orsino, "and I have no right to put you in danger of the slightest inconvenience. But, after all, why need I appear before the public?"

Del Ferice smiled in the dark.

"True," he answered. "You could establish an anonymous firm, so to say, and the documents would be a secret between you and me and the notary. Of course there are many ways of managing such an affair quietly."

He did not add that the secret could be kept only so long as Orsino was successful. It seemed a pity to damp so much good enthusiasm.

"We will do that, then, if you will show me how. My ambition is not to see my name on a doorplate, but to be really occupied."

"I understand, I understand," said Del Ferice thoughtfully. "I must ask you to give me until to-morrow to consider the matter. It needs a little thought."

"Where can I find you, to hear your decision?"

Del Ferice was silent for a moment.

"I think I once met you late in the afternoon at Madame d'Aranjuez's. We might manage to meet there to-morrow and come away together. Shall we name an hour? Would it suit you?"

"Perfectly," answered Orsino, with alacrity.

The idea of meeting Maria Consuelo alone was very disturbing, in his present state of mind. He felt that he had lost his balance in his relations with her, and that in order to regain it he must see her in the presence of a third person, if only for a quarter of an hour. It would be easier, then, to resume the former intercourse and to say whatever he should determine upon saying. If she were offended, she would at least not show it in any marked way before Del Ferice. Orsino's existence, he thought, was becoming complicated for the first time; and though he enjoyed the vague sensation of impending difficulty, he wanted as many opportunities as possible for reviewing the situation and for meditating upon each new move.

He got out of Del Ferice's carriage at no great distance from his own home, and after a few words of most sincere thanks walked slowly away. He found it very hard to arrange his thoughts in any consecutive order, though he tried several methods of self-analysis, and repeated to himself that he had experienced a great happiness, and was probably on the threshold of a great success. These two reflections did not help him much. The happiness had been of the

explosive kind, and the success in the business matter was more than problematic, as well as certainly distant in the future.

He was very restless, and craved the immediate excitement of further emotions, so that he would certainly have gone to the club that night, had not the fear of losing his small and precious capital deterred him. He thought of all that was coming, and he determined to be careful, even sordid if necessary, rather than lose his chance of making the great attempt. Besides, he would cut a poor figure on the morrow, if he were obliged to admit to Del Ferice that he had lost his fifteen thousand francs and was momentarily penniless. Accordingly, he shut himself up in his own room at an early hour, and smoked in solitude until he was sleepy, reviewing the various events of the day, or trying to do so, though his mind reverted constantly to the one chief event of all,—to the unaccountable outburst of passion by which he had perhaps offended Maria Consuelo beyond forgiveness. With all his affectation of cynicism he had not learned that sin is easy only because it meets with such very general encouragement. Even if he had been aware of that undeniable fact, the knowledge might not have helped him materially.

The hours passed very slowly during the next day, and even when the appointed time had come Orsino allowed another quarter of an hour to go by before he entered the hotel and ascended to the little sitting-room in which Maria Consuelo received. He meant to be sure that Del Ferice was there before entering, but he was too proud to watch for the latter's coming, or to inquire of the porter whether Maria Consuelo were alone or not. It seemed simpler in every way to appear a little late.

But Del Ferice was a busy man and not always punctual, so that, to Orsino's considerable confusion, he found Maria

Consuelo alone, in spite of his precaution. He was so much surprised as to become awkward, for the first time in his life, and he felt the blood rising in his face, dark as he was.

"Will you forgive me?" he asked, almost timidly, as he held out his hand.

Maria Consuelo's tawny eyes looked curiously at him. Then she smiled suddenly.

"My dear child," she replied, "you should not do such things. It is very foolish, you know."

The answer was so unexpected and so exceedingly humiliating, as Orsino thought at first, that he grew pale and drew back a little. But Maria Consuelo took no notice of his behavior, and settled herself in her accustomed chair.

"Did you find Del Ferice last night?" she asked, changing the subject without the least hesitation.

"Yes," answered Orsino.

Almost before the word was spoken there was a knock at the door and Del Ferice appeared. Orsino's face cleared as though something pleasant had happened, and Maria Consuelo observed the fact. She concluded, naturally enough, that the two men had agreed to meet in her sitting-room, and she resented the punctuality which she supposed they had displayed in coming almost together, especially after what had happened on the preceding day. She noted the cordiality with which they greeted each other, and she felt sure that she was right. On the other hand, she could not afford to show the least coldness to Del Ferice, lest he should suppose that she was annoyed at being disturbed in her conversation with Orsino. The situation was irritating to her, but she made the best of it, and began to talk to Del Ferice about the speech he had made on the previous evening. He had spoken well, and she found it easy to be just and flattering at the same time.

"It must be an immense satisfac-

tion to speak as you do," observed Orsino, wishing to say something at least agreeable.

Del Ferice acknowledged the compliment by a deprecatory gesture.

"To speak as some of my colleagues can,—yes, it must be a great satisfaction. But Madame d'Aranjuez exaggerates. And, besides, I make speeches only when I am called upon to do so. Speeches are wasted in nine cases out of ten, too. They are, if I may say so, the music at the political ball. Sometimes the guests will dance, and sometimes they will not, but the musicians must try and suit the taste of the great invited. The dancing itself is the thing."

"Deeds, not words," suggested Maria Consuelo, glancing at Orsino, who chanced to be looking at her.

"That is a good motto enough," he said gloomily.

"Deeds may need explanation *post facto*," remarked Del Ferice, unconsciously making such a direct allusion to recent events that Orsino looked sharply at him, and Maria Consuelo smiled.

"That is true," she said.

"And when you need any one to help you, it is necessary to explain your purpose beforehand," continued Del Ferice. "That is what happens so often in politics, and in other affairs of life as well. If a man takes money from me without my consent, he steals; but if I agree to his taking it, the transaction becomes a gift or a loan. A despotic government steals; a constitutional one borrows or receives free offerings. The fact that the despot pays interest on a part of what he steals raises him to the position of the magnanimous brigand who leaves his victims just enough money to carry them to the nearest town. Possibly it is after all a quibble of definitions, and the difference may not be so great as it seems at first sight. But then, all morality is but the shadow cast on one side or the other of a definition."

"Surely that is not your political creed!" said Maria Consuelo.

"Certainly not, madame, certainly not," answered Del Ferice, in gentle protest. "It is not a creed at all, but only a very poor explanation of the way in which most experienced people look upon the events of their day. The idea in which we believe is very different from the results it has brought about, and very much higher, and very much better. But the results are not all bad, either. Unfortunately the bad ones are on the surface, and the good ones, which are enduring, must be sought in places where the honest sunshine has not yet dispelled the early shadows."

Maria Consuelo smiled faintly, and the slight cast in her eye was more than usually apparent, as though her attention were wandering. Orsino said nothing, and wondered why Del Ferice continued to talk. The latter, indeed, was allowing himself to run on because neither of his hearers seemed inclined to make a remark which might serve to turn the conversation, and he began to suspect that something had occurred before his coming which had disturbed their equanimity.

He presently began to talk of people instead of ideas, for he had no intention of being thought a bore by Madame d'Aranjuez; and the man who is foolish enough to talk of anything but his neighbors, when he has more than one hearer, is in danger of being numbered with the tormentors.

Half an hour passed quickly enough after the common chord had been struck, and Del Ferice and Orsino exchanged glances of intelligence, meaning to go away together, as had been agreed. Del Ferice rose first, and Orsino took up his hat. To his surprise and consternation, Maria Consuelo made a quick and imperative sign to him to remain. Del Ferice's dull blue eyes saw most things that happened within the range of their vision, and

neither the gesture nor the look that accompanied it escaped him.

Orsino's position was extremely awkward. He had put Del Ferice to some inconvenience on the understanding that they were to go away together, and he did not wish to offend him by not keeping his engagement. On the other hand, it was next to impossible to disobey Maria Consuelo, and to explain his difficulty to Del Ferice was wholly out of the question. He almost wished that the latter might have seen and understood the signal. But Del Ferice made no sign, and took Maria Consuelo's offered hand in the act of leave-taking. Orsino grew desperate, and stood beside the two, holding his hat. Del Ferice turned to shake hands with him also.

"But perhaps you are going, too?" he said, with a distinct interrogation.

Orsino glanced at Maria Consuelo as though imploring her permission to take his leave, but her face was impenetrable, calm, and indifferent. Del Ferice understood perfectly what was taking place, but he found a moment while Orsino hesitated. If the latter had known how completely he was in Del Ferice's power throughout the little scene, he would have then and there thrown over his financial schemes in favor of Maria Consuelo. But Del Ferice's quiet, friendly manner did not suggest despotism, and he did not suffer Orsino's embarrassment to last more than five seconds.

"I have a little proposition to make," said the fat count, turning again to Maria Consuelo. "My wife and I are alone this evening. Will you not come and dine with us, madame? And you, Don Orsino, will you not come too? We shall just make a party of four, if you will both come."

"I shall be enchanted!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo, without hesitation.

"I shall be delighted!" answered Orsino, with an alacrity which surprised himself.

"At eight, then," said Del Ferice, shaking hands with him again, and in a moment he was gone.

Orsino was too much confused, and too much delighted at having escaped so easily from his difficulty, to realize the importance of the step he was taking in going to Del Ferice's house, or to ask himself why the latter had so opportunely extended the invitation. He sat down in his place with a sigh of relief.

"You have compromised yourself forever," said Maria Consuelo, with a scornful laugh. "You, the blackest of the Black, are to be numbered henceforth with the acquaintances of Count Del Ferice and Donna Tullia."

"What difference does it make? Besides, I could not have done otherwise."

"You might have refused the dinner."

"I could not possibly have done that. To accept was the only way out of a great difficulty."

"What difficulty?" asked Maria Consuelo relentlessly.

Orsino was silent, wondering how he could explain, as explain he must, without offending her.

"You should not do such things," she said suddenly. "I shall not always forgive you."

A gleam of light, which indeed promised little forgiveness, flashed in her eyes.

"What things?" asked Orsino.

"Do not pretend that you think me so simple," she remarked, in a tone of irritation. "You and Del Ferice come here almost at the same moment. When he goes, you show the utmost anxiety to go, too. Of course you have agreed to meet here. It is evident. You might have chosen the steps of the hotel for your place of meeting instead of my sitting-room."

The color rose slowly in her cheeks. She was handsome when she was angry.

"If I had imagined that you could be displeased"—

"Is it so surprising? Have you forgotten what happened yesterday? You should be on your knees asking my forgiveness for that; and instead you make a convenience of your visit to-day in order to meet a man of business. You have very strange ideas of what is due to a woman."

"Del Ferice suggested it," said Orsino, "and I accepted the suggestion."

"What is Del Ferice to me, that I should be made the victim of his suggestions, as you call them? Besides, he does not know anything of your folly of yesterday, and he has no right to suspect it."

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am."

"And yet you ought to tell me, if you expect that I shall forget all this. You cannot? Then be so good as to do the only other sensible thing in your power, and leave me as soon as possible."

"Forgive me, this once!" Orsino entreated in great distress, but not finding any words to express his sense of humiliation.

"You are not eloquent," she said scornfully. "You had better go. Do not come to the dinner this evening, either. I would rather not see you. You can easily make an excuse."

Orsino recovered himself suddenly.

"I will not go away now, and I will not give up the dinner to-night," he said quietly.

"I cannot make you do either, but I can leave you," returned Maria Consuelo, with a movement as though she were about to rise from her chair.

"You will not do that."

She raised her eyebrows in real or affected surprise at his persistence.

"You seem very sure of yourself," she said. "Do not be so sure of me."

"I am sure that I love you. Nothing else matters." He leaned forward and took her hand so quickly that she had not time to prevent him. She tried to draw it away, but he held it fast.

"Let me go!" she cried. "I will call, if you do not!"

"Call all Rome, if you will, to see me ask your forgiveness. Consuelo, do not be so hard and cruel. If you only knew how I love you, you would be sorry for me; you would see how I hate myself, how I despise myself for all this"—

"You might show a little more feeling," she said, making a final effort to disengage her hand, and then relinquishing the struggle.

Orsino wondered whether he were really in love with her or not. Somehow, the words he sought did not rise to his lips, and he was conscious that his speech was not of the same temperature, so to say, as his actions. There was something in Maria Consuelo's manner which disturbed him disagreeably, like a cold draught blowing unexpectedly through a warm room. Still he held her hand and endeavored to rise to the occasion.

"Consuelo!" he cried, in a beseeching tone. "Do not send me away; see how I am suffering; it is so easy for you to say that you forgive!"

She looked at him a moment, and her eyelids drooped.

"Will you let me go, if I forgive you?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I forgive you, then. Well? Do you still hold my hand?"

"Yes."

Orsino leaned forward and tried to draw her toward him, looking into her eyes. She yielded a little, and their faces came a little nearer to each other, and still a little nearer. All at once a deep blush rose in her cheeks; she turned her head away and drew back quickly.

"Not for all the world!" she cried, in a tone that was new to Orsino's ear.

He tried to take her hand again, but she would not give it.

"No, no! Go,—you are not to be trusted!" she cried, avoiding him.

"Why are you so unkind?" he asked, almost passionately.

"I have been kind enough for this day," she answered. "Pray go—do not stay any longer—I may regret it."

"My staying?"

"No, my kindness. And do not come again for the present. I would rather see you at Del Ferice's than here."

Orsino was quite unable to understand her behavior, and an older and more experienced man might have been almost as much puzzled as he. A long silence followed, during which he sat quite still, and she looked steadily at the cover of a book which lay on the table.

"Please go," she said at last, in a voice which was not unkind.

Orsino rose from his seat and prepared to obey her, reluctantly enough, and feeling that he was out of tune with himself and with everything.

"Will you not even tell me why you send me away?" he asked.

"Because I wish to be alone," she answered. "Good-by."

She did not look up as he left the room, and when he was gone she did not move from her place, but sat as she had sat before, staring at the yellow cover of the novel on the table.

Orsino went home in a very unsettled frame of mind, and was surprised to find that the lighted streets looked less bright and cheerful than on the previous evening, and his own immediate prospects far less pleasing. He was angry with himself for having been so foolish as to make his visit to Maria Consuelo a mere appointment with Del Ferice, and he was surprised beyond measure to find himself all at once engaged in a social acquaintance with the latter, when he had meant only to enter into relations of business with him. Yet it did not occur to him that Del Ferice had in any way entrapped him into accepting the invitation. Del

Ferice had saved him from a very awkward situation. Why? Because Del Ferice had seen the gesture Maria Consuelo had made, and had understood it, and wished to give Orsino another opportunity of discussing his project. But if Del Ferice had seen the quick sign, he had probably interpreted it in a way compromising to Madame d'Aranjuez. This was serious, although it was assuredly not Orsino's fault if she compromised herself. She might have let him go without question, and since an explanation of some sort was necessary she might have waited until the next day to demand it of him. He represented what she had done, and yet within the last quarter of an hour he had been making a declaration of love to her. He was further conscious that the said declaration had been wholly lacking in spirit, in passion, and even in eloquence. He probably did not love her, after all, and, with an attempt at his favorite indifference, he tried to laugh at himself.

But the effort was not successful, and he felt something approaching to pain as he realized that there was nothing to laugh at. He remembered her eyes and her face and the tones of her voice, and he imagined that if he could turn back now and see her again he could say in one breath such things as would move a statue to kisses. The very phrases rose to his lips, and he repeated them to himself as he walked along.

Most unaccountable of all had been Maria Consuelo's own behavior. Her chief preoccupation seemed to have been to get rid of him as soon as possible. She had been very seriously offended with him to-day, — much more deeply, indeed, than yesterday, though the cause appeared, to his inexperience, to be a far less adequate one. It was evident, he thought, that she had not really pardoned his want of tact, but had yielded to the necessity of giving a reluctant forgiveness, merely because

she did not wish to break off her acquaintance with him. On the other hand, she had allowed him to say again and again that he loved her, and she had not forbidden him to call her by her name.

Orsino had always heard that it was hard to understand women, and he began to believe it. There was one hypothesis which he had not considered: it was faintly possible that Maria Consuelo loved him already, though he was slow to believe that, his vanity lying in another direction. But even if she did, matters were not clearer. The supposition could not account for her sending him away so abruptly and with such evident intention. If she loved him, she would naturally, he supposed, wish him to stay as long as possible. She had only wished to keep him long enough to tell him how angry

she was. He resented that again, for he was in the humor to resent most things.

It was all extremely complicated, and Orsino began to think that he might find the complication less interesting than he had expected a few hours earlier. He had little time for reflection, either, since he was to meet both Maria Consuelo and Del Ferice at dinner. He felt as though the coming evening were in a measure to decide his future existence, and it was indeed destined to exercise a great influence upon his life, as any person not disturbed by the anxieties which beset him might easily have foreseen.

Before leaving the house he made an excuse to his mother, saying that he had unexpectedly been asked to dine with friends, and at the appointed hour he rang at Del Ferice's door.

F. Marion Crawford.

HOME SCENES AT THE FALL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

As the Hebrew felt when the Roman eagles soared above the holy mount; as the Saxon felt when the rout from Hastings roared through hamlet and town; as the Greek felt when the Moslem hordes broke like the waves of the sea over the walls of Constantinople; so, with all the added capacities for suffering which modern life has brought, felt the Southerner when the conviction was forced upon him that Lee's army was no more.

North Carolina went into the war for secession reluctantly. Her attachment to the Union was strong. Her public men were dispassionate and conservative. To the last they believed a reconciliation possible, and, backed by the people, labored earnestly to bring it about. Not till the time came when she must stand either with her Southern sisters or against them did she draw the sword

and cast away the scabbard. But, the war once begun, she gave to the Confederate cause not only her strong right arm, but her heart also; and to the bitter end the great body of her people neither wavered nor doubted. Death entered every door, and into many doors death and want came hand in hand. Yet the greater their sacrifices, the stronger their love for the Confederacy and their faith in it.

Towards the close of 1864 we who remained at home began dimly to realize that the flower of the Confederate army was no more, and that Lee was hard bestead. But so had Washington been hard bestead, we averred, till his great genius plucked victory from defeat, and Lee was Washington's peer. We might have much to endure, much to suffer, but all would yet be well. To us Lee had long been the embodiment

of the Southern cause. Beauregard's, even Davis's star had dimmed, but Lee's had grown brighter as the night of war grew darker. Our hopes and affections had centred in him as never before had the hopes and affections of a whole people centred in one man. Even Washington had rivals in the hearts of his countrymen; Lee had none. What Washington is to posterity Lee was to his contemporaries. He belonged to that small band of historic characters who have been idealized while still in the flesh.

The days passed, while Sherman and Grant drew closer and closer together. Richmond fell. Our faith was strong enough to bear even that. What was the fall of a city, even our capital city, so long as Lee and Lee's army were left us? So had Philadelphia fallen, New York, Savannah, Charleston, and every other colonial city regarded by the British worth taking, while none the less did fate await the victorious enemy at Yorktown.

Richmond evacuated, the trains on the railroad near us stopped running, the bridges were burnt, and the telegraph wire was cut. The Confederate stores at an adjacent hospital were packed, teams and negro drivers in the neighborhood impressed into service, and a hurried departure was taken for Greensborough. The local warehouses in which were collected the Confederate tithes were looted by the few who had the heart for such business. The tidings came that Lee was making for the impregnable fastnesses of the western mountains, whither Johnston was hastening to join him. At first, on the still April air the faint sound of guns to the south was echoed by the fainter sound of guns to the north. Suddenly the latter ceased. "Lee has shaken off his foes and escaped," we fondly said. The firing to the south drew nearer, swung round to the west, and grew silent. "Johnston has checked his pursuers and is off to the mountain rendezvous," prompted hope. Then for

a long time, a time too intense to be measured by the common metewand of hours and days, there was an utter blank. The outside world could not have been more non-existent to shipwrecked mariners on the loneliest island in untraveled seas. A suspense, to which the direst reality was as nothing, lengthened the hours into years, the days into ages.

One evening, about dusk,—it must have been the 15th of April, 1865,—while the supper of corn bread, sorghum, and rye coffee was being placed on the table, a small squad of men came in sight at the farther end of the lane through which the public road ran past our home. There was just light enough for us to see that they wore the Confederate gray, but bore no arms. A strange sight that,—Confederate troops without arms! Who could they be? Not deserters, for deserters usually brought their guns. Besides, even at that time deserters dared not travel the public road by daylight.

A gray coat was then, as the memory of one is yet, a passport to the Southern heart. The consciousness of having given anything to a Confederate soldier was to us the highest pay. The supper was left untouched till our unwelcome but not unwelcome guests should arrive. In a body, flanked on both sides by the negro servants, the family flocked to the front gate to greet and bring them in. The men in gray plodded wearily, dejectedly, forward. The step and bearing of the Confederate veteran were wanting. Of the half dozen or more unkempt men, one was barefooted, another hatless, while the garb of all was in sad plight. Mud covered them from head to heel, and they had evidently been on a long tramp. We bowed and greeted them warmly, as was our wont in such cases. The soldiers saluted.

"To what command do you belong, gentlemen?" inquired my mother.

"We are Lee's men, madam," they said.

"Lee's men!" she repeated in sur-

prise. "In days like these Lee's men ought to be with Lee's army."

"He has n't any army, madam," was the solemn and sententious reply. "*Lee has surrendered.*"

"That can't be! No, that can't be! General Lee would never surrender!" we said with one accord.

"Gentlemen," my mother continued, "I am sorry to have to doubt your word or to look upon you as deserters; but you ask us to believe the impossible."

"Ah, madam, it was hard for us to believe our own eyes when the white flag went up. Our paroles will prove us to be no deserters, but true Southern soldiers, who followed Lee to the last," said the speaker, drawing a paper from his pocket and handing it to her. Further words of explanation followed, till at last, clutching at every straw, we descended into the abyss of despair. Our tears, scarce dried at the death of a father, now flowed afresh at the death of a country; for in those days of care and anxiety there were no children. Truly has it been said that great sorrows mature the heart of the young as frost matures the grain.

Of course the wayfarers were ushered in and seated at the waiting table, old and young vying with one another as waiters. Meanwhile, all such dishes as could be speedily prepared, and that our depleted larder admitted of, were added to the homely bill of fare. Old hams that we would hardly have afforded ourselves a good look at were cut up and fried, accompanied by eggs without count. Pitiful hoards of preserves and citron, whose very existence had to us children become a faint tradition, were drawn from their hiding-places and heaped before our guests. Considering our means, it was indeed a royal supper, royally given, royally enjoyed.

That night, after we had questioned our guests about the great, sad news, the surrender, till our compassion would let us worry weary men no longer, they

were given the best rooms in the house. One of them, a waggish young fellow, amused the smaller children immensely — for on that eventful night the youngest lids were the lightest — when, with well-acted alarm, he fled at the sight of a bed, declaring that he had not seen one for so long he had really forgotten what it was, and begged for a soft stick of wood and a bundle of fodder outdoors, on the warm side of the barn. Even when he ventured to approach the bed, it took the children a long time to explain what it was for and how it must be used. Poor fellow, a mere lad despite his long soldiership, he was a born comedian, and I have many a time since then wondered what became of him, with his fund of irrepressible humor. But his very name has long since faded from my memory, though his pinched face, bare feet, limp cap, and gaunt form clad in faded, tattered gray are yet more vivid to me than the scenes of yesterday. But this little comedy in the midst of the long tragedy then enacting was soon over, and the gloom, lifted for a moment, settled heavier than before.

The plantation was astir betimes, the next morning, to prepare a breakfast that should be worthy of the occasion. Chickens were slaughtered with a ruthless hand. A generous supply of fried ham and eggs, the Confederate soldier's delight, was made ready. Our treasured mite of "real coffee" and loaf sugar was used as freely as if the world were made of those two commodities only. Other things were in keeping, for it was truly a generous old-time Southern breakfast. Before our guests left, every nook and corner of the house were rummaged, to make them as comfortable as possible in the matter of shoes and dress.

After bidding us a tender farewell — for the wonted levity and exuberance of even the Confederate soldier were subdued then, breaking out only at long intervals, and in such half-pathetic scenes as that of the night before — they took

their leave, though we would fain have had them stay longer. For in them we saw, not half a dozen forlorn, unkempt men, but the cause we loved so well and to which we had given such pledges. We felt towards them as one feels when the being he held dearest has passed forever beyond his reach, and, filled with agonizing regrets, he strives to make amends for lost opportunities by heaping affection on the dulled, disfigured remains.

During the day other soldiers passed, and what we had to eat or to wear was pressed upon them. Just as the sun was setting we were gladdened by the last sight of armed Confederates, for a spirited little band of horsemen drew up at the gate. Not having been included in Lee's surrender, they were making their way to Johnston. He having succumbed, they would endeavor to cross the Mississippi and join Kirby Smith. We gathered around them, as they sat their horses in the lane, tendering such food as we had, and begging them to tarry a little while, for their buoyancy and hopefulness gave us strength. But there was urgent need of haste, and in a few moments they were spurring bravely forward on their hopeless mission.

Then came another period of harrowing suspense. To grief and sorrow were now added fear and apprehension. Sherman's army was, we well knew, within two days' march of us. Swift-footed rumor told how around Raleigh was being drawn an ever-increasing circle of pillage and devastation. Johnston's movement to the west had uncovered our country and left it open to the same fate. Every hour, every minute, we looked for the marauders in our midst, pillaging, burning, and torturing to force the disclosure of hidden valuables. We scanned the horizon by day for the smoke, and by night for the flames, of burning houses.

With all diligence and secrecy we set to work to hide not only silverware,

jewelry, and other valuables, but food also. To this end all sorts of expedients were resorted to. Bags of wheat and of shelled corn were carried out by night and hid in hollow logs and trees. Many a cavity, under overhanging rocks, in the ivy-clad bluffs was converted into temporary crib or granary, in which grain was deposited, and covered with stones to keep off the hogs, a bank of leaves topping and concealing the stones. Hollow trees were turned into "smoke-houses," where, on nails driven high up on the inside walls, were hung hams, "sides," and such edibles as hungry, keen-scented curs would have appropriated, no matter how deeply buried or well covered. Jars of lard and jugs of the inevitable "sorghum" (home-made molasses) were securely tied up and buried in the woods or "old fields." Such microscopic remnants of coffee and sugar as still remained among us were usually classed and hid with the valuables. The preservation of the stint of salt which the energy and foresight of the idolized Vance had enabled him to dole out to us a few months before, so many pounds *per capita*, and at nominal prices, gave us much concern. Sometimes it was trusted in bags hung up in the improvised smoke-houses, but oftener it was deposited in jars and buried with the utmost care and circumspection.

But it was in the concealment of valuables that infinite varieties of ingenuity were displayed, some worthy of Poe's pirate (*vide The Gold Bug*), and some pathetic in their innocent disregard of the world and the world's craft. Rarely left above ground, these valuables were buried in all sorts of places, and all sorts of means were taken to leave no sign that the earth had been disturbed. Some persons preferred to dig holes in the woods, where the spot could be covered with leaves or pine needles. A favorite choice was by the side of the briery fence-corners in remote, unfrequented fields, especially if, as was usually the

case in untiled fields, a thicket of young pines shut in the spot. Behind a dense screen of this kind small packages were often buried in the daytime; otherwise all such work had, of course, to be done under cover of darkness. Sometimes, to make assurance doubly sure, a small brook would be dammed, the treasure, rendered as near waterproof as possible, buried in the bed beneath, and then the water allowed to resume its former channel. It will be seen at a glance that, so far as danger of discovery was concerned, this mode was the safest of all, provided it could be carried out unobserved. The concealer did not need to make a track on *terra firma*, either in approaching or leaving the spot, for he had before him the Indian path of running water; while the stream, rolling down its detritus of sand and gravel, soon made all parts of its bed alike. However, only articles of small bulk could well be hidden in this way. A near neighbor of ours had several very fine gold watches, one of them, at least, a valued family heirloom, whose safety caused him much anxiety. After earnestly considering every possible mode of concealing them, he finally decided to adopt the one last mentioned. A fruit-jar was selected, tested as to being perfectly air-tight, and the watches, after being wrapped in flannel, were placed therein, the jar was securely sealed, and the next day found the current of the spring branch flowing serenely above the treasure.

A few trusted their watches and jewelry to hollow trees and to clefts in lonely rocks, though the enterprise of the ubiquitous negro opossum-hunter rendered this mode somewhat precarious. Such places being the favorite retreat of the opossum, there was danger that he might lead his pursuers straight to the selected cleft or hollow, and, in getting him out, they could scarcely fail to discover other contents of the lair. In one instance this really did occur. A gen-

tleman, having concealed a watch and some valuable diamonds in a small hollow tree, was startled, on reconnoitring the place a few days later, to find that the tree had not only been felled, but actually split open. He had given up his property for lost, when he happened to spy it buried in the leaves, where it had dropped as the trunk was rent asunder. Fortunately, the sable hunter had been too eager after his quarry to have an eye for anything else.

Many people preferred to bury their most valuable possessions near their dwellings, where, whatever the robber might do, they would at least be safe from the thief. Usually the treasures would be distributed in several places; such as were held most liable to damage from moisture being placed in fruit-jars wrapped in oilcloth, or else the package would be coated with beeswax, tallow, or something of the kind to exclude water. A favorite though somewhat awkward and very suspicious plan was to dig a pit just under the house. Sometimes the wood-pile would be chosen, where the chips, the accumulations of years, could be used to cover all traces. They also rendered futile the prodding of iron ramrods, which we apprehended. Again, an ancient pile of stones in the garden or adjacent field would be moved, a hole dug, the box deposited therein, then dirt and stones replaced; great pains being taken to restore everything exactly. Some buried in the stables; some built a hog-pen over the spot. Just under where a fire was continually kept to boil clothes, make soap, and for such outdoor work was another very neat hiding-place. Any spot was preferable to the open ground, where the slightest disturbance of the soil would have been hard to conceal. Even a bank of leaves was liable to be blown off or removed through ignorance. Newly ploughed earth or freshly dug gardens were sometimes, though, as it proved, very unwisely, selected; for wherever the surface of the ground was broken, for

whatever cause or to whatever extent, thither the bummer repaired, nor did he leave till his ramrod probe told him that nothing more valuable than stones and earth was to be found thereunder.

The cleverest work of this kind that I heard of was performed by two old ladies. After casting around for a secure hiding-place for the things on which they set the greatest store, they finally hit on the following novel expedient. At the dead of night, while all the negroes slept, with much toil they succeeded in removing the front steps, and where the bottom one lay, fortunately a broad plank, a hole was dug, the treasure secreted therein, and the steps and surroundings replaced and made to look as if untouched for half a century. The surplus earth from the hole was thrown into the well. As the rest of the ground, except where the bottom step very naturally rested, was perfectly open to the eye, the shrewdest bummer might have entered the house many times without suspecting on what he trod.

One old woman, with a sublime ignorance of the *penchant* of Mars, hid her hoard of silver coin, which not even the allurements of war times had been able to wrest from her grasp, under a sitting hen. Martin gourds, clusters of which were to be seen at every house, hung on poles as inviting building-places for this mortal enemy of the chicken-hawk, held many a gold trinket and family heirloom in those troublous times. More than one urchin's rough homespun roundabout, like Shakespeare's toad, bore yet a precious jewel in its midst; urchin being innocent as toad of its presence.

As a rule the negroes were not relied on, and were kept in ignorance of what was going on. A few families confided in their house servants, committing silverware, watches, jewelry, valuable papers, and all to their care. In not a single instance in our neighborhood was this confidence betrayed. Since the slaves were distrusted, all the labor of concealment

fell on the whites, and very often, indeed, on the white women; the men being in their graves, or absent in the field, or in prison. Ladies who had never in their lives left the house, even in the daytime, without an escort, wielded other tool than a riding-whip or lifted heavier weight than a tea-urn, bore heavy burdens, unaided, to the woods at midnight, and plied the grubbing-hoe and the spade, when the sustenance of their children was at stake. The conditions under which the work had to be done, and the nervous tension inseparable from it, rendered it vastly more onerous and wearing. The plantation negro, even yet a "night hawk," was then much more of one. Few were the hours of the night when he was not astir. If he were eluded, his dog had to be counted on. These dangers past, there came the confusion of localities under the strange, weird aspect they wear in the dark, and the stumble over stones and vines, when, heavy freighted as they were, a fall meant serious injury. Then, no sooner was a site selected and digging begun than it did seem as if, by common consent, the roots and stones of the whole neighborhood had preëmpted that particular spot. The interment effected, and no pains spared to leave the place exactly as it had been, the chances were that daylight would disclose such a bungling attempt at concealment that much, if not all, of the work would have to be done over again. The nearer a graveyard or other "ha'nted" spot the hiding was done, the less the danger of interruption or of subsequent discovery. The negro never tarried near such places as these. If by night he heard or saw aught thereabouts, he lingered all the less.

That no condition of life, however sad, is without its humorous side we had still other reminders. Two ladies, after getting all their negroes out of the way, had, in the daytime, lugged a valuable and heavy box off into the woods. Here they set about burying it. With

infinite labor and worry a hole had been dug among the roots, their burden deposited therein, and mould and leaves were being placed *in statu quo*, when they were startled by the sound of footsteps rustling among the dead leaves. The novices in woodcraft crouched on the ground, keeping very still and conversing in low whispers. As to the number of the intruders their opinions differed. One thought, from the noise made, that there were four or five; the other declared there must be at least twice as many. Alarm grew into consternation when the footsteps came straight towards them, and along the very way they had just trod. The pine thicket was too dense to be seen through, but the leisurely advance was proof enough that their trail from the house was being studied and followed. To the question Who followed trails? there could be but one answer: Bummers! Too frightened for flight, even if, with the foe upon them, flight had not been hopeless, all that could be done was to lie low and pray that Providence might lead the pursuers astray. Forty yards dwindled to thirty, to twenty, to ten. The inmost screen of pines was now a-quiver. A long black cylinder was thrust through, which imaginations much less wrought up than theirs might easily have transformed into a gun-barrel, had not a sudden "Whoof!" and scampering betrayed the presence of a rambling porker.

Not very far away lived a man who had been a negro trader. Among his effects, tools of his odious business, were a number of handcuffs. Whatever befitted, he felt that a bluecoat must never see these. Gold and silver lay untouched till these tell-tale implements had been safely disposed of. As it turned out, they did prove a veritable Nemesis. First they were placed in a bag and buried in the woods. The hogs rooted them up. Then they were removed, and buried more deeply in an old field. In a few days a washing rain swept off the litter,

and disclosed the presence of fresh digging. In the small hours of the night following, up came the handcuffs, and into the well they went. There, it seemed, they must be safe. But not so. In the hurry of the moment their owner had failed to remove the bag; and just at the wrong time, when the Federals were hourly expected, the bag, very naturally getting entangled in the iron-bound well-bucket, was brought up to its half-frantic owner. After that the irons were separated, and cast, one at a time, into a distant stream, where, so far as I know, they still repose.

More than one family, after a night's work done, as was thought, in the profoundest secrecy, would be panic-stricken when a pickaninny let slip a word going to show that everything was known to the negroes. Perhaps when a hoe or spade was missed and inquired after, some sable youngster would be ready to "'clar' fo' God, I ai' sot eyes awn hit sence dat night mistis had it out in de back er de gyarden," etc. But these things seem a great deal funnier now than they did then.

I will turn from this digression to take up the thread of events. The neighbors having thus disposed of more or less of their effects, according to the value set upon them by each, and his apprehension of a Federal advance in our direction, we now awaited tidings of an actual approach before hurrying off the horses and cattle to fastnesses already chosen. This was deferred till the last moment, partly because of the difficulty of feeding them in remote places, but mainly from the impossibility of keeping their whereabouts long hidden from malicious or indiscreet persons. There was only one bridge across the river anywhere in the vicinity, and this was closely watched from the adjacent hills. I well remember acting as sentinel on one occasion.

Throughout the forenoon not a living soul came in sight. A little later, a

solitary wayfarer was espied tramping up the railroad track, near which I had taken my stand. He was so deeply absorbed in a newspaper that not even the difficulty of stepping from sleeper to sleeper, awkward business at best, drew his attention from it. On a nearer approach I noticed that broad bars of black bordered the pages and separated the columns. I had never before seen a paper so marked. The man informed me that Lincoln had been assassinated, and that the paper was in mourning for him. From the same source I learned that Johnston was on the point of surrendering.

About the middle of the afternoon a storm of wind and rain arose. I took refuge in a dwelling near by, in which several neighbors had collected. During the progress of the storm there came a sudden trampling in the yard. Hurrying to the windows, we found the yard in the possession of Federal horsemen. That was the first glimpse of the blue-coats in our neighborhood. However, they were evidently scouts, and not marauders; and in a few minutes, after some inquiry as to the roads, were spurring back across the river to the point whence they came. The dread of Wheeler's rough riders had not yet lost its force. Although we never saw one of Wheeler's men, nor were they ever, I think, at a less distance than forty miles, their very name, as we afterwards learned, served from afar to protect a large territory in which we were comprised. A plunderer got short shrift at their hands. When, at Johnston's surrender, they were disbanded, Schofield called upon the people to protect their property and to shoot robbers without mercy. One man, at least, took him at his word, shot a bummer while in the act of forcing his cellar door, placed the body in a wagon, carried it twenty-five miles to this officer's headquarters, and was commended for the deed.

Some of the negroes about us fled to

Raleigh as soon as it was occupied by the Union army. Occasionally, a whole family, children and all, would slip off between the suns, as if they feared pursuit, which of course no one thought of giving. But these were exceptional cases. The great body of the race remained quietly at home, giving no sign that they knew or cared aught as to the great events that were taking place. In this they acted wisely. The camp was no place for such people as these. Their demoralization amid such surroundings was even more rapid and thorough than that of the Indians under like conditions. Husbands and wives parted; children were deserted, and in some cases destroyed. Numbers fell a prey to contagious diseases. Vice and vagrancy claimed most of them.

The Confederacy, depleted of men and of supplies, collapsed. Johnston surrendered. The war ended. The negroes carried off by the hospital authorities as drivers of the impressed teams straggled back to their homes. Yet the glimpse of bluecoats in the April storm was all we had so far seen of the Federals. That the advent of peace had in no wise checked the activity of the bummers we well knew. We felt little, if any, safer than before.

It was on a clear, calm spring day, the very soul of May, that there flashed through the neighborhood the tidings "The Yankees are coming!" Traveling a less-frequented road higher up the river, they had thrown a pontoon bridge across the stream and sent twenty thousand men over before we knew that they were out of Raleigh. The advance proved to be the twentieth corps on their march to Washington to be disbanded. They went into camp just opposite us and a mile to the west. Another corps filled the road four miles to the east. Our position between the two proved a fortunate one indeed. The bummers, now somewhat awed by more rigorous measures taken for their sup-

pression, ventured but little between the lines of march, confining their depredations mostly to the outer flanks of each column.

Great was our surprise at the conduct of the troops. Strict orders must have been issued forbidding the entrance of any private house; for although numbers straggled over from the main body, it was only after a sharp lookout for officers and much pressing on our part that one would venture in to partake of the food prepared as a peace offering. Still greater was our surprise, in our ignorance of the indiscriminating license of the camp, when they pillaged the negro houses, taking bacon, chickens, and such eatables as they saw and fancied.

Our chief apprehension was for the night; and miserable indeed would have been the hours of darkness but for the opportune arrival of a friend just returned from the Confederate army, who remained till the next day. Reassured by his presence, with loaded firearms secreted within easy reach, we made the best of it. The night passed without disturbance. Before the following noon the column had swept by and disappeared, leaving among other mementos of the call the corps marks, XX, chopped on the wayside trees, where, after more than a quarter of a century, faint, blurred traces of them may still be seen.

Peace and quiet once more restored, the business next in order was to recover the hidden things. This may seem simple enough; but it was not. Intent only on secreting their valuables past detection, some succeeded even better than they intended, and put them not only beyond discovery, but beyond recovery also. In fact, not a few, like Captain Kidd's treasure, are yet unfound. Many a box of spoons and of old family silver committed to Mother Earth, amid the hurry and excitement of those feverish days, or rather nights, still reposes in her broad bosom, dumb, impartial old guardian that she is.

Till tested as a landmark, no one dreamed how many duplicates a certain tree, gully, or rock-pile could have, or how many hollows and fissured stones there can be in a small piece of woods. The finding of things buried along fence-corners, the spot being marked on the fence, was sometimes hindered by the accidental burning of the fence, and oftener still by the appropriation by some strolling darky of the marked top rail for fuel.

A very humorous and yet very pathetic case occurred near our schoolhouse. A worthy but somewhat miserly old man had a small sum of silver,—perhaps a hundred dollars,—the hoardings of many years, which, at the first note of alarm, he buried at night by a rock-pile in an adjacent cornfield. When, all danger past, he sought to unearth it, he found that the number of rock-piles in that cornfield had multiplied amazingly, and all grown strangely alike. Fearing, in those unsettled days, to be known as the owner of so much wealth, he dug, prodded, and thumped among stones and briars night after night for a long time before he disclosed his trouble to any one. Then he took into confidence an old crony of his, and in conjunction with him the digging, prodding, and thumping were all done over again. These also failing, more and more were called into council, and their brains and muscles invoked, till first and last the whole neighborhood had taken a hand, and it had become a very open secret indeed. Yet not only was the coin never found, but there was no spot where the earth showed the least sign of disturbance, which seemed to preclude the idea of its having been stolen. Finally, "as hard to find as Uncle Billy Knuckle's silver"—as I will call it—passed into a proverb. Still Uncle Billy never gave up, although enough labor must have been expended on that field to yield many hundred dollars, had it been turned to planting corn instead of digging coin.

He always persisted in searching and pestering. Not till the other day was the matter finally ended ; and then, alas, in that summary manner that most of our little affairs are settled. For a long while I had lost sight of the old man, but then, happening to be driving that way, I met in the road a straggling line of vehicles. It was a funeral procession. Death had at last disposed of the matter for Uncle Billy.

Many stories were told of the narrow escapes from discovery of hidden valuables. A squad of Federals built a camp-fire just over a box of buried silverware, yet found it not. The hoof of a trooper's horse actually sank in the soft, fresh dirt that filled a treasure pit, by a happy stroke of luck without causing suspicion. Many a family sat in fear and trembling while iron ramrods probed every spot but the right one.

A word as to the condition of the recovered things. Almost without exception their plight was a sorry one, and in many instances they were entirely ruined. Buried silverware was tarnished so deeply that it was never the same again. Val-

uable deeds and bonds had often turned to pulp, or become illegible. If a single watch thus concealed ever after served as a timekeeper, I never heard of it. Even when buried in air-tight fruit-jars and in the driest places, the mere condensation of the moisture in the inclosed air, caused by contact with the chilled earth, always sufficed to rust and spoil the delicate steel works beyond repair. Those hid above ground fared much better. There is still in use in the village an excellent gold chronometer that, during April and May, 1865, adorned the inside of a hollow tree.

Paintings, many of which had been cut from their frames and buried, being first rolled and, as it was thought, rendered waterproof, fared almost as bad. At the Raleigh Exposition, held in 1884, there were exhibited two very fine portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose glory had been thus dimmed forever. Little could the genial knight or the stately pair who sat for him have dreamed of the strange vicissitudes that, in a foreign land, these richly colored canvases were to pass through, or the strange hiding-places they were to seek.

David Dodge.

THE SOUL'S RIDE.

“HORSEMAN, springing from the dark,
 Horsemanship flying wild and free,
Tell me what shall be thy road,
 Whither speedest far from me ? ”

“From the dark into the light,
 From the small unto the great,
From the valleys dark, I ride
 O'er the hills to conquer fate ! ”

“Take me with thee, horseman mine !
 Let me madly ride with thee ! ”
As he turned I met his eyes,—
 My own soul looked back at me !

Lilla Cabot Perry.

THE PRESENT REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION TO HARVARD COLLEGE.

IN the last ten years great changes have taken place in the course of study required of boys in preparation for Harvard College. The present list of requirements was published in the College Catalogue for 1886-87, after much discussion in the college and outside of it. The main point of dispute was the compulsory study of Greek. The opponents of Greek attacked it as being of no practical value to any person who was not to become either a student of language or a teacher, and argued, from this point of view, that it was absurd to require all boys to study it. Many other persons, trained under the old system, could not conceive of a liberally educated man to whom Greek was but a name, and therefore defended the requirement. The college authorities have settled the question for a time by admitting pupils with no knowledge of Greek, but only under very stringent conditions.

This is a wide departure from traditional standards, but the college has made other changes even more far-reaching in their results than this. Changes in the form of examination set by the college in many of the old subjects of study have altered the whole course of preparation in them. These great changes have been so slow and gradual that the general public has almost no knowledge of them, and even many of the preparatory schools have no adequate appreciation of them. Nevertheless, parents with sons to be fitted for college, and all persons interested in education, ought to understand the present requirements in order to see the general tendency and the purpose of them. It is well worth while, also, to consider whether they make a good foundation for a liberal education before other changes are suggested.

The studies required for admission are divided into two classes, elementary and advanced. The first class is prescribed for all students except under two conditions, which will be mentioned later, while the second class is elective. Without going into troublesome details, it may be said that the examinations in the elementary studies test the following acquirements: an elementary working knowledge of four languages, two ancient, Latin and Greek, and two modern, French and German; some acquaintance with English classical literature, and the ability to write clearly and intelligently about the books which have been read; a knowledge of elementary algebra and plane geometry; an acquaintance with the laws and phenomena of physics obtained from experiments performed by the pupil in a laboratory, or a knowledge of descriptive physics and elementary astronomy; and last, a knowledge of the history and geography either of ancient Greece and Rome or modern England and America. In addition to examinations in these prescribed elementary studies the candidate must be examined on two more subjects, chosen, according to his tastes and natural aptitude, from the following list of nine advanced studies:—

Latin Translation.

Greek Translation.

Latin and Greek Composition.

French.

German.

Trigonometry and Solid Geometry, or Trigonometry and Analytical Geometry.

Advanced Algebra and Analytical Geometry.

Physics.

Chemistry.

Although the college, by implication, if not by actual words, recommends the

above course of study as the best, she permits two deviations from it. Candidates are allowed to substitute one additional advanced study for either French or German, and also to substitute two additional advanced studies for either Latin or Greek; but in that case the subjects chosen must be either mathematics alone or mathematics and natural science. The permission to make these two alterations in the recommended course of study is wise, and reasons for it, I think, are not difficult to find. It is clear that the study of both the modern languages is considered necessary to a liberal education, because the candidate who offers only one of them for admission is obliged to study the other during his first year in college. But as many schools in the past have been very deficient in good teaching of the modern languages, and some would still find it hard to teach both French and German, it is very probable that the college does not wish to demand more than they can do. The second permission is the one which has caused so much discussion, and has made many persons think that Harvard has lowered her standard; in other words, has made it easier to enter her doors. Any one, however, who examines carefully the subjects which must be substituted for the omitted ancient language will see that only those minds which are especially adapted to the study of mathematics and natural science can possibly master them. It seems very wise to permit boys with such minds to devote their time to mathematics and science for which they have a natural bent, and drop the study of language to which they are not suited, provided they do not lose entirely the peculiar training to the mind which is given only by classical study. Under the present requirement, they will obtain this from the one ancient language, which must be retained under any and all circumstances.

Let us examine these studies in detail,

and notice what changes have been made in the methods of examination in them, in order to see and understand the new methods of instruction which are required to meet the new tests. In the elementary examination in the classics, the test applied is the translation at sight of passages from Cæsar and Nepos in Latin, and from Xenophon in Greek. These authors all have a simple narrative style, and their thought is neither involved nor profound, so that their works are entirely within the comprehension of the average boy. Such a test as this requires an entire change from traditional methods of classical teaching, but unfortunately many persons do not understand just what this change is. Formerly the candidate was asked to show that he had read certain specified works by translating passages from them, and to show his knowledge of some standard Latin or Greek grammar by explaining the grammatical construction of certain words in these passages. To be able to do this the pupil stored in his memory a translation of passages from the books he had himself read or had heard some one else read. Unless he had a natural fondness for language, he read these passages as combinations of words, for each of which he had to have some English equivalent word, but rarely realized, or cared to realize, the thought which was meant to be conveyed by them. He was taught to pick out his Latin or Greek words by means of their English equivalents in an English order; that is, first the subject, then the verb, and last the object, each with its modifiers. He then studied these English words in the English order to make something out of them which, according to his English notions, made sense. His thoughts and conceptions were only his own English ones. He was made to learn all the rules of syntax before he did any reading, because he must explain each construction he met by making it fit under one of these rules. This whole

system of teaching looked at the classics only from an English point of view. The student gained very little more than a confused knowledge of the arbitrary names which grammarians have given to Latin and Greek constructions, and some insight into ancient life and customs, which would have been clearer and would have been obtained more easily if he had read any good translation of his author. He did not learn to read the languages, nor realize that thoughts were expressed by them. Now the college requires him to be so familiar with the vocabulary and forms of thought of the classics that he can read a passage he has never seen before, in which the style is not different from that to which he is accustomed, and the thought not more profound than it is in the books which he has read. In order to do this at all, the pupil must read each sentence as he reads an English or French one; that is, he must take in the ideas in the order in which they are presented in the Latin or Greek sentence. He must learn how a Roman or a Greek thought, to be able to grasp the new thoughts which may be presented to him in a new passage. He must get at the ideas expressed by his author before he attempts to translate; that is, before he puts these ideas into good English. The new system of teaching, if it would meet the new test, must keep these two processes — the understanding of the Latin or Greek thought, and the expression of it in English translation — entirely distinct, because the student can arrive at the ideas in a passage he has never seen only through the language in which they are found; whereas, under the old system, the two were confused, and the tendency of the teaching, as we have seen, was to make him translate before he had a clear understanding of the thought. The student must look at the different constructions of the language as ways of conveying thoughts, and be asked to explain the thought which is contained in them

rather than to give some arbitrary rules of syntax for them which he often does not understand. In order to read the thought, he must be familiar with the syntax; but he gets this familiarity by reading, as the physicist, by observing phenomena in his laboratory, arrives at the knowledge of nature's laws. This new method of teaching gives, as it were, a laboratory training in language. The aim is now, not to read a certain quantity of Latin and Greek, but to learn how to read these languages, and to make the student realize that, although the languages are dead, they were and are still vehicles of thought.

Reading with this aim is what the phrase "reading at sight" really means. In many schools this is too little understood. It is supposed to mean guessing at words to save the use of a dictionary, while in reality the dictionary has to be used much more thoughtfully than before, as the boy must learn what each word meant to a Roman or a Greek, and not simply find some English word for it which will fit into his preconceived notion of what the sentence means. Pupils are too frequently allowed to pass over forms in a slipshod way without learning them. Experience with pupils in preparation for college has shown me that an exact knowledge of the forms is absolutely essential in order to see at a glance the relations between words, and so to grasp the thought which is expressed by them. Such exact knowledge of the forms can be got only by memorizing them.

This method of studying the classics brings out clearly their educational value. The conceptions of Latin and Greek and the forms of expression are so different from the student's own that he must analyze words, phrases, and sentences containing complex ideas to arrive at any real comprehension of the author's meaning. Being thus obliged to look at each thought from two points of view, the Latin or Greek and the

English, he is forced to get a clearer conception of the thought than he could possibly get by looking at it from the English side only. As few words in two widely different languages have exactly corresponding conceptions behind them,—that is, are synonyms,—he must get at these conceptions to see what a sentence really means. He must think, and think clearly. He grows accustomed to clear thinking, and therefore expresses his own thoughts more clearly both in speech and in writing. From this kind of classical training, as from mathematics, he learns to reason logically, but with this fundamental difference: in mathematics he reasons from letters and figures representing quantity, and from this limitation in the symbols he receives only narrow conceptions; while in language study he reasons from words representing thought, and from this breadth of the symbols he receives broad conceptions. Something of this mental training was got under the old system of classical teaching, but the college examination did not then test this power of thinking as the present one does. A pupil cannot translate a passage he has never seen before without this power. To read at sight, a student must have a large vocabulary of Latin or Greek words, of which each word represents to him not one English equivalent word, but an idea. Under the old system of examination this vocabulary was not necessary, because he had read the passages before, and could often remember the context without knowing the meaning of separate words. This vocabulary will always be a valuable possession to him, when we consider that a large part of our English vocabulary is derived from Latin and Greek, so that a perfectly intelligent use of English words is impossible without some knowledge of these languages. This system of teaching the classics is for these reasons practical, and this study of them is as valuable to the business man as to the college professor.

The desire to banish all studies which are not to be of immediate money value to the student, which has given rise to the discussion of the comparative usefulness of ancient and modern languages, has caused many persons to overlook the true value of a right study of Latin and Greek. The study of them is valuable to every man for the mental training which they give much more than for the knowledge of ancient life and literature which is obtained through them. This knowledge can be and often is obtained by reading English translations of the classics, and modern works on ancient art, life, and literature; but this training can be got only by the study of the languages themselves. The man who says his Greek or Latin is of no use to him in business or elsewhere does not realize that if he really studied either language his powers of thinking were increased, even though he has forgotten every fact learned about the language itself.

The modern language requirement is the ability to read ordinary French and German prose at sight. This requirement is the same as the classical one, and demands the same kind of teaching. But as these languages have always been studied from a practical point of view rather than that of the grammarian, there has had to be no change in methods of study. No arguments are heard against these languages on the score of uselessness, but, on the contrary, it is sometimes claimed that the purpose of classical study, which I have spoken of above, is entirely fulfilled by them. This is only partially true. The student of elementary French and German does get some training of the kind I have mentioned, but he gets much less of it. These languages are so little different from English in forms of thought that he can arrive at the ideas expressed in them with very little careful thinking. The new point of view from which he looks at each thought is so nearly the

same as his own English one that he gets no clearer conceptions. The ideas represented by French and German words are not sufficiently different from those presented to him by English words to make him do much analytical thinking. Hence French and German are easier to learn to read than Latin and Greek, and the unconscious training which the mind receives is proportionately less, although the knowledge of them is of enormous practical value.

The training in mathematics which is tested by the college examination of to-day, and really secured in the best schools, is almost as different from the old as the new classical training is different from the old. To be prepared for the old system of examination, the pupil had to know a certain number of problems or propositions. He was very sure to meet enough of these old friends on the examination paper to pass creditably, even if he had only memorized them, without really understanding the reasoning of them. Now the candidate must go to Cambridge so trained in algebraic analysis and geometrical reasoning that he can reason out the problems which are given him with intelligence and accuracy, even though, as is extremely likely, he has never seen one of them before. No amount of cramming can enable him to do this. He is no longer examined as to his memory of certain proofs and solutions, but as to his ability to use the training his mind has received from these proofs and solutions. To meet this requirement he must have received a training in exact reasoning which will help him all his life.

The change in the physics requirement has been more radical than that in any other subject. Such a change in a comparatively new branch of human study is, however, not so remarkable as are the changes in other branches which the world has studied from the same point of view for ages, and in which the methods of study had become stereo-

typed and fossilized. For years the college required only such a memory knowledge of physical laws and phenomena as could be got from a descriptive textbook. In schools where there was money at command the study of the textbook was accompanied by illustrative experiments shown to the pupil, but under the best of circumstances the pupil's thinking was largely done for him. By this method of teaching, as by the old classical training, his memory was loaded with facts of which he might or might not have any real understanding, while he did very little real thinking. So marked was this attitude of the college toward physics that for years, at the examination in that subject, the candidate was asked which of the textbooks recommended by the college he had studied, and he was given a paper of questions prepared from that very book. Hence any boy could be sure of knowing the correct answers to these questions, if he had learned the text of his book by heart, and had never exercised his powers of thinking. This was a system of teaching hardly calculated to train his mind, or to awaken an interest in a branch of science in which the nineteenth century is doing its most active thinking and producing its greatest results.

How different is the present attitude of the college! It now publishes a descriptive list of forty experiments, covering the elementary principles of mechanics, sound, light, heat, and electricity. These, so far as possible, are quantitative experiments; that is, they require careful measurements from which the laws and principles of physics can be reasoned out. Where, for any reason, such measurements are impossible, the experiments are merely illustrative; but even from these the pupil must reason carefully to arrive at the principles which they illustrate. The pupil must perform these experiments himself in a laboratory, under the supervision of a teacher. He must keep a record of all his obser-

vations and measurements, together with the conclusions which he draws from them. The laboratory book in which this record is kept, bearing the certificate of his instructor, must be presented for critical examination when he comes to Cambridge. In addition to this, he is tested by a written paper and by a laboratory examination.

This very complete form of examination, although it takes a long time, really tests the candidate's knowledge of physics, his skill in experimenting, and his power of reasoning. It is very unfortunate that the time devoted to the mathematical examinations is too short to make the tests as fair as this. One hour is all that is allowed for each of the mathematical examinations. The result of this is that the pupil is asked to do more thinking than he can do in the time allowed, or the ground covered by the examination is so small that the examiner cannot estimate the candidate's knowledge and ability accurately.

In the laboratory study of physics the pupil learns fewer facts, perhaps, than he did in the textbook study, but each fact is impressed upon his mind with the additional force of personal discovery; just as we all have a deeper impression of a fact which we have discovered for ourselves than we have of one which is told us by others, or of which we read. He learns to observe and make an intelligent record of what he sees, and, what is most important, he learns to reason from these observations to the broad generalizations which are called physical laws. Such a course of study as this, under a good teacher, is certainly practical. The pupil's mind must be trained, and his interest awakened by it.

Unfortunately, the expense of laboratories has compelled the college to allow the old physics requirement to remain as an alternative to the new one, but the study of elementary astronomy is coupled with it; so that the amount of work required is greater than in the laboratory

course, and schools are rapidly coming to teach the new in preference to the old. No such remarkable changes have been made in the examinations in history and English, but in these subjects, by comparing the old and the present examination papers, one sees the same tendency which has been noticed in each of the previous subjects. The pupil is not examined on facts alone, but is also obliged to show his powers of analysis. The questions in history are now broader, and frequently deal with the development of nations rather than with the incidental facts which marked this development. In the English examination, the candidate is obliged to show his practical acquaintance with English forms and good use by correcting specimens of bad English, and by writing a short composition on a subject chosen from the books he has read. To be able to do this he must have read the books intelligently, and must have had sufficient practice in writing to express himself readily and clearly.

The advanced studies are supposed to occupy equal amounts of time in preparation, and in that sense are considered equivalent. Hence the student, in making his choice of two or more of them, is guided only by his tastes and abilities. The examinations in them demand the same kind of training that has been pointed out in reference to the elementary studies. Each subject must be studied from this same point of view, namely, to train the thinking powers as well as to store the mind with useful facts.

In the four language studies the pupil must read more advanced works; that is, works in which the style is less simple and the thought more profound. He passes from simple narrative to poetry or argumentative prose. The requirement in Latin is the reading at sight of average passages from Cicero and Virgil. In Greek the passages are chosen from Homer or Herodotus. In Latin and Greek composition the candidate must

be able to translate passages of connected English narrative into good Latin and Greek. In French and German he must show his familiarity with certain specified works which have become classic, and, moreover, must also be able to read at sight any passage of standard French and German prose, and to write in these languages about the books which he has read. In physics he must perform sixty additional experiments, covering the same branches of the science which he has already studied, but requiring more skill and knowledge of physics. The examination is like that in elementary physics. In chemistry he must perform sixty experiments, covering the elements of the science. He must keep a laboratory record, as in physics, and his examination is of the same kind. In mathematics he goes from algebra and geometry into higher branches of mathematical science. In trigonometry he must not only study the science itself, but must also understand its practical application to surveying and navigation. In solid geometry he applies his power of geometrical reasoning which was got by a study of plane geometry to the study of surfaces and solids. In analytical geometry he applies his knowledge of algebra to the study of plane figures and conic sections. In advanced algebra he studies the more abstract conceptions of higher algebraic analysis.

From this brief discussion of the forms of examination and the kind of instruction which is required to meet such examination, it is seen that the desire of the college is to require each student who is admitted not only to have a large amount of useful knowledge, but at the same time to know how to use this knowledge to the best advantage. All the changes which have been made tend toward this desirable end. The old system of examination aimed to find out whether the candidate had studied those books in language or science which the

college recommended. The new system aims to find out whether he can reason and use the knowledge he has gained from those books. For instance, he is not asked to show that he has read Cæsar, but that he can read it. No cramming can enable him to pass such examinations as these. Hence he must be educated. Every pupil lays a good foundation to build his superstructure on, and can pursue the courses of study offered to him in college to the best advantage. Each elementary study is of great practical value to every man, whatever is to be his calling in life, and can therefore be prescribed for all candidates without imposing unnecessary and profitless work upon any one. Each subject, if taught as the college evidently means to have it taught, makes the student think, and gives its own peculiar training to his mind, beside imparting useful knowledge. The classics give him broad yet exact conceptions, and enable him to read their ancient literature when he is older and can appreciate it. The modern languages give the same training to his mind, but to a much smaller extent, and open to him the living literatures of two great nations beside his own. The mathematics give exact but narrow conceptions, and the power to solve the practical problems which meet a man at every turn. The natural sciences, while enlarging his thinking powers, give him a knowledge of the forces around him, and show him how truth may be learned from phenomena. English teaches him how to write and speak his own tongue, and introduces him to the great thoughts of our own literature. History gives him an insight into the deeds and motives of great men and into the development of great nations. In short, every subject enlarges the student's mind, and stores this enlarged mind with knowledge. Surely such a requirement as this is a good foundation for a liberal education.

James Jay Greenough.

THE SLAYING OF THE GERRYMANDER.

EVER since the year 1812, when Governor Gerry, of Massachusetts, signer of the Declaration of Independence and doer of many other worthy things, was “damned to everlasting fame” by the verbalizing of his name, the “gerrymander” has been a source of much trouble to the lovers of political liberty. The anti-Federalists, during their temporary ascendency at that time, established a precedent which has been as a shining mark for every political trickster in the land down to this day; for, by cutting up old districts and dismembering counties, those astute politicians were able so to reconstruct the senatorial districts of the State that in the following election, though they polled but 50,164 votes, they secured twenty-nine Senators, while the Federalists, with 51,766 votes, got but eleven Senators. Such a result is one long to be remembered by those who look to their ancestors as the source of all wisdom and virtue; it is an ever-present incentive to the ambitious in evil ways. The fantastic figure outlined by the district which the Republicans made from portions of Worcester and Essex counties, and dubbed by the artist Gilbert Stuart a “Salamander,” and by Mr. Russell, editor of the Columbian Centinel, a “Gerrymander,” has been duplicated with more or less fidelity many times in the various States, as one party or another has gained the ascendency. And while the zealous followers of those old-time political assassins may not have turned out anything quite so artistic, zoölogically considered, it must be admitted that, diabolically, they have been quite as ingenious.

The term “gerrymander” applies today, as it did in 1812, to that action whereby a majority in a legislature so arranges the districts of the political unit that it can secure a much greater part of

the representation than its vote entitles it to. These electoral districts, whether they be for aldermen, members of the legislature, or Congressmen, are supposed to contain a uniform population, so nearly as may be, and each is to be composed of contiguous territory whose people have common interests. But it will readily be seen that, as contiguous territory and uniformity of population are the only elements enjoined by the Constitution, the legislature can, by running the district lines in and out among the counties, arrange them in such a manner that the result will be altogether different from what it should be. As the votes in any given locality do not vary much from year to year, save when exceptional storm waves sweep over the country, it can be determined to a nicety just what results will follow from any given apportionment. Whenever a party, in apportioning a State, sees fit to throw the strongholds of its opponent into a few districts, and distributes its own votes so evenly throughout the remaining ones that they will constitute a bare majority in each, it can secure the same results as did the Massachusetts Jeffersonian Republicans in 1812.

Let Ohio serve as an illustration. The parties in that State are so evenly divided that it has long been the scene of intense political activity, and offers a most congenial climate for the gerrymander. In the election of Congressmen in 1880, the Republicans polled 50.9 per cent of the vote, and got seventy-five per cent of the representation, while the Democrats, with 47.8 per cent of the vote, secured only twenty-five per cent of the representation. The Democrats averaged 68,114 votes to a Congressman, the Republicans 24,203; it required nearly three times as many votes in one party as in the other to elect a representative.

The census giving Ohio another Congressman, the State was divided into twenty-one districts. At the following election, in 1882, the Republicans, with 46.9 per cent of the vote, secured but 38.1 per cent of the Congressmen, while the Democrats, with 50.3 per cent of the vote, got 61.9 per cent of the representation. This apportionment being unsatisfactory, the Democrats rearranged the districts just before the election of 1884, and were unintentionally quite generous to their opponents; for in the election of that year the Republicans got 47.6 per cent of the representation with a vote of 50.7 per cent, whereas the Democrats got but 52.4 per cent of the Congressmen with a vote of forty-eight per cent. But this was altogether too close to justice to suit the Ohio idea; it looked entirely too much like a representative government. The Republicans, therefore, rearranged the districts in the spring of 1886 in such a manner that in the fall elections of that year they got 71.4 per cent of the representation with 48.5 per cent of the vote, while their opponents, with 46.9 per cent of the vote, got but 28.6 per cent of the congressional delegation; the Republicans averaged 22,404 votes to a Congressman, and the Democrats 54,273. For some unknown reason the apportionment was not changed by the succeeding legislature, probably owing to the fact that the Republicans, who still controlled the legislature, thought it best to let well enough alone. With 49.7 per cent of the vote, the Republicans in 1888 obtained 76.2 per cent of the representation, while the Democrats, with 47.2 per cent of the vote, got but 23.8 per cent. The Republicans averaged 26,032 votes per Congressman, the Democrats 79,128; the Republican voter having more than three times as much representation in Congress as the Democratic voter. This seems to have been the high-water mark. The Democrats, though smarting from the depredations of the last gerrymander,

reapportioned the State in 1890; but their hand had lost its cunning, for, notwithstanding the tidal wave which swept over the country in that year, they secured only 66.7 per cent of the representation with 47.5 per cent of the total vote, while the Republicans had 33.3 per cent of the Congressmen with a vote of 49.1 per cent. The Democrats averaged 25,109 votes per Congressman; the Republicans, 51,803. The present legislature is Republican, and is busily engaged in reconstructing the districts, and the political world awaits with impatient curiosity the result of its labors. Thus the State has been fought over for years,—gerrymandered and re-gerrymandered, and gerrymandered again; each party striving, as opportunity offered, to surpass the villainies of its opponent.

As a mathematical exercise, these juggling with apportionments are good; as a crazy-quilt pattern, the congressional district maps rank high, for the running of their lines would put to shame the maker of the Cretan labyrinth; or such ingenuity may serve as an amusement for children and feeble-minded statesmen. But what in the name of political integrity has this to do with popular government? Are the citizens of this country such children or fools as to imagine for a moment that political liberty and morality can thrive, or even survive, in such an atmosphere? Or are they reckless knaves engaged in internecine strife?

By means of the all-potent gerrymander, the party controlling the legislature can not only deprive its opponent of a just share in the representation, but it can so make up the districts that a particularly obnoxious, because powerful, opponent will be overcome by an adverse majority. It was thus that Major McKinley was deprived of his seat in Congress by the Democrats, at the last election. In the same way the Republican legislature of Pennsylvania kept Mr. Randall in Congress; a protectionist

Democrat of his ability and prominence being of more use to them than any available Republican. It is thus that any man may be kept in or out of Congress as suits the ends of the party making the apportionments; men of national reputation are at the mercy of the petty politicians who can by hook or by crook get themselves into the state legislatures.

The political jugglery practiced in such States as Ohio is responsible for what may be called the artificial gerrymander; but there is another and more common form of disfranchisement, due to what may be called the natural gerrymander. A recent writer on this subject says that "a State may be fairly apportioned, and yet the minority party be able to elect none of the Congressmen, or a smaller number than its vote would seem to entitle it to." To say that a party may fairly be denied what it is entitled to is only to declare that water will not seek its level when frozen. And yet men who masquerade in the guise of statesmen accept as a perfect political system that in which a party may poll a third or two fifths of the vote year after year without securing any share in the representation. Under that system, it often happens that the voters are so evenly divided throughout the State that, no matter how the districts are made up, the majority party in the State will have a majority in each district. Such is the condition in Kansas, Minnesota, Texas, and other States. Again it may happen that the strength of one party lies within a very small compass, while that of the other is evenly distributed throughout the State. Thus in New York the Democratic strength lies mostly in and about New York city, while that of the Republicans is spread over the whole State. The Democrats often carry the State, but seldom get a majority in the legislature or in the congressional delegation.

But the difference between the natural and the artificial gerrymander is

merely the distinction between manslaughter and murder. From a moral point of view it is very important to the slayer which term is applied to his deed, but it is the same in either case to the victim,—he is dead. The men who apportioned Massachusetts and Kansas may have done so with the utmost regard for justice and fair play, while those who arranged the districts in Ohio may have purposely distorted them; but the result is the same in both cases,—the victim is dead.

Much has been said of late about the gerrymander,—a little about the natural, and a good deal about the artificial,—and some spasmodic efforts have been made to destroy the beast. Many means have been proposed, but most of them have been in the nature of palliatives; they signally fail to go to the root of the matter. Sometimes it is proposed to raise the people to such a degree of political integrity that they will not tolerate such doings. As well try to mend the wrong-doings in the city's police department by making the citizens so honest that policemen will be unnecessary. It has also been proposed that Congress take charge of the congressional apportionments; but it may be anticipated that this would merely change the scene of action without material benefit. Another proposition is that Congressmen be elected by majority vote from the State at large; but this would only destroy the disease by killing the patient, since, under such a plan, the minority party would have no representation at all. Still another suggestion is to give the voters first and second choice; this applies only to the majority party, for the minority has no choice at all. The cumulative vote has also been proposed, and was recommended by a special committee of the Senate in 1869. This is a long way in advance of the other proposals, as it would stop gerrymandering and give the minority parties representation, but the plan is objectionable because so wasteful.

A party might throw all its votes for one man when it could elect two, or it might divide its vote between two men and fail to get either when it could have had one ; its uncertainty is a grave defect. Many other schemes have been proposed, but all of them are more or less weighed down by fundamental defects, save one, — the quota system.

There are various ways of applying the quota system, but the simplest, and for that reason perhaps the best, may be briefly stated thus : abolish the electoral districts entirely, and allow all parties in the State to put tickets in the field, each containing as many names as the party sees fit, up to the whole number to be elected. This of course includes tickets put up by independent organizations and the minority parties. The voter selects his ticket and votes it as a whole, but marks thereon the name of the candidate whom he prefers. When all the ballots cast in the State for Congressmen are counted, the whole number is divided by the number of men to be elected, which gives the quota, or number of votes necessary to elect one candidate. Each party vote is now divided by this quota, which gives to it the number of Congressmen to which it is entitled ; the successful candidates of the party being those who stand highest in order of preference. If the party has a sufficient number of votes to fill one quota, that name on the ticket which is the choice of the greatest number of voters is taken ; if two quotas are filled, the first and second go in, and so on. Thus in 1890 there were 739,063 votes cast for Congressmen in Ohio. Dividing this by twenty-one, the number of men to be elected, gives a quota of 35,193, the number of votes necessary to elect one Congressman. The Republicans polled 362,624 votes, which, divided by the quota (35,193), gives ten full quotas and a remainder of 10,694. The Democrats cast 351,528 votes, which, by the same process, gives nine full quotas and

a remainder of 34,791. The Prohibitionists polled 21,891 votes, and the United Labor men 3020. There being still two men to be chosen, they are taken from the parties having the largest un-filled quotas, the Democratic and Prohibition. This gives a congressional delegation of ten Republicans, ten Democrats, and one Prohibitionist, instead of the present one of seven Republicans and fourteen Democrats.

The evils springing from the natural and from the artificial gerrymander are fundamental in their nature. All politicians might be as honest as saints, and yet the bad results of the present system would remain. The district lines gird about the body politic and hamper it in its movements just as do ligatures about the human body ; and as the one prevents the flow of life-giving blood and causes disease, so the other, by preventing the expression of new ideas, prepares the way for corruption and decay. Remove these artificial restraints, and let the people in all parts of the State unite as their mutual interests dictate, and elect such representatives as they think best. When the change was made, in 1842, from electing Congressmen from the State at large by a majority vote, the district plan was the best known, and was a great improvement over the old way. But political science as well as physical science has made great progress in the last half century. It is not enough to say that the district plan is better than that which it displaced ; nothing but the best is good enough. The quota system is as simple as the present one ; it is as exact as it is possible to be without becoming complicated and cumbersome ; and it requires the least possible change in present laws and customs. It would destroy utterly the gerrymander, natural and artificial,—there would be nothing left to gerrymander. It would remove from the hands of petty politicians the power to say who shall represent the people.

That the present state of affairs is unnatural and dangerous, not only Ohio, which elected sixteen Republicans and five Democrats in 1888, and seven Republicans and fourteen Democrats in 1890, with a change of only a few thousand votes in the whole State, but Indiana, New York, and many other States testify. Such doings may be good politics, but they are far from being good morals; they may serve temporary party ends, but, if persisted in, they will surely bring disaster upon the country which tolerates them. Men may try to ease their consciences by thinking that the other party would and does do the same thing when it gets the opportunity, or that their party must gerrymander this State because the other party has gerrymandered that; they may try to console themselves with the reflection that all is fair in love and politics, or that the general average is not so bad as it might be; but it will not do. So surely as there is order in nature, so surely as things make for righteousness, all this evil work will have to be undone. Nothing is lost in nature, nothing wasted; there are no short cuts in the journey of progress; every false step must be retraced, every false deed done aright. The plea of ignorance will not avail. The crime of chattel slavery was expiated

in blood and tears none the less because people believed in human bondage; the law of nature had been violated, and she exacted the full penalty. What nature demanded of past generations she will exact of this and of those to come. The class legislation which has made millionaires of some and paupers of many, which has conferred public wealth upon private individuals, and which has brought the country to a grave social and industrial crisis will not go unrebuked because done in ignorance. Much of this is due to the fact that the representatives do not represent the people. Voters have been cooped up in political pens, constructed by the ingenuity of the leaders of the dominant party, where they have been as helpless as in an Asiatic despotism. From the very nature of the case, independent political action has been impossible. The saving remnant has been cast aside, trampled on or ignored. New ideas which might have leavened the lump have failed of utterance. Politics in close States has degenerated into contests between political adventurers, while in those States where one party or another has a decided majority stagnation and decay naturally follow.

The disease is self-evident, the cause is patent, the remedy is adequate.

FROM WEST TO EAST.

MISS EDWARDS's attractive book¹ contains the substance of a course of lectures recently delivered in this country, and now recast, with additions, notes, and references. It is in great part a compilation from the voluminous literature of the subject, but a compilation made

by one who has seen much of what she describes, and who has a hearty intellectual sympathy with the work of discovery. The graphic chapter on the explorer in Egypt, with which the work opens, puts clearly before us the kind and the extent of the work to be done, the difficulties to be overcome, and the splendid rewards to be expected. The mounds which lie scattered over the

¹ *Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers.* By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

delta of the Nile resemble gigantic ant-hills, and may be counted by hundreds. The greater number of these still await the spade of the explorer. The typical mound rests upon what was once the sand of the Mediterranean, and a vertical shaft might cut through "the relics of a hundred and sixty-eight generations of men, with a semi-barbarian settlement at the bottom and a Christian town at the top," stratum upon stratum of human habitations from about 4700 b. c. to 600 A. D.

The work of the Egypt Exploration Fund receives the notice which it so fully merits. In fact, perhaps the most interesting part of that work is the account of the recent discoveries of the French and English. Thus, tablets with cuneiform characters occur in large numbers at Tell el Amarna, in upper Egypt. In 1887, at Tell el Yahudieh, in lower Egypt, M. Naville discovered an ancient Jewish cemetery. Some three years ago Mr. Petrie obtained a complete copy of the second book of the Iliad written in beautiful Greek uncial characters, and we may look forward to the discovery of the history of Egypt by Manetho, the poems of Sappho, the comedies of Menander, and the mimes of Sophron which Plato loved. One of the mimes of Herodas has been found and translated into English. Not least in importance are the masons' deposits under the corners of buildings observed by Mr. Petrie, and since detected under almost every building examined with proper care. These consist of models of tools and materials, and others commemorative of the ceremonies performed in laying foundations. They will be of great importance in determining the age of buildings.

The discovery of Pithom in 1883 was followed by excavations at Tanis, by that of the Greek city of Naukratis in 1885, and of Daphnae in 1886. Daphnae is the Defenneh of the Arabs and the Tahpanhes of the Old Testament. Tanis is the Zoan of the Jews, and the Pa-

Tum of Sukkut is the Pithom of Succoth. The excavations made at Tanis recently are those which have most interested scholars. The dwelling of a certain Bekakhia contained a remarkable portrait statuette of himself, while in a neighboring house was found a zodiac painted in gold and colors on a sheet of thin glass, and supposed to be the only known example of ancient glass-painting. In this house there were also seven waste-paper baskets full of letters, deeds, memoranda, and other writings, some on parchment and some on papyrus, both in Greek and in Egyptian. The discovery of a work on the constitution of Athens, attributed to Aristotle, is doubtless familiar to all. It has been edited and published in full. Details of the recent discoveries as to early Greek colonies in Egypt will be new to most readers. Two of these were first recognized by Mr. Petrie, one being three thousand and the other fifteen hundred years before our era. But of still greater interest is the apparently highly probable identification of a people known to the Egyptians as "Tursha" with the Etruscans, who appear originally to have occupied a portion of Lydia. The identification is not absolutely complete, but the evidence in its favor is strong.

The chapter on portrait painting in ancient Egypt is interesting. From the multiplicity of details we select a few which are, we think, but little known outside of the circle of professed Egyptologists. Portraits of a very remarkable character have been found, and Mr. Petrie has given us photographs of four typical heads, the Syrian, the Libyan, the negro, and the Sardinian. But there are also photographs of portraits taken from mummy cases, painted upon flat panels, and marking the first appearance of the art of true painting in Egypt. These are thirteen in number, Greek, Roman, and Egyptian, and are extremely characteristic.

The chapter on portrait sculpture con-

tains much that is comparatively new. Perhaps, in view of the yet unsolved mystery of the Hyksos people, the colossal head of a Hyksos king sculptured in black granite is most interesting, from its ethnological character.

Miss Edwards's work is, as we have stated, principally a compilation, and, except for her account of the recent discoveries of the Egypt Exploration Fund, contains little that is strictly new to those versed in the subject. But it is well written and exceedingly well illustrated, and readers who take it up with little or no knowledge of the subjects of which it treats will find it most acceptable. Chapters on Egyptian literature, religion, language, and modes of writing follow those which we have specially noticed.

Mr. Martin Brimmer, in a volume of exceptionally fine mechanical form,¹ gives a *résumé* of what is best worth knowing about Egypt,—drawn from sources accessible to all, it is true, but presented with scholarly grace, and with a certain delicacy of feeling which lends to the work a peculiar charm. There is here no flavor of the guidebook or museum catalogue, but our author leads us, with grave courtesy, through the no longer tangled mazes of what is dear to all scholars, the history, religion, and art of ancient Egypt. In a work like this the old Egyptian lives again. “We know what were the teachings, what the ritual, what the fundamental ideas, of the religion of Egypt. We know the story of its monumental art and the three purposes to which that art was limited: to adorn the worship of the gods, to glorify the living, to express reverence for the dead.”

Mr. Brimmer begins by describing clearly the peculiar character of the country, for there is an intellectual as well as a geographical topography, and

to a certain degree the latter determines the former. The Egyptian was shut in as by a wall. The desert, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean formed his geographical, and to a great extent limited his mental horizon. Egypt is one great plain, watered by one great river. At the earliest period of its history the nation was homogeneous and spoke a single language. It was essentially peace-loving, and, though sometimes engaged in war, appears never to have recognized the truth of the Greek saying *πόλεμος πατήρ πάντων*. Of all nations of antiquity, the Egyptian alone had no traceable beginning. There was in Egypt no stone age, and no succession of bronze and iron. The author is disposed to admit the theory that the Egyptians came from Asia, and that their racial affinities were with the Semites. But, so far as we know, the ethnologist has not yet fully traced the analogies and the differences between the physical characters of the Egyptians and those of other races. The extraordinary breadth of chest and shoulders which we find in all Egyptian statues and portraits and in mummies characterizes no other nation. The Egyptian face is not Semitic, and verbal coincidences carry no great weight when not supported by other and independent evidence.

In his essay on the religion of ancient Egypt Mr. Brimmer gives with great clearness the results of the most recent discoveries. For these we must refer the reader to the work itself. The essay contains a number of translated inscriptions, many of which are singularly beautiful. The analogies between the ancient religion and Christianity in certain points are very striking. The essay on the art of ancient Egypt gives us perhaps little that is wholly new, but is an acceptable and attractive statement of origin, progress, and decay. Mr. Brimmer's work has a real value for the large class of cultivated readers who have no time for

¹ *Egypt. Three Essays on the History, Religion, and Art of Ancient Egypt.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

profound and detailed study, but who wish to have at least that acquaintance with the subject which every well-educated person must desire, and who enjoy good taste, delicate feeling, and good English.

Mr. Fullerton's sketch of Cairo and Cairene life¹ is a trifle, scarcely more than a long magazine paper, but it is worth the necessary half hour's reading, for it gives a vivid picture of a city which is fast losing its Oriental character and becoming European. The work has a few words upon ancient Egypt. The picture is well painted, with a pleasant lightness of touch, though we see everywhere the marks of the brush on the canvas, the writer's style suggesting a somewhat deliberate attempt at fine writing. The smallness of the book saves the reader from the weariness which would come over him if he were forced to make a longer journey with the author.

Only a few years have elapsed since an English traveler, the Rev. Henry Lansdell, visited Siberia, studied the Russian system of penal servitude, and, returning home, wrote a work in which Siberian mines and prisons were described as all that could be desired, from the point of view of humanity and justice. Mr. Kennan, who went over substantially the same ground, presents us with two elaborate volumes² of what is virtually a report, and draws for us pictures of cruelty and savage neglect which have few parallels in history, and none in modern times. He states expressly in his preface that a very small proportion of his report — probably less than one fifth — rests upon the statements of exiles or prisoners, while perhaps more than half of his information in regard to Siberian prisoners and the working of the exile system has been taken directly from official sources. As

we propose to deal chiefly with this report, we shall pass over the part of the work which relates to the author's journeys and his description of the country visited, and only remark that his work is extremely well written and beautifully illustrated. In fact, simply as a book of travels it is of great interest.

Passing over, then, the details of his journey, we find Mr. Kennan and his friend and companion, Mr. Frost, at Tiumen, a town of 19,000 inhabitants, 1700 miles east of St. Petersburg, near the junction of the Túra and Toból rivers. All persons condemned to banishment, colonization, or penal servitude are sent first to the Tiumen prison. There are kept the records of the exile system. From these it appears that between the years 1825 and 1887 inclusive 772,979 exiles were sent to Siberia. These may be arranged in four classes:—

1. Hard-labor convicts.
2. Penal colonists.
3. Persons simply banished.
4. Women and children who go voluntarily with exiled relatives.

Exiles of the third class comprise:—

- a.* Vagrants, persons without passports who refuse to disclose their identity.
- b.* Persons banished by the sentence of a court.
- c.* Persons banished by the village communes to which they belong.
- d.* Persons banished by order of the Minister of the Interior.

It appears from the statistics given that the largest single class is composed of women and children, who go to Siberia voluntarily with husbands or fathers, and that of all who go to Siberia as criminals less than half have had a trial by a court, the rest having been exiled by a simple order from the Minister of the Interior. The political exiles are distributed among all classes, and there is no

¹ *In Cairo.* By WILLIAM MORTON FULLERTON. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

² *Siberia and the Exile System.* By GEORGE KENNAN. In two volumes. New York: The Century Co. 1891.

way of distinguishing political criminals from common felons. The number of political offenders is much smaller than is commonly supposed, approximately, at least, one per cent of the total number of exiles. This estimate is, however, only for the six years between 1879 and 1885, and does not include about one hundred thousand Polish insurgents and some thousands of political conspirators.

At Tiumen all exiles go into the forwarding prison, and lie there about two weeks. They are then sent in convict barges to the city of Tomsk. Mr. Kennan's description of the prison at Tiumen reminds one of the holds of the slavers in the days of the African trade, and we shall refer the reader to the original for the sickening details. The hospital, so called, was in a horrible condition. The warden said that about three hundred patients died every year, and that there was an epidemic of typhus almost every fall. "What can you expect," said he, "when buildings hardly adequate to the accommodation of eight hundred persons are made to hold eighteen hundred?" The death-rate in the hospital was 23.1 per cent, but in the prison from 23.7 to 44.1, while in seven years out of eleven it was thirty per cent.

At Tiumen Mr. Kennan witnessed the departure of a marching exile party, nearly all persons banished by Russian communes. The impression which we get in this case is one of great harshness, but not necessarily of cruelty. Criminals destined for points in eastern Siberia are transported from Tiumen to Tomsk in convict barges towed by the passenger steamers. The voyage occupies from seven to ten days, and between 1880 and 1884, 52,717 convicts and exiles were transported in this way. Without going into detail, we may say that here, also, there appeared to be no signs of cruelty, so far, at least, as external conditions were concerned.

Our travelers first met political exiles

at Semipalátsk, where they obtained introductions to a number of very interesting persons. Mr. Kennan relates his conversations with many of these. He found them to be "bright, intelligent, well-informed men and women, with warm affections, quick sympathies, generous impulses, and high standards of honor and duty." There were no signs of ill treatment. They had books, and seemed tolerably contented. At Urbinsk other political exiles were met with, chiefly professional men and students. At Ust-Kámenogórsk most of the exiles were of noble birth, or belonged to the privileged classes.

The chapter on exile by administrative process is one of the most instructive in the work. Mr. Kennan defines such exile to be "the banishment of an obnoxious person from one part of the empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities that in most civilized countries precede the deprivation of rights and the restriction of personal liberty." A great number of cases are given to illustrate the definition. Mr. Kennan justly says:—

"The grotesque injustice, the heedless cruelty, and the preposterous 'mistakes' and 'misunderstandings' that mark the history of administrative exile . . . are due to the complete absence in the Russian form of government of checks upon the executive power, and the almost equally complete absence of official responsibility for unjust or illegal action. . . . Theoretically, the Minister of the Interior, aided by a council composed of three of his own subordinates and two officers from the Minister of Justice, reviews and reexamines the cases of all political offenders who are dealt with by administrative process; but practically he does nothing of the kind, and it is impossible that he should do anything of the kind, for the very simple reason that he has not the time."

The description of the Tomsk forwarding prison is a fit pendant to that of the

prison at Tiumen. This prison was designed to hold fourteen hundred prisoners. When Mr. Kennan saw it, it contained more than three thousand, and the convict barges, as they arrived every week, increased the number by from five to eight hundred, while only four hundred a week could be forwarded. The account of the *balagins*, or prison sheds, is too shocking for repetition here. The acting governor of the province stated that the condition of affairs at Tomsk had been reported to St. Petersburg every year, but that nothing had been done, and that he had sent four urgent telegrams during the summer of Mr. Kennan's visit.

The chapter on the life of political exiles contains details of personal history, causes of exile, etc., which are of great use in enabling us to form a judgment of the workings of the exile system. The life of exiles on the road is also the subject of study under the heading Deportation by *Étape*, or exile station house. Marching parties of convicts, three or four hundred strong, leave Tomsk for Irkútzk every week during the year, marching from station house to station house. The condition of these is, perhaps, best described by Mr. Anuchin, the governor-general of eastern Siberia :

"During my journey to Irkútzk I inspected a great number of penal institutions, including city prisons, forwarding prisons, and *étapes*, and I regret to have to say that most of them are in a lamentable condition. The *étapes* are particularly bad. With very few exceptions, they are tumble-down buildings in bad sanitary condition; cold in winter, saturated with miasm, and offering very little security against escapes."

Very curious is the account given of the "Artel," a secret criminal organization. Mr. Kennan sums up his conclusions as to the transport system by saying, "The result of my investigations was a deliberate conviction that the suffering involved in the present method of

transporting criminals to Siberia is not paralleled by anything of the kind that now exists outside of the Russian Empire."

The prisons at Irkútzk do not require special notice. Mr. Kennan found them, in his own language, "a little better, that is less bad, than those of Tiumen and Tomsk." The chapter on police surveillance gives a clear idea of the hardships to which political exiles are subjected by rules which prohibit them from engaging in any sort of work, no matter how well qualified they may be; the government allowing those who have no pecuniary resources three dollars per month. The kinds of torture which a brutal official can practice are, of course, numerous, and Mr. Kennan gives the world a few facts with regard to the lives of political offenders, which are impressive enough, but for which we must refer the reader to his work. The picture is one representing the effect of entrusting with absolute power ignorant, brutal, and irresponsible officials. The results are precisely those with which history has from the earliest times made us acquainted.

The mines at Kars and Nertschinsk were also visited. Of these, as penal settlements, we need only say that the latter, at least, was in rather better condition than the prisons we have already described. The chapter on the character of political exiles is of much importance as well as interest. Mr. Kennan asserts that there is no anti-government party in Russia; no party that deliberately chooses violence and bloodshed as the best means of attaining its ends, and no party that preaches or practices a philosophy of mere negation and destruction,—we use his own words. The term "nihilist" is unjust and misleading. There are, of course, fanatics and political cranks. There are men and women who have been driven mad by the infamous brutality of the Russian régime. But Mr. Kennan offers his own testi-

mony to the fact that, morally, the Russian revolutionists whom he met would compare favorably with any body of men and women of equal numerical strength whom he could collect from the circle of his own acquaintance.

It is a relief to turn from Mr. Kennan's account of the prisons at Tiumen, Tomsk, and Irkútzk to that which he gives of the new convict prison at Vérkni Údinsk, — one of the best, he says, which he has ever seen in any country; to that of the Alexandrófsky convict prison, near Irkútzk; and to that of the prisons in Krasnóyarsk. He is far from indiscriminately condemning the Russian officials in Siberia, many of whom appear in his pages very favorably. There are lights as well as shadows in the picture which he draws, and we believe that, on the whole, his picture is a truthful one. The appendix contains a great deal of very interesting matter connected with the text of the work.

Mrs. Bishop's work¹ consists of a series of letters "written in haste at the conclusion of fatiguing marches." Mrs. Bishop was robbed of the carefully written notes which were to have served for correction, and so apologizes for defects which the average reader is not likely to detect. The ground over which she passed has been visited by travelers innumerable, and we cannot honestly say that she adds much to our knowledge. It is chiefly as a personal narrative that the work interests us. The plucky Englishwoman had excellent opportunities for seeing the country and the people. She went through every species of hardship and discomfort, and more than once ran the risk of her life. She gives her experiences in great and often unnecessary detail, but that is the fault of all travelers. The part of the work which relates to the Bakhtiari tribes is interest-

¹ *Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan.* By MRS. BISHOP (ISABELLA L. BIRD). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: John Murray. 1891.

ing, as those savages have seldom been visited. The account of the Kurds and their lives of plunder and murder corresponds with that of travelers in general, and makes one hope that Russia will soon absorb the whole of Armenia, and so of necessity assume the duty of protecting its inhabitants. From the earliest times the Kurds — the Karduchi of Xenophon — have occupied the same district, and their record comes very near to that of the Apaches of New Mexico. Mrs. Bishop speaks with high praise of the American and English missionaries. Of these, the medical brethren are respected and beloved by all races, and conciliate all by the example of their noble, unselfish, and devoted lives. For Christianity makes no progress among Mohammedans, but the *hakim* brings with him the irresistible religion of doing good. Among the Armenians and Syrians the missionaries are more successful, and their colleges and schools are worthy of all praise. Mrs. Bishop's work is pleasant reading for those not already familiar with the districts which she traversed. All must admire her courage and self-reliance.

In a portly volume² Bishop Hurst attempts nothing less than a general description of India and Ceylon as they are to-day. His work is essentially a series of essays upon well-selected special subjects, and contains a great amount of information in an attractive form. Enough of historical matter is introduced, and we have an excellent book for ordinary reference, covering a very wide range of subjects, with sufficient detail for most readers, and, to say the least, pleasantly written. Such a work is of necessity, to a great extent, a compilation, but the author has been personally over most of the ground, and seen much that he has described. In

² *Indika. The Country and the People of India and Ceylon.* By JOHN F. HURST, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891. Published by subscription.

reviewing Bishop Hurst's book, we are first of all met by the difficulty of making a judicious selection from so great a mass of matter. Yet as India has been described in very many works, we may, perhaps, do most justice to the book before us by calling attention to the changes in religion, manners, and customs now actually going on under the influence of British rule. The account of the Parsis of Bombay is much fuller than in ordinary books of travel. For intelligence, public spirit, and charity, they stand easily the first among Oriental races. Our author cites the denial of the educated Parsis that they worship fire, the truth being that they regard it simply as a manifestation of Deity. He admits that thus far Christianity has made almost no progress among the Parsis. With them, as with other Eastern races, the doctrine of the Trinity appears to be the great obstacle to the acceptance of the Christian faith. Not the least interesting chapter is that on the Theosophy of Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott. The founders of the new faith arrived in India in 1879, and began their work in Bombay. They ran a short career of successful fraud and imposture, and then departed for England. The Society for Psychical Research took up the matter, and sent an expert to India to investigate the "phenomena." With the report of this expert the whole imposture collapsed. Bishop Hurst attributes its success in India to the hostility of the natives toward Christianity. The account of the Indian languages is a good popular compend, and the struggles of the natives with English are illustrated by many ludicrous examples. Readers of the famous New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English will rejoice to hear that a similar feast awaits them in the Memoir of Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee by his admiring nephew, Mohindranauth Mookerjee. The description of this excellent person is worth quoting, as is also a

touching notice of the impression produced by his untimely death :—

"When a boy he was filamentous, but gradually in the course of time he became plump as a partridge, and so much so that he weighed himself two *maunds*, and three and half *seers*, on Monday the 10th of April, 1871, and many able doctors said that he will very soon be caught by palsy; but to put him on guard it was required that he should take some physical exercise — which he used to do since that time. He was neither a Brobdignagian nor a Lilliputian, but a man of mediocre size, fair complexion, well-shaped nose, hazel eyes, and ears well proportioned to the face, which was of a little round cut with a wide front and rubiform lips. He had moulded arms and legs, and the palms of his hands and feet were very small and thick with their proportionate fingers. His head was large; it had very thin hairs on it; and he had a moustache not close set and a little brownish on the top of his upper lip. . . . What becomes of this spiritual is a *pors asinorum*.

"When the Hon'ble Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee left this earth all wept for him and whole Bengal was in lachrymation, and more I shall say that even the learned judges of the High Court heaved sighs and closed it on its Appellate and Original Sides."

The account of the recent departures from Brahmanism is full and interesting. Four distinct associations have appeared, all theistic in their character, and each with its literature, apostles, churches, and zealous adherents. All seem to have arisen from a general discontent with the debased forms of the old religion, and mark in a very striking manner the intellectual awakening of the Hindu race. The liquor and opium trades are treated at length. In this country, probably very few persons are aware of the extent to which the use of opium and ardent spirits prevails in India with the encouragement of the British government.

We have touched very briefly upon a few of the numerous topics of Bishop Hurst's work. The author claims our respect in many ways. He is temperate in his language, and, though a Protestant, he speaks respectfully of the Roman Church and its work, and can see good even in the heathen. The book has real and solid merit, and is eminently readable, though there is a certain flavor of the Tract Society in the style. As a very laborious and faithful compilation it must have value, no other work on India with which we are acquainted covering so much ground.

Is it disrespectful to speak of a lady as a globe-trotter? If not, we must apply the term to Miss Cumming, who has seen far more of the world than most men, and has published more books of travel than we have space to enumerate. The present work¹ is pleasantly written, or perhaps we ought to say compiled. It is full of what may be called popular natural history,—descriptions of plants and animals which are in no sense scientific, but which gratify the laudable curiosity which many persons feel about such matters, and make agreeable light reading for those who would travel if they could. Ceylon appears to be a very paradise of flowers, and Miss Cumming describes the various species of palms, the flowering trees and shrubs, the kinds of wood used for furniture, and useful plants of all kinds. The accounts of animals are still more detailed, and not a few facts of real value to the professed naturalist may be found. Miss Cumming makes the curious but by no means novel statement that the bodies of monkeys which die are never found, so that both in India and in Ceylon there is a saying to the effect that the man who sees a dead monkey, a nest of the Padma bird, or a straight palm-tree will never die. Elephants also contrive in some way

to dispose of their dead, and, with the exception of a few which have died from bullet wounds, their remains are never found in the jungle. Readers of Darwin will remember his use of such observations. Less generally known is the fact that elephants take pleasure in climbing mountains which would seem to be inaccessible to them. Witness the testimony of Skinner and Hofmeister that they climb almost to the summit of Adam's Peak. Miss Cumming devotes a great deal of space to the different religions which prevail upon the island, and especially to Buddhism, in which she finds nothing to admire. In fact, we must admit that the Buddhism of the lower classes is not much above fetichism. The account of the Christian missions is very full of details, doubtless substantially true; but in all such matters one feels that the whole story is not told, and that there is necessarily another side to the picture. At the present day, out of a total population of 3,000,000, 1,800,000 are Buddhists professedly, 630,000 are Hindus, 220,000 are Mohammedans, and, according to the latest census, 285,000 are Christians. Yet the great mass of the people still believe in and practice the propitiation of evil spirits. The besetting sin of the Singhalese is their inordinate love of litigation, to which we must add their proneness to prefer false accusations and to bear false testimony. One of the chief sources of crime is the monopoly of the liquor traffic held by the government, which has consequently a direct interest in encouraging habits of drunkenness by licenses for the sale of intoxicants. Miss Cumming's book, if perhaps a little heavy, contains a great deal of information about a most interesting island, and, with some sifting and selection, is certainly attractive. The numerous reproductions of photographs are interesting; some are really charming. A good map accompanies the work.

Mr. Rockhill, who writes *The Land*

¹ *Two Happy Years in Ceylon.* By C. F. GORDON-CUMMING. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

of the Lamas,¹ is an American, who, during four years' sojourn at Pekin as secretary of our legation, acquired a knowledge of the Chinese and Tibetan languages. He is, we believe, the only American who has ever visited Tibet, and, as he himself states, parts of the country which he traversed had been visited only by Prjevalsky and the Pundit Kishen Sing, a British emissary, whose interesting journey is well known to readers of geographical periodicals. Mr. Rockhill dressed and lived like a Chinese, and was incumbered by none of the usual impedimenta of travelers. He decided to enter Tibet from the north, as Fathers Hue and Gabet had done in 1845, and, leaving Pekin with one servant, started upon his journey through northern China to Tibet. His route map is, unfortunately, executed upon much too small a scale, being apparently a reduction of a larger map. The names are in extremely fine print, and the whole route is, consequently, very difficult to follow. The sketch map of the Chinese Empire is better, but not good. A cart journey of 1350 miles from Pekin brought our author to Lan-chou, a city of from 70,000 to 80,000 inhabitants, chiefly Mohammedans, and the chief town of the province of Kan-su. The Mohammedans here are far from conversant with the tenets of their faith, having but slight acquaintance with Arabic, and quoting the Koran in Chinese. The total number of Mohammedans in western China, according to the best authorities, is now about 30,000,000. They have several times risen against the Chinese, and it is easy to see that sooner or later they will undertake to propagate their faith by the sword. Mr. Rockhill, like other travelers, notices the fact that the Salar Mohammedans differ physically from the Chinese, having aquiline noses, long oval faces, and

large eyes, indicating a strain of Turkish blood. Further on, at Hsi-ning, our traveler dressed himself in a Mongol gown and fur cap, and with a clean-shaved head and face reached Lusar. Here the mixture of races, Chinese, Mongols, Tibetans, and tribes of mixed Turkish descent, was remarkable. The author gives a detailed account of the manners and customs of the Tibetans at this place and its neighborhood, for which we must, however, refer the reader to his work. The route then led to Lake Koko-nor, the azure lake. This lake is some 230 miles in circumference, and about 10,900 feet above sea level. The water is salty, and apparently not very deep. In this district boots are the unit of value, and goods are paid for in boots. Mr. Rockhill warmly defends the accuracy and integrity of Father Hue, who has been severely attacked. Hue appears to have written his work from memory some years after the events he describes. Our author says that this work cannot be too highly praised, and that if it had been properly edited and accompanied by notes Prjevalsky's accusation would never have been accepted.

Leaving the Koko-nor, Mr. Rockhill went through the province of Ts'a-idam. The Mongols here are devoted Buddhists, and are continually mumbling prayers, twirling prayer-wheels, or doing both. The number of Lamas in Tibet is simply astounding. In a distance of 600 miles the author found forty Lamaseries, in the smallest of which there were 100 monks, while in five there were from 2000 to 4000. The Lamas are everywhere *de facto* the masters of the country. "Nearly all the wealth acquired by trading, donations, money-lending, and bequests is in their hands. Their landed property is frequently enormous; their serfs and bondsmen swarm." Our traveler compares the Lamas to the Templars. Every Lama is well armed and well mounted,

¹ *The Land of the Lamas.* By WILLIAM WOODVILLE ROCKHILL. New York: The Century Co. 1892.

and always ready to resist the local chiefs or the Chinese, or to attack a rival Lamasery. The account of Tibet is very full. Mr. Rockhill thinks that the total population will not exceed 3,800,000, of which about 2,000,000 inhabit the kingdom of Lhasa. The author arrived safely at Shanghae, descending the Yang-tsu - Chiang. His courage and pluck command our hearty admiration, and his book is a really valuable contribution both to geography and ethnology. A number of very interesting supplementary notes and tables conclude the work.

Mr. Norman has given us a work¹ which is at once instructive and agreeable. In the author's own language, his essays constitute an attempt to place before the reader an account of some of the chief aspects and institutions of Japanese life as it really is to-day. He had uncommon facilities for his work. Every opportunity for the study of the various departments of government was offered him. A Japanese gentleman from the civil service was placed at his disposal as translator and interpreter, and he spent months of special investigation at the capital. The first essay, At Home in Japan, gives a lively and amusing description of a Japanese house, and of the mode of life in it. The summary of the dinner is eminently suggestive: "Delicate in form and substance, characterized by infinite kindness and merriment, subject to strict and immemorial rules, a Japanese dinner is typical of the Japanese people. Most foreigners are delighted with it as a novel experience, and hasten to supplement it with a beefsteak or a dish of poached eggs." The *geisha*, or girl musicians who appear at such entertainments, made a great impression upon our traveler, and he devotes a number of photographs and much pleasant description to them and their attractive ways. The account of Japanese journal-

ism is both amusing and suggestive. We find nearly all the "institutions" with which we are familiar, the interviewer, the reporter, the newspaper boy, perfectly well defined. We have personal sketches of various editors, remarks on the difficulties of using both the Chinese ideographic and the Japanese syllabic modes of writing, and a broad view of the whole subject of the Japanese press. Then follows a chapter on Japanese justice, which seems to be indeed justice tempered with mercy. The details of the modes of punishment are curious, and one may well ponder the forms of systematic labor to which convicts are subjected. We have next the subject of education. "It is intended," said an official address to the people of Japan, issued in 1872 by special order of the Emperor, "that henceforth education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." This ideal has been sought under great difficulties. Mr. Norman sums up the result in a few words: "Education is compulsory and secular. It is not gratuitous. It consists of five parts, kindergartens, elementary schools, middle schools, special schools, and universities." Our limits will permit us only to refer to Mr. Norman's very interesting chapter. It will be sufficient to quote the words: "I found that in five years' time there will hardly be a position involving high practical scientific knowledge filled by a foreigner in Japan. The architects, the naval architects, the engineers, the chemical and agricultural experts, the physicians and surgeons, the assayers and masters of the mint, will all be graduates of Japanese universities."

The fact that Japan has become a military power of no small magnitude has hitherto, perhaps, excited little attention. Yet Mr. Norman states that

Politics. By HENRY NORMAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

¹ *The Real Japan. Studies of Contemporary Japanese Manners, Morals, Administration, and*

the dockyard at Yokosuka is not behind Woolwich and Portsmouth in much except size. The Armstrong cruisers are among the finest vessels of their class afloat. The war department has at least 40,000 men under arms, and could put 100,000 well-armed men in the field. The men are solidly built and "stocky," and the army is a true European force, whose march and company drill are first-rate.

Very well written chapters on the arts and crafts of Japan follow, but the ground has been gone over so often that we may well refer the reader to the book itself. Two chapters full of painful suggestions conclude the work. One relates to the necessity for the abolition of the treaties with foreign nations by which Japan is ranked with semi-barbarous states, of the opening of Japan to the enterprise of the world's capitalists, and of her admission to the modern comity of nations. The other discusses the future of Japan. The various political questions and points in political history in these final chapters are carefully and thoughtfully considered. As critics, it is our duty to find at least some fault with Mr. Norman's work, but, with the best intentions, we have found nothing at which to cavil.

Mr. Norman saw Japan with the eyes of a cultivated man, full of taste and feeling. Sir Edwin Arnold saw Japan with the eyes of a poet. There is perhaps not much that is new in his work,¹ but the "mode of putting it" is at least very charming. Except for certain delicious periods of the year, one cannot honestly praise the climate of Japan; but it has all the while "divine caprices," and when the sunshine does unexpectedly come during the moist and chilly months, the light is very splendid and of a peculiar silvery tone, while the summer days are golden. While on the whole a healthy climate and excellent

for children, it must not be too greatly extolled. Autumn and spring are the best seasons. From November to March the cold is extremely bitter, and the winds are often savagely bleak. We pass over the pleasant descriptions of home construction, upon which many travelers have dwelt at length, as well as the account of Japanese religion, and come at once to the delightful and instructive chapter on the Japanese treatment of flowers from the aesthetic point of view. The Japanese have systematized their love of flowers, including all beautiful and ornamental leaves, stems, branches, and even stumps and roots, the blossom being rather a detail than the central point. The seven princely flowers are the chrysanthemum, narcissus, maple, cherry, peony, rhodea, and wistaria. The iris is also princely, but must not be employed at weddings because of its purple color. The arrangement of flowers is raised to a branch of art. The vessels which are to hold flowers are also subjects of study. Probably a Japanese would commit *hara-kiri*, if presented with one of the hideous colored glass vases into which the barbarous American delights to put flowers. The details which Sir Edwin gives of flower arrangement as a fine art are also well worth studying. In all that concerns flowers we have still much to learn from our Asiatic brethren. The florist's stiff bouquet must go, the sooner the better, and something at least approaching to artistic feeling govern the adjustment of even a bunch of mignonette.

Sir Edwin never tires of extolling the charming manners of the Japanese, even of the poorest, their exquisite personal cleanliness, and the sweet courtesy with which they acknowledge the smallest obligation. His admiration of the Japanese women has been so much quoted that we may assume that it is familiar to our readers. He embodies it in a charming poem called the *Musmee*. Yet

¹ *Japonica*. By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892.

one great fault of the Japanese character is the contempt with which women are regarded by men. The position of a woman is little if at all better than that of a slave, and she may be divorced at her husband's pleasure. We have touched very lightly upon Sir Edwin Ar-

nold's charming work, and have sometimes used his own language to do him the more justice. The book contains no politics, no philosophical musings or views, but is what most readers will cordially welcome, a delightful picture of something worthy to be painted.

RECENT AMERICAN AND ENGLISH FICTION.

FICTION, for many persons, is the one form of art which they are permitted to enjoy to the full; it sets them free from imprisoning circumstance, and makes them for a while masters of themselves because admitted to the freedom of another world. It is a great gain, therefore, when a novel, besides carrying one away, as the phrase is, by its story-telling power, borrows elements from other forms of art, and enriches the reader by appeals such as architecture, sculpture, music, painting, or poetry makes to the sensitive mind. If, for example, one has never seen a great architectural structure, massive in its complex form, rich in its multitudinous detail, but has read Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, he has received from that work, beyond a notion of other human lives, an impress which is a faint simulacrum of that offered by a great building into which art has wrought a charm independent of the uses of the building. The rustic reader who has never stood before the still-breathing marble, but has brooded over the figures in Hawthorne's romance, Hilda, Donatello, Miriam, knows something of the charm which springs from companying with the figures of human sculpture when the sculptor has breathed into them the breath of life, yet left them remote, wrapped in the solitude of their own inscrutable being. Again, there is a lyrical beauty about the Vicar of Wakefield which affects one as Haydn's

music may. But no doubt the art which lends most to the novel, and is most conspicuously present in it, is the art of design. That is to say, while the novelist and the draughtsman both desire to set vividly before the imagination scenes whether of landscape with figures or of figures with a background, and each uses his own means, one words and the other lines, the novelist suggests the draughtsman oftener than the draughtsman suggests the novelist. It is true that a picture is said to tell a story, and this is sometimes considered a condemnation of its value as a work of art, but more often a story is praised heartily for its pictorial effect. Yet there is a further, a heightened value now and then in a novel, which we can state to ourselves in no terms so exact as when we say not merely that the novelist is a designer, a term which may be made to cover pattern-making, but that the novelist is a painter, and this name we should give preëminently to Miss Murfree as represented in her latest book.¹

Whoever has read In the "Stranger People's" Country attentively — and the book demands close attention — has seen a succession of masterly paintings, and is almost as much impressed by color, by light and shade, as if his very organs of sight had rested upon canvas

¹ *In the "Stranger People's" Country.* By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1891.

and pigments. So intent is the author upon these successive effects that she relies upon them for carrying the story, and leaves the reader to construct one somewhat necessary link in the chain of events which constitutes the plot out of scattered hints and inferences. If one chooses so to regard it, the whole story turns upon the highway robbery and Steve Yates's connection with it; but one is not present at this scene, and is left to conjecture what circumstances compelled Yates to be a reluctant member of the gang. There is a fine art in this, but we suspect it was less premeditated than due to an instinctive subordination of the mere narrative to the dramatic conception, and the drama is developed rather by successive *tableaux vivants* than by action. The scene in the robber's hiding-place when Guthrie surprises the gang is a masterly piece of drawing. In the hands of a lesser artist the violence would have been the prominent element; in Miss Murfree's handling the attention is concentrated upon the lights and shadows, upon the figures in their changing relations, and all the violence is dispatched in a moment of lightning-like rapidity.

The vividness with which the scenes are presented is due to the meaning with which they are charged, and to the imaginative skill with which the details are perfected. Miss Murfree has completed her analysis of her characters before she draws them. Only now and then does she permit herself, as in the changing relations of Shattuck and Rhodes, to dwell at length upon the movement of mind before action. As a rule, all is translated into the terms of speech and behavior, and given so clear a tone, so sharp an accent, that the meaning cannot be mistaken. Her characters, for this reason, never seem to be getting ready to do something; they are in their places when the reader sees them, and, however slowly they may move, each step, each word, counts. For this reason, as we intimated, the reader finds

himself closely attentive to the author's words, not that he fears he may miss some hidden disclosure on which events turn, but that the perfection of the whole rests upon the exquisite joining of the parts. There is no mere accumulation of details in the attempt to give elaborate fullness to a scene, nor are details elaborated while the reader waits impatiently for the story to move on; but they are lifted into significance by the author's imaginative power, which so selects and disposes as to disclose their meaning, not to invest them with some adventitious force. For example, there is a striking scene in which Shattuck, the representative of ultramontane civilization,—a character almost always introduced by Miss Murfree into her stories as a contrasting figure to the rude mountain folk,—thinks himself fired at by Yates's wife, who has threatened to shoot him if he attempts to explore certain pigmy graves which he looks upon with scientific curiosity, she with superstitious reverence; and so thinking, he rides fast to the cottage, and confronts Mrs. Yates, Letitia Pettingill, Baker Anderson, and little Mose, his companions following behind. The picture of the house and its inmates, the disposition of the group of men, the disclosure of character in the sharp conversation, the purposed confusion of the reader as to the actual fact involved,—there is not a word too much, there is no word lacking. Here, for example, is the scene which presented itself to Rhodes, one of Shattuck's companions, as he flung himself from his horse at the threshold of the house:—

"No friendly greeting had it been, to judge from the dismayed, deprecatory faces grouped about the fire. Adelaide had risen with a slow look of doubt, a sort of stunned surprise. Letitia, who had been out milking the cows, stood in the back doorway, the brimming piggie on her head, one hand lifted to stay it, the wind rustling the straight skirt of

her dress, the twilight and the firelight mingled on her face. Her blue eyes were alight with a sort of wonder, that held nevertheless an intimation of comprehension, which was at variance with the stolid amazement in Baker Anderson's countenance, as, just arrived and still breathless, he sat squarely in his chair, one hand on either knee, his jaw fallen, gaping thunderstruck at the intruder. The centre of the family group, Moses, was seated upon the floor in the firelight, and turned himself dexterously about to survey over his small shoulder the new-comers; he was silent in seeming recognition of the fact that their gaze overlooked him, and had no reference to his existence; his soft face only expressed a sort of infantile apprehensiveness and suspension of opinion. A tallow dip sputtered on the high mantelpiece; there was pine amongst the fuel, and the resin flared white in the flames. Very distinct the scene was, although, as the lights fluctuated, the fire flickered in the breeze, which swayed it like a canvas: the brown walls; the purplish-black squares where the night looked in through the windows, with here a feathery bough, and here a star, and here the dim contours of a dark summit against the sky; the red-bedecked warping bars; the table not yet set forth with the supper crockery, save only a great brown pitcher and a yellow bowl; the sheen of tinware on a shelf; even Shattuck's shadow, as sarcastically nonchalant as the substance which it mimicked, as it waved its hand in mockery of courtesy, while he reiterated his bitterly merry congratulations. The white light showed the very flare of fury in his eyes that oddly dallied with the smile on his face."

This is painter's work, and it is the kind which Miss Murfree delights in. Her groups are almost always her most distinct bits of painting, and in composing them she has a fine sense of disposition, so that the figures always have

their place, and never crowd confusingly upon the reader's mind. It may be said, in fact, of the entire story that the figures which appear on the canvas are all so interesting to her, and group themselves so naturally in changing relations, that now one, now another, is the conspicuous man, the hero for the time being; and the reader, at the close, might be in some doubt whether Guthrie, or Shattuck, or Rhodes, or Yates, or even Buck Cheever was distinctly the central figure of the book. This is to repeat that the strength of Miss Murfree's art lies in her extraordinary faculty for painting scenes, for presenting tableaux vivants, and for so arranging the succession of these scenes that there is a moving narrative, culminating as this does in the tragic scene at the pigmy grave, where all the currents of life in the tale meet by no melodramatic contrivance, but by the impelling force resident in each.

This characteristic of Miss Murfree's art must be held to explain and in a large measure justify one feature of her work which has provoked censure,—her deliberate and frequent use of landscape effects. Where such carefully painted scenes detain the reader, restless to pursue an interrupted and exciting narrative, it may fairly be argued that the author has sacrificed to a momentarily dominating element of her art one which is permanently superior, but for the moment must be held as subordinate. That is to say, the material in which Miss Murfree is consciously dealing scarcely separates itself in her mind into the two elements of nature and human nature. The world in which her imagination dwells is geographically the heart of the Tennessee mountains. Here she finds a people at one with humanity, yet marked by distinctive features of their own. These features, whether or no impressed by the individuality of the nature that surrounds them, are at any rate blended with the characteristics of

this external nature of mountain, valley, gorge, with the ever-changing sky by day and by night. Thus to the eye of this marvelous painter the scene is one. For her, it is not a landscape with figures, nor a group with a landscape background. By a unity of impression nature and human nature are constantly present to her, and even when some bold action is in progress she cannot help feeling that the mountains, the trees, the sun, moon, and stars, are not merely spectators, but participants. Yet it is also true, and this book illustrates the truth, that, with a growing power in art, Miss Murfree is gradually condensing her expression of inanimate nature and heightening her human effects. Nature always will be present in her work, but we look for such art in her painting of nature as will make words do what sentences have done.

Brightly practical persons, it may perhaps have been noted, are wont to look on the novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy with an ill favor. This lack of approval they often dissemble through fear of being thought not to care for and understand what is "artistic;" but when the disapproval finds vent, it is commonly discovered to have its animus in an irritated feeling that fate is allowed an undue predominance over human will in the most delightful examples of later Victorian fiction. The irritation is not less that Mr. Hardy so seldom offers a point for direct attack: partly because he deals very much in the *vraie chose*, in his selections from life; partly as well because he never is so ill-advised as to preach a doctrine, whatever doctrinal teaching may be inferred from his books. True it is that "the sisters three and such branches of learning" have never been handicapped in the race of life which Mr. Hardy so skillfully reflects from reality, and Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos have never had things quite so much their own way, even with Mr. Hardy, as in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*,

his latest work.¹ It is a veritable tragedy, as the Greeks understood and practiced tragedy, and must be accounted the author's masterpiece until he surpasses it. The Fates have indeed always played the rôle eminent in the works of the author of *Desperate Remedies*,—Mr. Hardy's first book, and one to be recommended to younger craftsmen as a deeply interesting study in the novel,—but their part has never been quite so sharply relieved. Under the *Greenwood Tree*, in fact, shows them bland, flower-crowned, almost to be thought the three Graces instead of the three Fates; and in *The Hand of Ethelberta* they seem to have borrowed their cynical divinity from Momus. But throughout the great book which now so widely engages the attention of English-reading people they "path their native semblance on;" and no classic is more relentlessly execrated than the work rather unhappily entitled *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Tess makes one suggestion to English readers which is received in this country only by implication, and from the words "a pure woman faithfully presented" following the name of the heroine on the title page. This hinted defense of the singularly real creature of imagination, who has been finely described as an imperfect woman, nobly planned, is more explicitly (though still subtly) undertaken in a preface which the American publishers have seen fit to leave out, together with a chapter having much title to be called the most impressive of all the chapters in the book. "I baptize thee, Sorrow," the words spoken by poor Tess over the dying child of her misadventure,—a christening being beyond her reach,—will stand as the record of one of the most memorable episodes in modern fiction; and the chapter containing it should on every account be restored in a new American edition.

¹ *Tess of the D'Urbervilles. A Pure Woman Faithfully Presented.* By THOMAS HARDY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

The eliminated preface, on the other hand, is to be regretted only because authors are supposed to have rights, as it is by way of polemic, and hints at least a wish to dispute the justice of the punishment for sins of the flesh meted out by the world's law to men and women respectively. The question has been often mooted of late, not always savorily, and it is a disagreeable surprise to find a consummate artist wishing to make arguments of supererogation from the point of view of art, and not contenting himself with the noble plan of his imperfect, thrice unhappy woman.

But, this slight adverse comment once made, there is nothing save praise to be uttered, for the preface does not injure the body of the work, especially for the multitude of readers who will never see these preliminary words ; and, however little the author should enter into the argument, the question of Tess's purity will inevitably (and fittingly) be discussed by readers. It is easy to imagine a reader of the Hardy temperament arguing the matter out with one of opposite characteristics, and there could be no better test of the difference in belief between fatalist and non-fatalist, no more pathetic opportunity for the Hopkinsian attempt to reconcile predestination and free will,— if we may take refuge in theology,— than the story of Tess of the D'Urbervilles. Granted the girl's good instincts in the beginning, the strenuous non-fatalist will insist that a vigorous exertion of the will should have kept them pure and delivered Tess from evil. But his interlocutor may meet him with the puzzling reply that the power to will, either in strong or weak degree, is as much a part of our inherited endowment as any other quality or any other defect. Mr. Hardy might well have made it more clear, not why Tess should have yielded in the first instance, — her youth and the power which circumstances gave D'Urberville over her explain that sufficiently, — but why she

should have remained so long after her first submission to his wishes with a man whom she had never really loved. Whether, however, Tess's career justifies the aggressive sub-title of her history already quoted, there can be no doubt that all her instincts toward purity were as strong as those of many women in whom the quality is never questioned, either because temptation has never assailed them or because their lives are imperfectly known. "To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one out of ten thousand," was spoken of the honor of men as men understand it, not of the honor of women as men and women understand it; but there are at least ten thousand out of this world's Lucretias who would conceal a past fault for the sake of making an honorable marriage. When, however, the marriage is to be made with a man whom the woman deeply and truly loves, as Tess loved Angel Clare, deceit assumes another complexion. And Mr. Hardy has not left this consideration unprovided for. The poor girl, having nerved herself to write to Clare, had every reason to believe that the letter had reached him, and that his unaltered demeanor was meant to tell her he forgave, if he could not forget. Then, after Tess had let her whole heart go out to him, came the crushing discovery that Clare had never received the letter of confession. Mr. Hardy might have baptized his story Sorrow, as Tess baptized her child ; for it is only one of the piteous moments in a piteous tale, this moment when love had grown stronger than honor, and the woman allowed the man to marry her in ignorance of her fault.

It is a not insignificant testimony to the illusion of Tess of the D'Urbervilles that it has left at least one reader believing that many of the crimes served up morning and evening in the newspapers would seem less barbarous, less unintelligible, if there were at hand to explain the motives of them some seer

of human nature, some Thomas Hardy. Tess, as every one knows, ends with a murder, and the execution of the beautiful unhappy creature who committed it; but it is hardly to be doubted that any faithful reader, of open mind and a right heart, will find himself pitying, not condemning, the murderer, and accepting implicitly from the author the logic of the events that led to the dire conclusion. The seduction of Tess by D'Urberville, shown in the early chapters, is followed by the return home in disgrace. Then comes the second going out into the world,—a neighboring vale being the world for this daughter of a knightly race sunk to the peasant level,—and the pastoral content of life on a large dairy farm. But here, also, at dairyman Crick's, is Angel Clare, a gentleman learning to be a farmer. Each has a vague memory of having seen the other at a village dance, and soon "they were converging, under an irresistible law, as surely as two streams in one vale." The marriage is made. Immediately after it Tess confesses to her husband, and he goes away in righteous anger to the ends of the earth, first having told her to apply to his father and mother in case of need. Nothing in the book is finer than the description of her long journey on foot to that decent clerical abode, and the mingling of pride and timidity which sends her back again, without having made herself known, over the weary road to hard work and temptation. Nothing is more touching than the recital of the constancy and devotion of poor Tess. The man who had betrayed her is ever at her side. Her husband does not come and does not write. At last, in despair of ever seeing Clare again, she yields again to D'Urberville's importunities, in order to save her people from the lowest depths of poverty. Soon afterward Clare returns, and finds her living with D'Urberville. They have a brief, sorrowful interview, and then there is nothing for

Clare to do but leave her. Tortured with the thought of the happiness they have lost, and exposed to the taunts of D'Urberville, what can she do but kill him, and hasten to overtake Clare? What can the justice of England do but kill her, in retribution? The author, classic again in his forbearance, spares us the horrors of the execution; but the unfurling of the black flag tells Clare and Tess's sister that she is dead. One is reminded, incongruously enough, as the flag goes up the staff above the prison,—incongruous, yet not unnatural, is the reminder,—of the end of another tragedy, the token of another ruined life, the black feather found floating on the surface of the water by Caleb Balderstone.

The mention of that humorous and pathetic figure is a reminder that, sombre as is Mr. Hardy's new volume, it is not without sundry of those touches which have helped to make his reputation unique. The story of William Dewey, the fiddle, and the bull could hardly find another environment so appropriate; but it would be a gem in any setting, this irresponsible and very brief narrative. William, returning with his fiddle from a wedding where he had been playing, was pursued by a bull. Happily mindful of the superstition that all the animals kneel and pray the night before Christmas, he played what he and his friends called the 'Tivity Hymn, "when, lo and behold, down went the bull on his bended knees, in his ignorance, just as if 'twere the true 'Tivity night and hour. As soon as his horned friend were down, William turned, clinked off like a long-dog, and jumped safe over hedge before the praying bull had got on his feet again to take after him. William used to say that he'd seen a man look a fool a good many times, but never such a fool as that bull looked when he found his pious feelings had been played upon, and 'twas not Christmas Eve." The ruse was not hit upon

at first, but only at last and after much anguish of spirit, when, striving to please the bull à l'*Orphée*, William had begun to feel that there was only one tune "between him and eternal welfare." This formula for quitting the earthly scene recalls irresistibly one whose name was not William, but Launce-lot, and his "deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven;" and is but another incentive to the often reiterated remark that Mr. Hardy's peasants are Shakespearean. Perhaps the truth is more indirect, and the peasants of Wessex have merely remained Shakespearean through the centuries, until there has come a man with eyes to see and ears to hear them; for most of us never know country folk anywhere. Their apparent simplicity often masks something more nearly akin to sophistication, as we occasionally find when we get a key to the combination; and the "when I were in Boston," which a good friend of ours uses at elegant moments,—the more grammatical *was* being thought sufficient for herself and her neighbors,—is a fair example of the company speech which corresponds to the company manners and company dress of the children of nature. Evidently they never say "when I were in Boston," or its Wessex equivalent, to Mr. Thomas Hardy. He has long since arrived at the point with his rustics where their oddities are not premeditated, where their grammar or un-grammar is a thing of custom. One of the most vigorous sketches after this kind to be found in any of Mr. Hardy's books is John Durbeyfield, father to Tess. He is hurried toward futility and defeat by the discovery that he is by right a D'Urberville, of a knightly family so old as to have become new and poor again; but John of the D'Urbervilles lives long enough to approve himself the peer of Joseph Poorgrass, Grandfer Cantle, and other of the very rarest of the Hardy auctochthones. And the magnificent scene

in which, after the antiquarian parson has told him of his rank, he stops work, lies down on his Norman back, kicks his knightly heels, and informs the passer-by of his name and lineage has the merit, not common to episodes of humor, of being an integral part of the story.

William and the praying bull, indeed, form the only interlude in a singularly coherent and well-knit fabric. Just here, in the matter of construction, is one of the two or three particulars in which the Hardy of *Tess* seems to us to have surpassed the Hardy of any former achievement. An artist he has ever been, and in a sense little understood, or at all events little practiced, by English writers; but the art has sometimes been qualified with artifice, as in *Two on a Tower*, or—a more common fault with this author—he has, in popular phrase, lost his grip of the theme, and faltered a little toward the end. This was notably the case in *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *A Laodicean*. But his Fates have not deserted him in *Tess*. The end is the logical goal of the steps of incident by which the story moves forward from the beginning, through scenes which Mr. Hardy makes very near and clear to the inward eye that is the bliss of staying at home. Blakemoor Vale and Froom Vale, with their differences of soil and air, are communicated to the reader as a possession, not a mere territory of the imagination; and the same hand that draws the variety of green prospect in the two vales, where every prospect pleases, has sketched with a few masterly strokes the harsher outlines of Flintcomb-Ash, where poor Tess served part of her bondage. These pictures of nature do not exceed, though they equal, much that Mr. Hardy has done before; but more than ever he apprehends effects of light and atmosphere with a sensitiveness that taxes even his flexible power of expression. Never, it would seem, has he been quite so subtle as in what follows:—

"The gray half tones of daybreak are not the gray half tones of the day's close, though the degree of their shade may be the same. In the twilight of the morning, light seems active, darkness passive; in the twilight of evening, it is the darkness which is active and crescent, and the light which is the drowsy reverse.

The mixed, singular, luminous gloom in which they walked along together to the spot where the cows lay often made him think of the Resurrection-hour. He little thought that the Magdalen might be at his side. Whilst all the landscape was in neutral shade, his companion's face, which was the focus of his eyes, rising above the mist-stratum, seemed to have a sort of phosphorescence upon it. She looked ghostly, as if she were merely a soul at large. In reality, her face, without appearing to do so, had caught the cold gleam of day from the north-east; his own face, though he did not think of it, wore the same aspect to her.

"It was then, as has been said, that she impressed him most deeply. She was no longer the milkmaid, but a visionary essence of woman,—a whole sex condensed into one typical form. He called her Artemis, Demeter, and other fanciful names, half teasingly, which she did not like because she did not understand them.

"'Call me Tess,' she would say, askance; and he did.

"Then it would grow lighter, and her features would become simply feminine; they had changed from those of a divinity who could confer bliss to those of a being who craved it."

It must not be supposed that in Mr. Hardy's latest book scenery is out of proportion to character, drama, and narrative. Nothing is out of proportion, and everything lends itself to exhibit in the fullest light the central figure of the story. There is no one chapter, unless indeed it be the unhappily omitted one

of the midnight baptism, which has the Old Testament grandeur of that chapter in *The Return of the Native* telling how the mother was turned away from her son's house, and went down the hill alone to die; but *Tess* as a whole definitely surpasses the rest of Mr. Hardy's books,—surpasses even *The Return of the Native*,—if only for its wider intellectual horizon, and its larger, sadder, less bitter irony. The exceeding technical perfection of the novel has already been spoken of. Tess alone remains for comment, and she alone would almost make a novel great. It has been an accompanying quality, and with scarcely a doubt a resulting quality, of Mr. Hardy's extreme sensitiveness to the play of circumstance upon human lives that his characters have rarely been what is called sympathetic. What happens to them is too paramount. Even his women, fascinating as they never fail to be at the moment of reading, are remembered (do we err in saying it?) after a fashion that, for the most part, fuses individuals in one seductive type, and leaves a pleasantly blurred recollection of a series of beguiling chapters about Eve. Unless we are much at fault, Tess, for some reason, steps forth from the group. Thus she may easily be seen by the reader, and there is no need of an attempt, with blundering, ineffectual words, to analyze the charm of a woman who will be better known, better loved, more deeply pitied, than most women are known, or pitied, or even loved, either in the world of fact or the world of art.

Is it a mere matter of personal preference that Mr. Hardy should almost invariably, in these latter days, deal with the errors of human passion, and Mr. Howells quite as invariably ignore the subjects which spring from the debasement of sexual love? We are tempted to indulge in a pretty bit of social philosophy, and to argue that to a novelist in the Old World, seeking to penetrate the recesses of life, the inevitable theme

is the disorder of human passion, because the whole structure of society is in defiance of a genuine social equality, and lust fattens upon social inequality, with the result that the mightiest power in human life is by the conventions of men distorted and made the parent of all evil; while to a novelist in the New World, studying the phases of social democracy, the delicate adjustments of the code of society are of less consequence than those elemental relations which are translating themselves into new terms. To take the great passion of love and confine it in its manifestation to the relations between the socially strong and the socially weak no longer seems the necessity of fiction in the eyes of such a writer, because in the expansion of society the passion of love itself stands revealed in an infinitely greater variety, and for one thing love of one's neighbor rises to view as capable of affording an endless succession of dramatic situations, of stating profound problems of life. In truth, without attempting too broad generalizations of this nature, it is the confinement of life, the village idea, which gives Mr. Hardy his opportunity, and so fixed are the boundaries of that life that the resultant ethical problem is a piece of casuistry; it is the expansion of life which gives Mr. Howells his opportunity, and so fluent are the conditions that the ethical contents of his story resolve themselves into large problems to be solved, and open vistas to the thoughtful reader which end in almost undiscovered territory.

We are moved to these vague and rather high-sounding phrases by a reading of Mr. Howells's latest novel.¹ The love-making is so wholly subordinate to the main theme of the story, is indeed in one case so almost imperceptible, that the reader finds himself, if he would be interested at all, forced to transfer his attention from the lovers to the central

figure of the story, a defaulter, whose misdeeds and subsequent dreary attempt to escape from himself into Canada involve all the characters who appear. There can be no harm in apprising the reader what he is to expect in the way of a story.

J. Milton Northwick, a prosperous self-made man, falls into the habit of speculating with the funds of the company of which he is treasurer, and falsifying the books to cover his transaction. At the opening of the tale the secret is out in the board of directors; the president, Mr. Hilary, has given the transaction its real name, but has persuaded his associates to allow the defaulting treasurer three days in which to make up his shortage. Returning to his country seat, where he lives with his two daughters, Northwick makes up his mind to skip to Canada—it was before the days of the extradition treaty—and retrieve his fortune. He goes off ostensibly for a short journey, and a railway accident so covers his movements that, although no positive evidence of his death is brought forward, the circumstantial evidence points pretty directly to it. At any rate, this is the general conviction. Meanwhile, the story of his dishonesty begins to leak out, the newspapers get hold of some of the facts, and there is a brief period when the fugitive from justice is put in the pillory. His daughters do not lose faith in their father's probity, but seclude themselves from the world. The only intruders into their seclusion from the world they have lived in are the rector, the doctor, a lawyer who has been the bitter enemy of their father on socialistic grounds, and the family of Mr. Hilary. Mr. Hilary's son, Matt, is an amateur Tolstóy carrying on a farm in the neighborhood, but on terms of intimacy with his more conventional family. He falls in love with Suzette Northwick, after looking over the field carefully to see that he is not trespassing. Meanwhile, Northwick

¹ *The Quality of Mercy.* By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

really has escaped to Canada, and is attacked there not only by a fever, but by a paralysis of will, so to speak, and gives no signs of life for many months, when he makes himself known by a letter to the newspaper which had made the most parade of his case, and sets on foot new movements among the characters in the story, resulting finally in his voluntary return to the United States in charge of the reporter who had worked up the subject. Northwick meets his death before his actual delivery into the hands of Justice as enthroned in the courts.

From this bare outline the reader can easily perceive the use which a novelist intent on adventure and incident would be likely to make of the material at his service. No lover of mere excitement probably would penetrate the book very far, and even one in sympathy with Mr. Howells's aims may ask himself if the story is not unnecessarily tame; if a somewhat more dramatic use of the situations might not have heightened the interest without the loss of the effect produced by probability and naturalness. It may be, however, that in the absence of sharp dramatic scenes the reader's mind turns more readily to the considerations which plainly governed Mr. Howells in his choice and treatment of subject.

Here is an incident vulgarized by the newspaper, and so common as to excite attention only so long as its details are fresh in the minds of men, which fills the thought of a novelist whose whole business it is to interpret life. What, he asks himself, is its meaning? Is it symptomatic of a condition of our social health? Into what elemental forces of human nature is it to be resolved? Then, as he seeks to set it forth in its reality, he finds himself drawn to consider how this act of moral decadence affected the man himself, his family, his neighbors, the corporation of which he was the agent, the whole community; and having followed the subject in its parallel lines of

personal and social destiny, he falls back at last upon the absolute conditions: behind the right and the wrong involved in this course of human affairs, is there an eternal truth which illustrates the whole subject?

We are aware that in this statement we are rather exploring the recesses of Mr. Howells's mind than making a brief of the story, and that the author, in the interest which he takes in his characters, may well be supposed to have dismissed such general purposes into the sub-cellars of consciousness; but only thus can we explain to ourselves why there is a certain latent power in a novel which, in the ordinary terms of fiction, cannot be pronounced a marked success. The figures in it are not exactly shadowy,—Mrs. Hilary strikes us as an exceptionally well-modeled figure,—but the author seems to take them almost too much for granted, and to be so intent on his speculations concerning Mr. Northwick's mind and the general state of social justice and morality as to miss something of his customary fineness of delineation, except perhaps in the case of Pinney, the newspaper reporter, who suggests a sculptor's piece of work capitally done in clay, but not worth being chiseled in marble. Possibly this lack is due to the familiarity of some of the characters to the author through his use of them in a previous novel, to the occasional bewilderment of the reader, who thinks now and then he must have skipped some passages, and has to be told by the critic that he has skipped the whole of Annie Kilburn.

The book is so inferior to *The Hazard of New Fortunes* in respect of its characterization and its play of persons that we have taken a little alarm lest Mr. Howells should have been misled by his subject, and be in danger of overvaluing what may be called the essay element in fiction. Up and down through the pages the various phases of this social disease of defalcation are touched with keen,

thoughtful words, and great insight is shown into the working of Northwick's mind. Yet we doubt if a novel has justified itself fully when its persons fade in the mind of the reader, and a few abstract principles remain as his chief possession.

Paulo-post future predictions are a crude form of criticism, but to say that a book of to-day will not be read by our descendants is to make an effort to detach the accidental circumstance from the essential art. Modernity is hardly likely to be a password to posterity, which will have its own contemporaries to look after. We are quite willing to give Mr. Howells the benefit of a doubt, because his book is not something to be taken once an hour till the fever subsides; but how is it with books intended to convert the present generation?

That no sane person can entertain the thought of our children, much less our grandchildren, perusing the history of David Grieve¹ is not necessarily a belittling of the talents of Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is merely to say that, both in Robert Elsmere and in the latest pledge of her philanthropy, she has chosen to employ them on subjects which change their complexion so rapidly that books treating of particular phases share the early antiquity of the phases themselves. Every novel in the world, except Don Quixote, has faded more or less, after a sufficient time has been given it for the process. Every novel with a purpose, except Don Quixote, — if indeed Cervantes seriously meant to smile “Spain's chivalry away,” — has faded and withered in a surprisingly short time; and it has already been discovered that the propagation of the New Unitarianism is no exception to the rule which includes the circumlocution office and the re-Judaizing of the Jews. It may confidently be foretold that no better luck is in store

for the consideration of the problem which is apparently the motif of David Grieve, namely, whether marriage or the *union libre* be the greater failure. David tells his dreary little wife, with scant gallantry, that the most unsatisfactory marriage is rather to be chosen than a union of ideal elements not made binding by the law. The profane layman will be likely to suggest, if indeed he has not done so ere now, that Mrs. Ward has given neither the bond marriage nor the free a fair show, in her arrangement of partners; and he may, moreover, indulge in the curious though not very important reflection that, had David and Elise been legally united, they would probably have contrived a *modus vivendi* in which each would have enjoyed the gifts and graces of the other. Had David and Lucy, on the contrary, entered into the *union libre*, David's generosity would have kept him faithful to an arrangement to which Lucy would have clung desperately, through “hope to rise or fear to fall.” These words, taken from a noble little poem, remind us that in David Grieve there is also a very great deal about religion, and that David is left substantially where Elsmere was, — in a radical but ardent Unitarianism, with a secularized Christ and an infinitely distant God.

This statement of the aims and the results of David Grieve is a meagre, but not, we believe, an unfair summary of a book in which are everywhere to be seen the same largeness and earnestness of spirit, the same high cultivation of mind, the same lucid and ample expression, that were the notes of Robert Elsmere. But Robert Elsmere was a tract writ large, and David Grieve, in spite of still greater pains to disguise its essence, is only less imperfectly a novel. It is, further, appreciably less interesting as controversial literature. Mrs. Ward ought nevertheless to be given the palm freely for managing the novel of purpose better than any one else has done. Being

¹ *The History of David Grieve.* By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

a mortal, she could not be expected to succeed where the conditions of the attempt put absolute success out of the question, and where such writers of authentic genius as Dickens and George Eliot failed. But what she has done is to make a book less unsuccessful as a work of art than Little Dorrit, or Daniel Deronda, or any other novel of tendency in the language ; and this perhaps should console her for the lack of any such splendid redemption of failure as the creation of a Gwendolen or a Grandcourt. In character-drawing, to be sure, as in other details, Mrs. Ward is at least as far from inspiration and from spontaneity as she was in Robert Elsmere. Catherine was distinctly a real person, and Rose and Langham were both cleverly drawn. Over against these are to be set, to the credit of David Grieve, two realities in Louie and Lucy, one moderate bit of cleverness in the delineation of Elise Delaunay, and a good degree of skill in several minor characters. But it is these same lesser personages, with their number and insistence, who help to swamp the story. Mrs. Ward is not content to tell about David, his sister, his mistress, and his wife ; but their friends and relations and forbears must be described, and even some of the servants of their friends and relations, not altogether forgetting the consanguinities of the servants. These servile ramifications are peculiarly trying. In the enormous population of the novel, death, by the law of averages, is a frequent incident. Mrs. Ward shows herself nothing if not mortuary, until at last the death-rate is so high that the whole book seems, like Lear's hand, to smell of mortality. In her deaths as in her lives Mrs. Ward exhibits the strong literary quality which was so much an emphasis of Robert Elsmere. David's first journey brings him to gaze upon the tablet in Haworth church bearing the names of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë ; and at the end Mrs. Ward tucks Lucy grotesquely

away with the poet's Lucy in the church-yard by Rotha's wave. A quotation from Wordsworth is of course the blessing with which she is dismissed. This disposition of Lucy may not afflict the public in general, but Wordsworthians will feel the difference to them.

For the rest, David is made the mouth-piece of much suggestive and stimulating modern thought ; but he and most of the other personages of the book are "once removed," as they say of cousins, in respect of their reality. A film of literature and reflection hangs between them and the reader. Grieve is, besides, as much a woman's man as Elsmere, or, it may be added, as Deronda ; and Mrs. Ward's two much-tried heroes are not keenly differentiated by the mere fact of one arriving at the New Unitarianism by the path of orthodoxy, the other over that of agnosticism or "infidelity." In the relations of David and Louie as children there is an obvious suggestion of Maggie and Tom. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding its length, there is much that is charming in this first outdoor division of David Grieve ; and the Paris division, Storm and Stress, — in which, by the way, the noble figure of Henri Regnault is introduced with contagious enthusiasm, — contains a good deal of interest appropriate to a work of fiction. To be brief and to be fair, Mrs. Ward might write a more than tolerably good novel if she would but remember that the working armament of polemics is impedimenta in art.

It may be doubted if the readers of The Atlantic last year had a positive advantage over those who now read Mrs. Catherwood's serial¹ as a completed book. The retardation of the movement in the earlier pages, the suppressed fire which flames forth in the great culminating passages of this remarkable historical romance, are more

¹ *The Lady of Fort St. John.* By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1891.

apparent and have greater value to one who reads the book at one or two sittings than was likely to be the case where a few months intervened between one's reading of the first chapter and of the last. The nervous compression of style commands respect, but also compels close attention, for it is not long before one discovers that he has to do with a work of art closely conceived and firmly executed. The appalling historical incident upon which Mrs. Catherwood builds her tale is well known to readers of history, but its tragical elements are heightened by an art which composes the picture with so much contrasting beauty and incisive grotesqueness. We cannot be done with admiring the poetic skill which constructed *Le Rosignol* and touched the whole tale with the fine nobility of *Edelwald*. Here is novel-writing which might go far to reconcile us with the theory that all forms of literary art are to be merged in that which goes by the name of fiction. If poetry has had its day in metrical form, the soul of poetry has suffered transmigration in such prose form as this, where one has not to contend with a hybrid prose poem, but is aware that a writer of poetic instinct has used a perfectly well-accepted mode of historical romance as the medium for impressing upon the mind a singularly exalted conception.

We have intimated our opinion that Mr. Thomas Hardy is the most notable artist in English fiction to-day. We do not institute a general comparison between him and a very admirable artist in design who has unexpectedly entered the field of the art of fiction, but we point out a resemblance of curious note: both in *Tess* and in *Peter Ibbetson*¹ is a murder committed. With Mr. Hardy it is virtually the conclusion of the whole matter; Mr. Du Maurier, on the contrary, makes his hero's deed but the be-

ginning of the end, and uses it as the foundation of the remarkable second half of *Peter Ibbetson*, which is one of the most original things in fiction. Yet, consummate artist as is Mr. Hardy, and amateur as the other consummate artist becomes on being removed from his own field, the author of *Tess* is scarcely more skillful than the clever new-comer in causing the tragedy to seem logical, or, as the modern phrase has it, inevitable. Circumstance follows circumstance unfalteringly, until in each case surprise is a very small element in the shock which the reader receives from the murder. It could not be expected that Mr. Du Maurier should be equally professional in all the details of his first novel,—a word, by the way, most imperfectly descriptive of a work so rare and so unusual,—and a certain raggedness as to paragraphs, with even a Sigismundane attitude toward grammar on one or two occasions, betrays the 'prentice hand in writing. But these flaws are extremely trivial, and what appears to be a fault of inexperience on a larger scale is doubtless planned with reference to the following dream chapters of the book. For although the charming recollections of child life at Passy, with all those handsome and unlucky and delightful people,—in whom Mr. Du Maurier cannot take more pleasure than his readers,—although the early records of Gogo Pasquier, otherwise Peter Ibbetson, and Mimsey Seraskier, afterward Duchess of Towers, may seem to be too much protracted, it is soon discovered that the minuteness employed in them adds measurably to the verisimilitude and to the pathos of the dreams which take the poor prisoner and his lost love back to "Parva sed Apta" and happy hours.

But in one regard Mr. Du Maurier would certainly have done well to seek professional advice, which would have warned him against carrying his dream theory too far. We accept the baseless fabric of the lovers' ability to meet,

¹ *Peter Ibbetson*. Edited and Illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

sleep having once set their spirits free, and, so strongly has Mr. Du Maurier's imagination willed, the duration of this marvel through twenty-five years makes little difference in one's credulity. But to see a great-great-grandmother in a vision is quite another thing, and still less do the lovers "dream true"—to use the now famous phrase—when they get back to the period of the mammoth. Mr. Du Maurier's hand is subdued here to what it has so long worked in,—Punch; and the realism of the extra-natural becomes for the moment its burlesque. As well might Gogo and Mimsey have climbed the ladder of dreams to the topmost branches of the family tree of the race, and there looked upon "Probably Arboreal," the greatest grandfather of all.

This, it should hastily be said, is the only real blemish in an exquisite and a very sad book. The latter word is used advisedly, although Peter Ibbetson contains not a few lively observations, and many persons, including most of the

professional critics, appear not to have felt the melancholy which is of its essence. But this will not escape parted lovers or travelers in the world who look wistfully back on a childhood passed in some beautiful and distant place. Still less will the sadness of the spell Mr. Du Maurier has woven fail to touch those who are acquainted with grief. And more people than would be willing to admit it have contributed their own bit of pathos to Peter Ibbetson by trying to dream true. "'It's very easy,' said the duchess; '*ce n'est que le premier pas.* My father taught me: you must always sleep on your back with your arms above your head, your hands clasped under it, and your feet crossed, the right one over the left, unless you are left-handed; and you must never for a moment cease thinking of where you want to be in your dream till you are asleep and get there; and you must never forget in your dream where and what you were when awake. You must join the dream on to reality.'"

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria, from the French of G. Maspéro; with one hundred and eighty-eight Illustrations. (Appleton.) An admirable example of the use and function of imagination in scientific research. The eminent author of this work has not sought, like Ebers, to cast the results of his investigation into the form of fiction, but he has drawn upon the great store of his knowledge of antiquity to give minute and vivid pictures of the life, both courtly and common, which is revealed by monuments and inscriptions. There is something extraordinary in this rehabilitation of ancient life, and its very smoothness and certainty do not greatly imperil one's confidence in the accuracy of the work.—The third and closing volume of H. Morse Stephens's A His-

tory of the French Revolution (Scribners) takes up the narrative at the meeting of the Legislative Assembly in October, 1791, and carries it forward to the close of the Reign of Terror. There is a studied temperateness of tone, for the most part, but the narrative is by no means colorless; a vigorous characterization attests the author's independence of thought, and the reader commits himself to Mr. Stephens's guidance with the confidence that his leader is not a mere *raconteur*, nor so philosophical in his bent as to have arranged the French Revolution upon a neat ground plan.—The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon, the Story as told by the Imperial Ambassadors resident at the Court of Henry VIII., by J. A. Froude. (Scribners.) Mr. Froude calls this a volume supplementary to his History; it is in effect

a recapitulation and reassertion of the points made by him which were most severely criticised. He uses material not at his hand when writing the History, but he finds it now reinforcing the positions he then took.— *History of the Buccaneers of America*, by James Burney. (Macmillan.) A re-issue of Captain Burney's book published seventy or eighty years ago. He relies, of course, a good deal on Dampier, but he uses also the French narratives. There is a British hostility to Spain latent in the book, but the author himself plainly makes an effort at impartiality, and writes with a capital eye to good narrative effect. The personal tales of the buccaneers themselves are often very racy.— *Spanish Institutions of the Southwest*, by Frank W. Blackmar. (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.) A most welcome work, for while it is scarcely more than a full sketch of the subject treated, it opens the way for students into a very inviting field, and not only suggests lines of investigation, but inspires with a wise spirit. Professor Blackmar shows a keen appreciation of the interests involved in his pursuit, and does not stop with any near-sighted view of the existing remains of Spanish civilization in the southwest, but seeks to trace their origin beyond the immediate origin in Spain to the primitive source in Rome. The book ought to stimulate other minds.— *The Afghan Wars*, by Archibald Forbes. (Scribners.) The two wars which Mr. Forbes recounts took place, the first in 1839-42, the second in 1878-80. The first, springing out of British complications with Persia, ended in disaster, and was relieved only by some signal acts of heroism; the second, arising from the desire of the English to interpose the force of an independent state between their possessions in India and the Russian frontier, was attended by more satisfactory conduct, and resulted practically in the accomplishment of what was aimed at. The volume has plans and some good photogravure portraits.— *The Battle of Gettysburg*, by S. A. Drake. (Lee & Shepard.) A small volume in the author's series of Decisive Events in American History. It is rather a popular than a scientific military piece of work, and gives in animated fashion a summary of the battle, with some criticism on the parts played by Lee, Meade, Halleck, and others.— *Life of Benjamin Harris*

Brewster, with Discourses and Addresses, by E. C. Savidge. (Lippincott.) It was scarcely necessary for Dr. Savidge to assume such a majestic tone in his biography, nor was it expedient, for the reader almost inevitably confuses the subject with the author, and thinks of Mr. Brewster as taking fine attitudes at every turn. Yet the material out of which this biography is constructed is most valuable and interesting, and the student who wishes to remind himself of the stirring scenes which accompanied the opening of Garfield's administration will find this book a useful aid in recalling the particulars of the great Star Route trial.— *Life of General Oglethorpe*, by Henry Bruce. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) In the series Makers of America. Mr. Bruce has hunted his subject down with diligence, and availed himself, apparently, of all the printed material bearing upon it, and possibly also had access to unpublished documents, though he appears to have made little or no direct use of such material. As a mosaic, the book seems to offer one a ready reference to pretty much everything that has been said about the hero, and by means of his varied extracts the author has added a borrowed liveliness to his own rather slap-dash comments. The effect is somewhat crude, as though the material needed to be worked over, and there is considerable that is remotely relevant and needs to be adjusted by the reader to its true relations, but the faults are at least not those of dull and uninterested book-making.— *Mark Hopkins*, by Franklin Carter. (Houghton.) A volume in the series American Religious Leaders. Dr. Hopkins can never be left out of account in any study of American religious life during the second and third quarters of this century, and, whatever our colleges may be in the future, the country college of New England was so distinctly the model of a great many colleges elsewhere, especially in the northwest, that a study of one of the most characteristic is essential to any clear understanding of our educational system. Dr. Carter has made his book at once an inquiry into the sources of Dr. Hopkins's power and into the force resident in the college over which he presided. He is often penetrating, always candid, and sometimes, as in his story of Dr. Hopkins and the manikin, in his account of the college rebellion, and in

his presentation of the American Board issue, he shows himself a picturesque and impressive writer.

Literature and Criticism. The fifth volume of Mr. Crump's edition of Landor's Imaginary Conversations (Macmillan) completes the Dialogues of Literary Men, gives the Dialogues of Famous Women, and enters on the section Miscellaneous Dialogues. An etching of Alfieri prefaces the volume. The notes, as before, are judicious, and not excessive.—Under the title *The New World and the New Book* (Lee & Shepard) Colonel T. W. Higginson has collected twenty-eight brief essays, all having a bearing more or less direct upon American life as affecting not only American literature, but the judgments passed by Americans upon the literature of other countries. The book is almost conversational in tone, using felicitously a great variety of illustration from contemporary men and books, and making the sort of comment which a good talker will draw forth from a larger experience and wider reflection than the particular occasion may suggest. If there be a shade of irritability in the talker, it may be taken as the flickering last movement of that candle of self-consciousness which once was a noticeable contribution of America to sweetness and light.—*Writers and Readers*, by George Birkbeck Hill. (Putnams.) Five lectures upon revolutions in literary taste and the study of literature as a part of education. Dr. Hill's familiarity with the writers of the eighteenth century shows itself not only in his constant reference to them, but in a certain impatience with mysticism, and a downright good sense in judgment. There are no remarkable opinions in his lectures, and there is no charm of style, but the reader takes satisfaction in listening to one who is steeped in strong English literature, and delivers himself emphatically of sane, robust literary sentiment.—*Wells of English*, by Isaac Bassett Choate. (Roberts.) A collection of forty brief studies in the byways of English literature from Thomas of Erceldoune to John Evelyn. Mr. Choate writes out of a mind in pleasant sympathy with his subjects, and his tone is that of a friendly commentator, and not that of a pedant or pedagogue.—*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Select Passages from her Letters*, edited by Arthur R. Ropes, M. A. (Scribners.) That ingenuous lady who,

as Mrs. Piozzi relates with much humor, declared that she had once read a book, and found it so vastly entertaining that she begged her clever friend to lend it to her for a re-perusal, and, on being asked what the book was, confidently replied, "An Abridgment," would not in our day have far to seek for every possible variety of her favorite work. Perhaps it was too much to hope that the letters of the ever-delightful Lady Mary would escape the general doom; and though we do not find the editor's reasons for his work very convincing, yet we will own that his selections have been made with judgment and good taste, considering the space at his disposal. The introductory sketch and running comments are carefully done, but might easily have been more vivid and picturesque. The portraits, generally from well-known engravings, sometimes have but slight connection with the subject of the work; but the excellent photogravures, after Kneller, of Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley Montagu are welcome and valuable additions to the book.—*A Primer on Browning*, by F. Mary Wilson. (Macmillan.) A handbook of Browning's poems, divided into chapters on his literary life, his characteristics, and a full analysis of each of his poems,—this last division filling about two hundred pages. The author has avoided the finical criticism, over-analysis, and adulation on which most Browning "guides" go to pieces. The result is thoroughly successful,—a simple, sensible, thoughtful book, which will be a real help to the reader or student of Mr. Browning's poetry.

Theology and Philosophy. The *New Theology*, by John Bascom. (Putnams.) A book of importance rather to the student than to the general reader; for, though the study is one by a layman, and proceeds upon general and philosophical lines, the author's style supposes a closer application to the thought than most lay readers are likely to give. Whoever masters the book, however, will be impressed by the insight shown and the far-reaching significance of the author's positions. The several divisions are headed Naturalism, The Supernatural, Dogmatism, Pietism, Spiritualism.—*What is Reality? an Inquiry as to the Reasonableness of Natural Religion, and the Naturalness of Revealed Religion*, by Francis Howe Johnson. (Houghton.) From its first page

this book impresses the reader as the work of an honest and a courageous thinker. His courage does not disclose itself in the declaration of results which imply a loneliness of position,— on the contrary, in his final outcome he will be found at one with a great body of men,— but in the manly way in which each step in the process of his thought is taken, as if the author found satisfaction in frankly facing whatever might be the consequences of his step. The whole argument is fresh and full of vitality,— far removed from merely scholastic exercise.— *Horae Sabbaticæ*, by Sir James Stephen. First and Second Series. (Macmillan.) These papers were originally contributed to *The Saturday Review*, and, roughly speaking, are devoted to a consideration of English and French theologians and philosophical writers of the seventeenth century. The subjects are chosen often because they furnish opportunities for administering unpalatable advice alike to friend and foe, to whom it is irritating chiefly because it usually happens to be true. Thus the author possesses a mind which would fit him to be either a legal-minded bishop or an ecclesiastical lawyer. His essays are scholarly, shrewd, incisive, but saturated with a legal weighing of evidence uniformly calculated to confuse the reader, who would like to penetrate the diplomatic silence of Sir James Stephen as to his own views on the questions he suggests. Thus the essays form, as a whole, an interesting and clever though peculiarly baffling and inconclusive book.

Science and Travel. The Horse, a Study in Natural History, by William Henry Flower. (Appleton.) The first of a series— Modern Science Series— edited by Sir John Lubbock, in which the design is “to give on each subject the information which an intelligent layman might wish to possess.” Mr. Flower considers the horse’s place in nature, its ancestors and relations ; then its nearest existing relations, like the tapir, wild ass, zebra, and quagga ; and in the latter half of the volume analyzes the structure of the horse, chiefly as bearing upon its mode of life, its evolution, and its relation to other animal forms. The illustrations are to the point, but ineffective as the result of process work. There is a running reference to the bibliography of the subject.— *My Canadian Journal*,

Extracts from my Letters Home written while Lord Dufferin was Governor-General, by the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. (Appleton.) Lady Dufferin abstains from political comment, but, writing in diary form, gives a great many details, some petty, some piquant, of the social life, sports, and occupations of Canadians, with much description of scenery. She made a flying visit to Boston, and some of her Boston readers will be mildly grieved at learning that she went to King’s Chapel for service and supposed herself in a Universalist church. The book has the liveliness of good nature about it.— *Glimpses at the Plant World*, by Fanny D. Bergen. (Lee & Shepard.) A pleasantly written series of sketches, in which one who is at home out of doors sets forth in untechnical language, yet not wholly at random, some of the features of plant life which might attract the notice of a good observer. One of the merits of the book is in its attention first to particular plants rather than to general.— *The Chinese, their Present and Future, Medical, Political, and Social*, by Robert Coltman, Jr. (F. A. Davis, Philadelphia.) Dr. Coltman has recently returned from a few years’ residence and travel in north China as a missionary physician, and records his experience and observation in a lively, readable book, in which there is some technical matter relating to his profession, but which is for the most part taken up with a free and easy narrative of light adventure and classified reflection. His enthusiasm and frankness make him a good companion.— *A Song of Life*, by Margaret Warner Morley. Illustrated by the Author and Robert Forsyth. (McClurg.) A little volume, its pages decorated with copies of fauna and flora, which may be described to those who know Mrs. Barbauld as a sort of scientific hymn in prose. From flowers, through fishes, frogs, and birds, the development of life into the human form is traced, and the common as well as the distinctive elements of physical life are pointed out. The book is suggestive, and is conceived in a reverent spirit, with due restraint also when once the half-rhythmic style is accepted.

Fiction. The Tragic Comedians, a Study in a Well-Known Story, by George Meredith ; with an Introductory Note on Ferdinand Lassalle, by Clement Shorter. (Rob-

erts.) The ordinary objection to an historical introduction to a novel disappears when one considers how closely Mr. Meredith has followed the actual facts of the personality of Lassalle and his relations to Helene von Dönniges. With a hero so marked as Lassalle and a Romeo and Juliet tragedy in real life, all the novelist's art is roused to enriching and vivifying, not idealizing, the scenes.—A Modern Aladdin, or The Wonderful Adventures of Oliver Munier, by Howard Pyle. (Harpers.) Mr. Pyle takes the suggestion of the mysterious Count of St.-Germaine, recalls Raymond Lulli and the Count of Monte Cristo, catches a hint from mesmerism, and proceeds in a racy, good story-telling fashion to make up a tale of marvels. He saves himself from serious criticism by calling his tale an extravaganza in four acts, and he adopts a scheme by which a slight dramatic form is given to his work. The outcome is a half-melodramatic, half-grotesque tale, in which old stuffs are patched cleverly so as to make a cloak to throw over a well-jointed lay figure. It is, without being so in form, a book to entertain a lively boy.—The Princess Tarakanova, a Dark Chapter of Russian History, translated from the Russian of G. P. Danilevski by Ida de Mouchanoff. (Macmillan.) An historical romance having to do with the secret history of the Russian throne near the close of the last century.—Winifrede's Journal, by Emma Marshall. (Macmillan.) A story of English life in the time of Charles I. The heroine, whose journal the book purports to be, shares to a large degree the fortunes and misfortunes of the saintly Bishop Hall of Exeter and Norwich, under whose protection she is. While possessing no great power or originality, the book gives an interesting picture of its period, and is well written.—Adventures of a Fair Rebel, by Matt Crim. (C. L. Webster & Co., New York.) The fair rebel, who tells her story herself, went through her adventures in the South during the war, managing always to keep within the neighborhood of some fierce battle, and marrying, as in duty bound, a Northern soldier. The book opens with good promise, and whenever the author is describing what may be taken as actual scenes which have come under her eye, and touches them with imagination, she achieves a fair success. The plot, however, is as rambling as the

heroine, and the construction is inferior to single scenes.—The Grandmother, a Story of Country Life in Bohemia, by Bozema Nemec. Translated from the Bohemian, with a biographic sketch of the author, by Frances Gregor. (McClurg.) A pretty tale, with much incidental folk lore and custom. The story may be classed with Auerbach's Black Forest tales.—The Lesson of the Master, by Henry James. (Macmillan.) Although this title suggests a volume of sermons, it is only a book of short stories, some of which (if not all) have already been printed in the magazines. Mr. James's English is becoming more and more manered and involved, and yet in spite of this, at the end of each story the reader feels that it has served him well; for with it he has produced the precise effect that he intended. All the stories are clever,—Mr. James is always immensely clever,—but The Pupil and the tale which gives its title to the volume are little masterpieces.

Books for Young People. Looking Forward for Young Men, their Interest and Success, by Rev. G. S. Weaver. (Fowler & Wells Co.) Practical talk by an aged clergyman who has a healthy interest in life, and who illustrates his discourse by familiar examples. There is a kindly tone which leads one to be patient in listening, even though some of the advice may seem a trifle commonplace.—That Stick, by Charlotte M. Yonge. (Macmillan.) The latest of Miss Yonge's novels will hardly take more than a middle rank in the long list of her works. But it is interesting and readable, and has the usual truthful characterization, unfailing good sense, and fine taste, which not too common qualities make it an excellent book for the young girls to whom it will chiefly appeal.—Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth. (Scribners.) No writer's name is given to this book, which is marked as second edition, revised, but the copyright is taken out by Robert Bird. It is composed of a series of incidents and descriptions of scenes, addressed in form to a listening child. The writer seeks to make vivid the separate pictures, turning the passage from the gospels into a narrative in which all the Oriental circumstance is explained and amplified, and the words of the Saviour are treated in brief paraphrase where the text is not preserved exactly. The temper in which this book is prepared

is reverent, and yet we wish some of the scenes had been more reserved ; the silence of Scripture is not without its deep force. Each scene has a brief application at the close, addressed almost with an affectation of quaintness to the listening child. The author plainly desired his book to be read aloud to the young, and with the interpretation of a mother's voice such reading doubtless would often be effective.

Fine Arts. L'Art for January 15 and February (Macmillan) has less range than usual. The customary etchings are here, including a vigorous one, *La Paie des Moissonneurs*, after the painting by Lhermitte. There is a bright series of character and life sketches accompanying the last of a series of papers entitled *Un Coin de la Bibliothèque Nationale*, a number of portraits in the paper *Les Sociétés des Beaux-Arts des Départements à Paris*, and, what should not be overlooked, a sharp, short, and stirring protest by F. Lhomme upon the degradation of dramatic art, under the title *La Comédie d'Aujourd'hui*, in which names are used without reserve. — L. Prang & Co. send us two examples of photo-color prints ; that is, as we understand it, pictures produced by printing in color from plates prepared for lithography from a photographic negative. The interest is in the process. The result does not strike us as differing greatly from that obtained by chromo-lithography. — *Introductory Studies in Greek Art*, by Jane E. Harrison ; with Map and Illustration. (Macmillan.) The author of this book has already won a claim upon respectful attention, and in the exact and full learning which she has shown passes here into systematic and well-thought-out consideration of the origin and the permanent characteristics of Greek art. It is the lesson of idealism enforced by the undying example of the most perfect expression of idealism. Constant use is made of Plato as the philosophic exponent. — *Studies in the Wagnerian Drama*, by H. E. Krehbiel. (Harpers.) A systematic and intelligent account of Wagner's principles and their illustration in his great operas. The author's discrimination is shown especially in his treatment of *Parsifal*. The criticism, though sometimes technical, is seldom beyond the comprehension of the ordinary laic, who

will find his notions of Wagner's purpose tested by a clear and readable account.

Education and Textbooks. In Heath's Modern Language Series, a recent number is *Immensee*, by Theodor Storm ; with English notes and a German-English vocabulary, by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. (Heath.) It is an idyl of a somewhat romantic turn. — *The Literature of France*, by H. G. Keene (Scribners), is one of the rather nondescript University Extension manuals, not exactly a textbook, and not exactly a treatise. Under somewhat fantastic titles, *The Age of Infancy*, of Adolescence, of Glory, of Reason, and of Nature, with a couple of chapters on the Sources of Modern French Literary Art, the author, or rather lecturer, — for he always seems to have an audience of both sexes and all ages and conditions before him, — makes a running comment on names and works ; always bearing in mind that it is not facts which his hearers want, but facts tricked out in a system with a ready-made scheme of rewards and punishments.

Economics and Sociology. *Economic and Industrial Delusions, a Discussion of the Case for Protection*, by Arthur B. and Henry Farquhar. (Putnams.) The chief author of this work was a Republican until Cleveland formulated the Democratic low tariff doctrine, when he took his place in the Democratic party. The explanation might appear unnecessary in view of Mr. Farquhar's earnest assertion that his study of political economy is unaffected by party consideration, but the book is so strongly impregnated with party feeling that the reader, though he does not impugn Mr. Farquhar's honesty, does come to have some doubt about his scientific treatment. He has some admirable words on the question of free silver.

Sports. *Duplicate Whist, its Rules and Methods of Play*, by John T. Mitchell. (McClurg.) The appendix to this little volume contains, amongst other things, *The Laws of American Whist*, but the title is misleading. American whist is the game which has been thoroughly laid down by G. W. P. This body of laws is simply the code of rules adopted by the first American Whist Congress at Milwaukee in the spring of 1891.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Concerning University Extension. As one of a University Extension committee which has founded a vigorous local centre in a large city, I have seen the most of the literature of the movement *pro* and *con*. Certainly nothing better has been written than Professor Palmer's contribution to the March Atlantic, Doubts about University Extension, and I am moved to confirm some of his statements by telling our experience in taking "the grand new step in American education."

Having organized an efficient committee,—one of the Board of Regents being our chairman,—and having brought the subject before the public through our daily press and a generous circulation of leaflets, we were still burdened with serious apprehension of the success of the project, when it should be fairly launched, because of the many popular lecture courses already under way, some of them free, and the innumerable study-classes, besides, and associations for special research. Ours is a college town. One of the professors had opened his class lectures upon American history to the public without charge, just as interest in University Extension began; and so great was the attendance of outsiders upon those lectures that it was a problem whether we could compete with such attractions or not. Finally a public meeting was announced, in the interest of University Extension; a great apostle of the movement having been secured for an address, with many lesser but brilliant lights. We were not a little fearful lest the medium-sized audience-room which we had decided upon would not be half filled, zealous as the committee and the press had been in securing a hearing, "admission free." On the contrary, the house was crowded to the doors, and by a most intelligent audience; an expectant audience, as said the committee who studied its physiognomy from the platform. "Will it go?" somebody was heard to ask after the meeting. "*It has gone!*" was the reply. Great enthusiasm was manifested at that first meeting. An expression was called for as to what the subject of the first course of lectures should be. American history and English literature were chosen, the votes

standing about even for each, with calls for political economy, geology, etc.

So far, so good. A guarantee fund had been secured. There was every prospect of a large sale of lecture tickets. The best of lecturers was promised,—one who could inspire as well as teach. Our correspondence with lecturers had only begun; we could promise great things. It did not take long to convince the committee that they were down for a course of lectures with little prospect of getting a lecturer. Had Mr. Palmer's article appeared earlier, we might have been better prepared for our perplexity and disappointment. In vain we turned the spigots of college reservoirs; only slowly trickling drops of hope could we get. "And where," asks Mr. Palmer, "except at the colleges does a body of experts exist?" The tickets were selling, the press was advocating the movement, and everybody was asking, "Why don't you begin?" We had thought it would be best not to begin with one of our own college men,—that we must go abroad for a lecturer, although we knew that our home professors were second to none in the land. At last we were forced to turn to our own men, and secured one of them, but not easily,—the one already drawing a crowd to his free lectures on American history. He offered to give us a course upon English literature. It was only by setting aside other engagements that he could help us out of our dilemma. We made our arrangements for class work, which of course would add very much to his labor; but we meant to do something more than open a popular lecture course. Verily ours was to be University Extension as carried out in thorough work and examinations. A hall was secured that would give desk-room to some two hundred students. One hundred would be mere listeners. Liberal rates were made to clubs of wage-earners. We were by no means confident that the class in English literature would quite fill the hall. The afternoon before the lecture, we discovered that we must stop selling tickets at once, and take a hall that would seat one thousand. The house was filled to overflowing with ticket-holders for the full

course. In vain the committee tried to divide the class,—to induce two thirds to withdraw from English literature and wait for the opening of other courses. There could be no class work in a class of eight hundred or more. But good-naturedly the crowd insisted upon having Professor —'s lectures. The outcome was, he reads a charming paper to a crowded house once a week. Very few of his hearers do anything like class work. He is relieved, of course, of duties he would cheerfully have performed with a smaller class.

We are soon to open a course in American history, and have strictly limited the sale of tickets. Not without difficulty has a lecturer been obtained,—one of the over-worked professors of a neighboring college. Mr. Palmer may well say: "A movement which places its reliance on the casual teaching of overworked men is condemned from the start. . . . The men it wants it cannot have without damaging them; and, damaging them, it damages the higher education of which they are the guardians."

Are we not ignoring a great deal which might as properly be called University Extension as is this popular movement, and, if wisely promoted on its own lines, would accomplish all that the enthusiasts for University Extension aim to accomplish, and that without encroachment on the strength of our universities? Look at the multitudinous organizations for special study in every community making any pretense to culture: the literary classics from Chaucer to Rudyard Kipling, the national science societies, art clubs, political economy clubs, American history clubs, etc.; the object of each being to aid in providing as thorough an education as possible in some special field of knowledge. These classes and clubs are doing a great work for the higher education, absurd as it may be, perhaps, to compare their work as a whole with that of the University Extension scheme could it be carried out in this country as it is in England. The historical societies alone, in their focalization of research upon special localities, their verification of traditions, and the preservation of records and reliques, are doing quite as much toward "rendering busy Americans intelligent," and that as regards their native heath, as if they were dubbed University Extension societies. And so of many kindred organizations. May we

not well ask, in our zeal for the promotion of each and every movement that would make education one of the permanent interests of our national life, and infuse a missionary spirit into the highest culture, if the great object to be attained in this movement might not be gained by utilizing existing agencies; that is, by stimulating and developing those associations, classes, etc., founded upon educational aim and research along special lines? Take the local natural science associations, for instance, and their sections, their lectures, committee work, and exhaustive treatment of detail as seen in the botanical sections. Can any so-called University Extension movement do better work than they are doing? Why not recognize such organizations as a part of the movement, and so enlist the public in their behalf? "What you call University Extension, and make such an ado about," said the head of one of these societies, "we have been carrying on for years, and with results we could not have attained on any educational merry-go-round."

Now it will not do to call the new movement an "educational merry-go-round," or to say of it, "Drop a nickel in the slot, and you get a university education." But is there not danger in overestimating the movement, as has been shown by one of its advocates, who sees in this exaggerated valuation of it a sure reaction, and final loss of confidence in plans for popular enlightenment? Why are not our many associations for special study the very basis for a movement like the one we have chosen to call University Extension? Is it even necessary to organize a federation of such associations any more than for "local centres"? They do not need to draw on the "overworked faculty" of the colleges as a condition of their existence,—notably the many women's clubs of the country, whose object is the higher education. The scheme of study carried out by many of those clubs is parallel to that proposed by this new movement. The social limitations make the difference,—they are social cliques, as a rule. But these literary clubs are to be found among the employees of great dry-goods houses, etc. They are a phase of some of the working girls' clubs. When I asked a saleswoman of a great mercantile house to join a class which I thought would be for her advantage, she replied, "Oh, dear! I

have so many things of that kind already. I must not take any more." The papers prepared for the average literary or ethical women's club—say those of the Association for the Advancement of Women—do not indicate any crying need for assistance from overworked college men.

"Factotum"—A turned-up nose and an inhale, Sir." significant figure, an absent mind and a treacherous memory, are offset in our man Friday by a never-failing courtesy, the friendliest smile, and the most willing legs that ever obeyed the beck of a kindly soul. Foreigners learning Italian grow desperate when they hear him talk, and are struck dumb with the conviction that they can never acquire his pretty grace notes, never put in the *già* at just the right place or imitate the graceful phrasing; in short, never speak the sweet idiom as a Tusean peasant does. Though born and bred in a remote hamlet on the Pistoian hills, Gigi Mattei has dug in the Sardinian mines, pasted bills on the Roman walls, sold Bibles in Corsica, and swept the Senate House. At one time it was his part to play the "pedagogue,"—in other words, to accompany the writer to and from school; for it was less then than now, even, the custom for girls to be seen on the Roman streets alone. Our walks were most animated, as Mattei is an enthusiastic politician, and, when alone, meanders through the crowded ways with an outspread newspaper close under his eyes, happily oblivious of carriages, carts, and horses, that seem, for some vague reason, to respect his studious, obscure person. Reading at every chance, he has picked up ideas on most subjects; and although, if sent for a paint-brush or lemon-squeezer, he will buy one which comes to pieces at the first stroke, he has his own conceptions of history and prophecy. After pursuing a lecturer on the Forum like a faithful shadow for several Sunday afternoons, he gave a racy *résumé* of Roman history, closing with the indignant ejaculation, "Eh! but a great rascal, that Marius!"

Coming down the palace stairs, books and lunch basket in hand, at four o'clock, I generally found Mattei in the hall poring over his journal, and ready to welcome me with a grin that put the Alice in Wonderland cat to shame. On our way home I was regaled with the latest news, or treated to reminiscences of the time when he was the vil-

lage curate's right-hand man to sing in the Midnight Mass. I say *generally*, for sometimes the hall would be dismally empty, and after waiting until the sharp tramontane had penetrated to the marrow of my bones I would conclude that some disaster had occurred at home, and creep back alone through the fast-darkening streets, shying as the words "Pretty sympathetic one" or a prolonged smack of the lips greeted my progress. At home I usually found all serene, and late in the evening Mattei would saunter amiably in to know if the "signori" commanded anything; whereupon greeted by an irate relation with the angry query, "Why did you not fetch the signorina this afternoon?" the perennial grin would fade into utter despair of countenance, and Mattei, casting his soft, napless hat upon the ground, would exclaim, "By Bacchus! What a head! What a beast! I forgot," lost in such genuine and ludicrous contrition that the most hard-hearted accuser felt his thunder stolen.

Mattei's memory is always playing us tricks; he might safely be trusted with millions of francs, but he comes back with unanswered notes and uncashed checks, and leaves behind the bundle he went to get, until now any mention of his name raises a smile among our friends. Bacchus is being constantly invoked, for after every errand Mattei forgets where he has put his hat, and turns piteously to his wife: "Isola mine, did n't I have it on when I came in?"

One day, Chiara, who entertained an affectionate contempt for the household scapegrace, called him up for an errand of her own. "Sor Matteo" (she would distort his surname into a Christian one), "will you do a pleasure?" "Even two, Chiara mine." "Bravo, Matteo! You see this basket of kittens: well, I want you to take them out for me." "And drown them?" says Mattei. "Nevermore," responds Chiara. "What have they done, poor beasts, that they should make that ugly death? No; take them to an eating-house outside the gates, where they can find two bones to live on, and say to the host, with a little good manner: 'See, Sor Oste, I have brought you five fine cats who will drive all your mice away. They are splendid creatures. I would keep them myself, but I have no place.'" Mattei promised good-naturedly to obey, slipped the covered basket on his

arm, picked up his paper, and departed, to return some time later with a rueful face. Chiara asked how he had sped. "Eh! Chiara mine, I did just as you said, and I found a nice *osteria* near Porta Maggiore where the man said I might leave the poor creatures; but when I opened the basket to show them, not one was there!" Chiara interposed: "I wager, Sor Matteo, you were reading the Capitan Fracassa all the way." He shamefacedly acknowledged it, and Chiara laughed loud and long, regretting to the day of her death that she did not see "Sor Matteo" going along with his nose in the paper, while five kittens leaped out in the rear. "To think," she murmured, "that the imbecile never felt the difference in the weight of the basket!"

One grateful Boston lady, for whom Mattei had called more than one carriage and done many an errand, presented him, on her departure, with a resplendent black and yellow satin cravat. It was observed that only once a year, when this lady visited Rome, did Mattei don his finery; at other times a wilted black tie did duty under the cheerful grin. On my remarking, the third winter, that the cravat was wearing well, he replied: "What will you have, signorina? I put it on only when the Signora Lorrde comes to find us. I am a poor man, but I am an Italian, and I cannot wear the colors of Austria."

Passionately fond as a lad of playing cards, his father came to him one day, saying, "Look here, Gigi, you will have to stop this; we can't have such squandering." "You do it," retorted he. "Yes, but no family can stand two gamesters at once." "Well, then," quoth Luigi, "you stop, for you have had your turn, and I have only just begun." He meant no disrespect, but was simply expressing his idea of justice; and when, years later, this same father came down from the mountains, after the death of his good old wife Columbine, to be cared for by his son in Rome, he was served with the devotion and tenderness of a loving woman. "Why, signorina," said Mattei, with tears in his eyes, a few weeks before his father's death, when he was tramping all over the city to find a bottle of the *sincere* wine dear to the heart of the ancient peasant, "I would carry him on the palms of my hands."

Every life has its romance, and Mattei's

is centred in a curly-headed little maid, who inherits her father's big mouth and *retroussé* nose, but has a face as bright as a flash and can declaim like a true daughter of the South; and in her mother, the first wife, a consumptive, shiftless Roman, whose tribe of vagabond relations borrowed his money, told his secrets, and infested the dirty kitchen. Her successor, a strong-minded, capable Tuscan, who keeps his house and children in irreproachable order and neatness, but thinks he has not backbone enough and lets him know it, has never won the love which embalmed the gentler Agnes. When congratulated by practical minds who assert that he could not have found a better wife for himself and mother for the children, he responds ambiguously, "I don't know;" and when he passes through the narrow streets near the Cancelleria he grows absent-minded, and says dreamily, "Eh! I know these parts. That tall, dark house is where my Agnesina lived when we were betrothed to each other, eighteen years ago."

I verily believe that, with the exception of King Humbert, Mattei has the largest bowing (or rather, nodding) acquaintance in Rome, and I have yet to hear of a trade in which he has not a friend. Of this large public he is the servant, the willing slave of every claimant. A colossal share of the *pan giallo*, Rome's Christmas dainty, which Mattei won at the lottery, lingers with grateful fragrance in a child's memory, but I have waited five years to obtain a set of shelves for which this factotum amiably advanced the money (refunded by me) to a strange but handsome and beguiling young carpenter. It is Mattei who registers the community's babies and attends to the details of the funerals; every one calls on him for everything, and of course every one snubs and scolds him, too. The scanty hair is growing very gray, and he does not forget as often as of old. Perhaps some day, when the insignificant body has gone to its rest, Isola and the other critics may find that a loving spirit dwelt among them, and that they comprehended it not.

The Melancholy of Modern Fiction. — If the modern novel — the most modern — is the exponent of modern thought and feeling, it must be inferred that life is nowadays a much more melancholy affair than it used to be. To whatever cause we may attribute

it, the fact is very striking as it is thus manifested in the fiction of the period. I read a good many novels, and I object so much to spending my time over decidedly unpleasant ones that I wish authors would kindly label their works in some such way that one might be warned off by the title page from the perusal thereof. It is not that I cannot read a sad story ; but some sad stories are beautiful and carry in them a compensation for the pain they inflict, and other sad stories are simply unpleasant without mitigation. I can read Mrs. Gaskell's *Sylvia's Lovers* and like it ; such a novel as *The Wages of Sin*, by Charles Kingsley's daughter, I would not willingly have read, had I known what manner of book it was. There are kinds of sadness and degrees of it. Mr. Thomas Hardy is a writer who is almost uniformly grievous, yet his art is so rare and so powerful that the reader consents to follow him to whatever dreadful end he leads. No one has a more profound apprehension of the force of circumstance to entangle men and women in its net, and no one paints so vividly momentous situations, where the history of a life hangs upon some thread of impulse, some apparently trifling turn of events. And yet Mr. Hardy has this in common with Shakespeare and other truly great artists, that his deepest tragedy is consequent upon character, and is not the simple working of fate. The Mayor of Casterbridge brings about his own downfall ; his destiny is involved in his nature, and circumstance does but help to determine foregone conclusions. Mr. Hardy's last novel is a tragedy truly of a most piteous and heart-rending sort, where the catastrophe is the result less of character than of fate ; the complications of circumstance are most to blame for the fatal web in which poor Tess is caught.

Beside the novels which portray special types of character, carrying with them each its own individual destiny, there are others peculiarly characteristic of the period, which depict life itself as it appears to the modern observer in its general aspect or in some one of its phases, usually the most melancholy one. It is this scene of life rather than the actors in the scene on which the real interest is concentrated. Take such a book as *A Marked Man*. While the hero is a well-painted figure, it is not what he is

so much as what happens to him that concerns the author. His life is a spoiled one, his best affections are denied their natural channel, and at the end of his days he leaves his life with the mournful complaint, "But three years [of happiness] in fifty !" and his daughter echoes his thought, sighing out, "Oh, why is it ? *why?*" and finds no answer to her hopeless query. As another example of this school of fiction-writing whose aim is to depict life as it is, take *The House by the Medlar Tree*. It is too unhappily true to life to be tolerable reading for any one past youth who knows what trouble is, who does not need and does not wish to have the woe of life thrust upon his notice and pressed down into his soul more than it already and inevitably is. For my own part, I think that a preface by Mr. Howells, recommending a book for its realism, will hereafter be enough to guard me against it. Some may agree with him to prize such novels as masterpieces of modern art, but is the depression they produce a wholesome effect to receive from a work of art ? In no other form of art is *that* the outcome of the highest efforts of genius, — a clouding of the aspect of the world, a lowering of the mental nerve. To read such books as *A Country Town*, *A Modern Instance*, *The Wind of Destiny*, *The Failure of Elizabeth*, is gratuitously to weaken one's vitality, which the mere fact of living does for most of us in such measure that what we need is tonic treatment, and views of life that tend to hopefulness, not gloom.

Royalty in the Genesee — The story of Louis Philippe in a Wigwam, given in the Contributors' Club of the February

Atlantic, has filled several gaps in a historical study of great interest, and awakened a desire to know more of the experiences of the three Bourbon princes who, as exiles, wandered through the forests and clearings of the "wild West" of 1797, four years after the execution of Louis XVI. It is said that the full story may not be known until papers in the possession of the New York Historical Society are published ; but many are the stories that have come down to those whose ancestors lived in the Genesee country of the three princes following the Indian trails on horseback, attended by a single servant and sharing the hospitality of the border cabins. Sometimes they were

escorted by the great landowners of the locality,—Thomas Morris, James Wadsworth, or Colonel Williamson. They were in an important sense the guests of Gouverneur Morris, assistant financier of Robert Morris. He had bought of Phelps and Gorham an immense tract, thousands of broad acres on the flats of the upper Genesee, where Mount Morris now is. The Duke of Orleans, the future Louis Philippe, had been enabled to come to this country through the invitation of Gouverneur Morris, who had placed some fifteen thousand pounds to his credit in London, adding to this sum when the duke was joined by his two brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolais. Let it be remembered of the royal exiles that they drew very sparingly upon their liberal allowance, repaying every dollar in good time; the whole amount not exceeding thirteen thousand dollars.

Wild as the Genesee country then was (it was but nine years after the sale to Phelps and Gorham of the hunting-grounds of the Senecas), a titled or distinguished personage was not infrequently wrapped up in a blanket before the blaze of the campfires along the much-traveled route between Albany and Niagara Falls. The old register of "the Hosmer stand," near the scow-ferry crossing of the Genesee at what is now Avon Springs, contained autographs that would be priceless to collectors of to-day. There were not only those of the three exiled princes of the House of Bourbon, but those of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, Kosciusko, the Duke of Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, Count Niemeewicz, Marshal Grouchy, Talleyrand; to say nothing of Joseph Brant (Red Jacket), John Jacob Astor (a foot traveler and Indian trader with a pack of furs on his back), and heroes of the Revolution by the score.

Among the stories that come down to us from the pioneers of the Genesee Valley is one illustrating the travel of those early days, and, like most pioneer reminiscences, it is aggravatingly lacking in detail. The three princes had dined with Mrs. Orange Stone, in the house still to be seen in the eastern suburbs of the city of Rochester; and a very fine, spacious house it must have been for a backwoods settler. The future king of France and his party, escorted by Thomas Morris, had walked to the Genesee Falls, a good three miles, and, pushing

through the dense thicket along the banks, they had heard what they thought to be an Indian skulking in the bushes, or a wild beast. They shouted an alarm, and were soon face to face with a high-bred Englishman,—he who was afterwards Lord Ashburton,—who could not have been more surprised at meeting the princes in such a place than were they to meet him. It is bits of story like this that make those to whom they have been handed down impatient for the verification and fuller details which may possibly be given in the family papers of Louis Philippe and of the Morrises, each of whom was intimately associated with the Duke of Orleans during his stay in this country. The princes, having seen the falls of the Genesee, returned to Canandaigua, it is said, where they were the guests of Thomas Morris. One of the historic treasures of that historical town is the slipper that the future king of France left behind him. From Canandaigua they went, according to the Genesee pioneers, to Elmira, on foot, over the Indian trail. At Elmira a bateau was built for them, on which they sailed down the Chemung and the Susquehanna to Harrisburg. It is hard to make this account tally with that given in the February Contributors' Club, unless the princes made two journeys to the Genesee country. If they were going to Niagara Falls, why did they not push on when at the Genesee River? And there is the story of their having been at Canawaugus (Avon), and the tradition that their names were on the old register of the Hosmer tavern. Did they take in Niagara on their way to New York from New Orleans? Were they in the United States a little more than three years?

We hear of them in the gay life of New York and Philadelphia in the winter of 1797-98, at the dinner parties of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and of Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, when the Duke of Kent, the father of the future queen of England, was also conspicuous in society. There seems to have been a great deal of dignity in embryo moving on the social currents of the metropolis just then: he that was to be king of France, he that was to be the father of the queen of England, and he that was to be Lord Ashburton being woven into the traditions of the time. There is the story of a dinner party given by the future Louis Philippe

at his modest lodgings, where one half the guests were seated upon the side of the bed, for want of room to place chairs.

Not until thirty-three years after this trip through our Western settlements did "the citizen king" come to the throne. In all the changes and chances of his mortal life, we may believe that he was never happier than when wandering over the trails of the Genesee country, learning what raccoon steak was like, and succotash, and seeing the big rattlesnakes infesting the ledges of "the little Seneca's River." The impression he made upon the pioneers whose hospitality he shared was that of a good, true, simple-hearted gentleman,—an impression which their children will perpetuate, no matter what royal archives may bring to light.

The Actor and — A member of the Club res-
Himself. recently treated us to some words of wisdom on *Le Cothurne Étroit*, throwing a light on its qualities sadly needed by our theatre. But I find a certain infelicity in his question, "What, then, becomes of the oft-repeated assertion that one must *feel* the part in order to be 'natural' or 'effective'?"

This query is, of course, not a full expression, even by implication, on the point at issue, but I think it unfortunately misleading. It is because they feel that the doctrine of law in expression contradicts this assertion that the great mass of English-speaking players and their public distrust it, or, in other words, Delsarte, whose name is considered synonymous with it, and also, unfortunately, as authorizing much charlatan teaching that takes his name in vain. Their antagonism does not prove, to be sure, the doctrine wrong, even though it were based on a fair understanding of it; but nevertheless I think their belief in the necessity of emotion sound, based on deep and true instincts, and that their error lies in a misunderstanding of Delsarte and his best expounders. The "natural" result sought by all is not literally natural, but, as in all the arts, has the effect of nature, more or less idealized as the case may be, limited and modified by the technical conditions of the creation.

A wordy war has long raged between Mr. Irving and M. Coquelin on this subject, and I am fully aware of the disadvantage it must be, in any kindred discussion,

to be found on the great English manager's side; but I declare that is not my position. I am only not on Coquelin's. I have never seen or heard an expression from a competent artist or critic—and I am thinking of Salvini for one—as to the comedian's inconsistent assertion that he never "feels" his parts, that the commenter did not attribute it to a deficiency of self-analysis, the diverse use of words by different people, the natural perversity aroused by the popular over-valuation of feeling, and insufficient appreciation of technique among such an inartistic people as the English,—one or all of these things,—or did not, worse than all, and, I think, unjustly, dismiss the subject by saying that Coquelin's acting would have led him to suppose the case to be exactly as he states it.

The fact is, acting, psychologically considered, is the most curiously subtle thing in the world, and while all possible training can make nothing of a part but an empty shell unless there exists in the performance the feeling that gives the actor a sense of momentary identity with it, that sense of identity should cover but a small part of his consciousness (to speak, *perforce*, metaphorically); and outside of this emotional centre the critic part of him should stand unmoved, guiding, more or less consciously, his excitement, and turning it to the best artistic account.

One of Delsarte's great arguments for the study by actors of the beautiful, eternal principles of expression he formulated was that the knowledge and assumption of the outward symbols of a mood would powerfully aid in producing it; whereupon, of course, the reciprocal play of action and reaction would continuously add to the result.

In a recent beautifully lucid little paper, which I have not now by me, and so cannot quote directly, Salvini, who was a close pupil of Delsarte's, describes the emotional exaltation of acting, and the process of mastering it to the actor's purposes, instead of being mastered by it, with all the charming typical *naïveté* of a great plastic artist. And when I read what he had to say I was consoled for Coquelin's incredible, tiresome paradoxes, and, in my own mind, complacently congratulated the greatest actor in the world upon saying exactly what I had always thought.

Ignis Fatuus. — Bayard Taylor relates that, in crossing the square in Frankfort, he encountered a man who was singing softly to himself. Our American abroad might not have noticed the appearance of this stranger, although the latter was young and handsome, except for a striking peculiarity of the eyes. These were large, expressive, and extraordinarily luminous, — luminous with the phosphorescent light which had been observed in the wild beasts of the forest or of the desert, and which, as in the case of this famous musician, Mr. Taylor remarks, is rarely absent in men of great genius. Additional testimony to this effect is furnished by Vincent Nolte in his *Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres*, in which one finds the following picture of Napoleon alighting from a carriage in Leghorn: "A man of small stature, pallid complexion, hair long and straight as that of a Florida Indian; the countenance wearing the perpetual smile of the man of affairs; the eyes dull with introspection, and actually dim with a phosphorescent glare." It may be remarked that this description refers to a date shortly before Marengo, and at a period in which the energies of the great captain were at their highest; for, prodigious as were his later achievements in wielding vast armies and vast nations, it was at this very time of which Nolte writes that he performed his most extraordinary miracles of creating armies and of dallying with thrones.

In our own immediate times, "Bull Run" Russell, the famous war correspondent and word-painter of the *London Times*, lays stress upon this same characteristic as to

the eyes in his description of Wigfall, of Texas: "A man of prepossessing appearance, of genial manner, of great originality in expression, but bearing ever in his eyes the phosphorescent glare of the wild beast." Another instance of this mysterious light in the window of the soul is to be found in the case of a most amiable and lovely lady of our own day, who was believed by partial friends to have been the original of Zenobia in Hawthorne's portraiture. So noticeable was this peculiarity that many poetic compliments and not a few fugitive verses were inspired by the glow which the darkness always revealed in her eyes. More than once, in reference to this subject, were quoted the lines from *Lalla Rookh* about

"Gems in darkness issuing rays
They've treasured from the sun that's set."

On the other hand, some feminine commentators referred the matter back to natural history, and talked about *cats*.

True, this so-accredited signal-fire of genius becomes a baleful light when found in the eyes of maniacs, just as the stars, in Hiawatha, grew to look like the eyes of wolves to the starving Indians. Indeed, this glow which sometimes illumines the human orb of sight may be either a blessing or a curse, for it denotes preternatural activity of the nervous centres. Phosphorus plays a mysterious rôle in the nouriture and chemistry of the brain; and the cerebral perturbation which might make this irradiation manifest in the struggles of genius might also, if still further increased, light up a noble wreck.